ALBERT S. COOK LIBRARY
TOWSON STATE UNIVERSITY
OCT 17 1988
TOWSON, MARYLAND

U.S. $2.50
CANADA $3.00

Spy Editor to *TAS*: "I Am Not Nor Have I Ever Been" (p. 9)

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

NOVEMBER 1988 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

Catastrophic Otis Bowen • Huntingtonian Dan Quayle

Micah Morrison

While Yellowstone Burned

8404004866 AP D
SERIALS DEPARTMENT
TOWSON STATE UNIVERSBALT
BALTIMORE MD 21204
JUN89

vol. 21 no. 11
Nov 1988

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today, 21 million American smokers will go out to eat. That's a market you can sink your teeth into!

America's smokers love to go to restaurants. They do so with great frequency. Their tastes in food span the globe— American, Italian, Chinese, French, Japanese and Mexican cuisines. America's smokers feed this country's food service industry.

The American Smoker- an economic force.

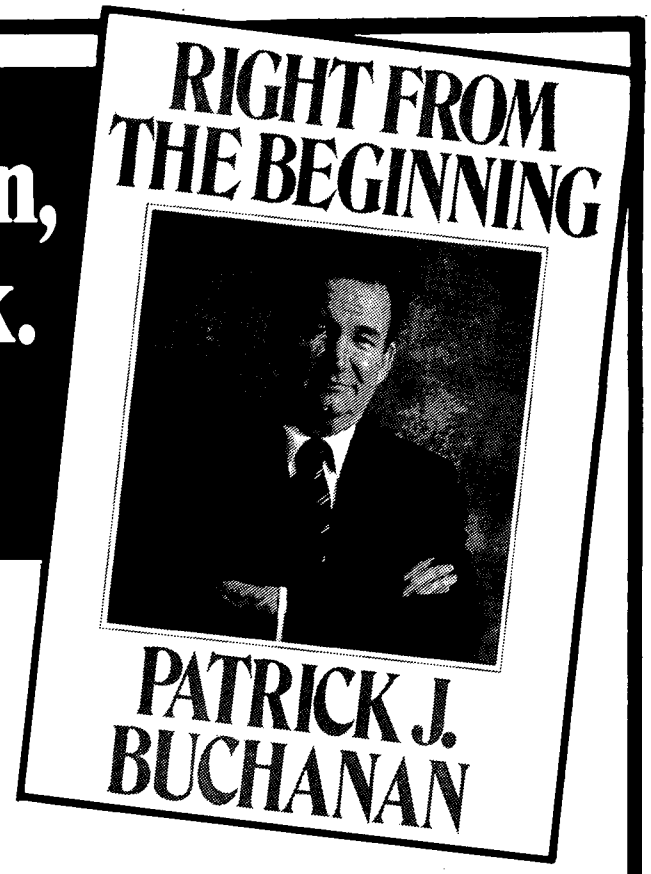
PHILIP MORRIS
MAGAZINE

Presented by Philip Morris Magazine in the interest of America's 55.8 million smokers.

Source: The Roper Organization.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you like Pat Buchanan, you'll love his new book. Enjoy it — FREE



Pat Buchanan grew up in strange times. Mothers stayed home to raise the children, and no Phil Donahue putting sick ideas into their heads. Big Government meant the feds were spending $35 billion. Even the liberals wanted a strong America.

So if some of Buchanan's NEW ideas startle you, this book shows you where they came from....

- Why "democracy is not enough." The crucial importance Pat places on Judeo-Christian values in the reform of our nation
- The private Nixon. How he and Reagan differ. Fascinating glimpses into each man's personality
- The old Catholic ways: Pat thrives under the Jesuits, the discipline of the Church, the life of his parish. (A poignant chapter for Catholics as Pat recalls the Old Church, with love)
- Ten constitutional amendments Pat's ideal president would propose
- What they don't tell you about Senator Joe McCarthy
- Prediction: one liberal-conservative battle to come
- "Containment Is Not Enough." Why we've got to win. The Buchanan victory plan

Some pages bring you back to — dare we say it? — better days. Other pages might just burn your fingers. But that's Pat Buchanan.

"Pat Buchanan is perhaps the most brilliant and influential conservative writing in America today."—Richard Nixon

"To know what the conservatives are thinking you have to read Pat Buchanan."—George Bush

"A graceful and affecting tribute to the people, places, and institutions that molded him.... Vivid, resonant."—*Kirkus Reviews*

"My old friend from the Nixon White House days has written a crackerjack book with humor, wit, poignancy and, perhaps, prophecy."—William Safire

"Buchanan is the pit bull of the American Right."—George F. Will

Extra FREE Gift — the $29.95
Dictionary of American Conservatism

Over 1,500 short articles by Louis Filler on men, ideas, events. "Full of fascinating and useful material."—Wm. F. Buckley Jr. "Monumental."—Barry Goldwater. 382 oversized pages.

How to get the Buchanan book PLUS *Dictionary of American Conservatism* — both FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing; it will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books are offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB
15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, N.Y. 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send my FREE copy of Patrick J. Buchanan's new $18.95 memoir, *Right from the Beginning*. Also send FREE the $29.95 *Dictionary of American Conservatism* by Louis Filler. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in the coupon.

AS-71

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You deserve to know the facts about. . .

Jordan
Is it or is it not Palestine?

The world was surprised recently by Jordan's King Hussein severing his and his country's involvement with the Palestinian Arabs of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and by thus exacerbating the political vacuum in the area. In "washing his hands" of the problems of this area and its inhabitants, the king made the statement "Jordan is not Palestine"!

What are the facts?

■ In order to understand King Hussein's statement, a review of Jordan's history is in order. It is a short one. Before World War I, the area now known as the "Middle East" was part of the Ottoman (Turkish) Empire. The French and British defeated the Turks, drove them out of the area, and split it between themselves. The French took what is now Syria and Lebanon as their "sphere of influence"; the British took Iraq, Palestine, Egypt and the Arabian peninsula.

■ In 1917, Britain had issued the Balfour Declaration, a statement expressing Britain's promise for "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." In 1922, the League of Nations granted Britain the mandate over Palestine, specifically including the requirements of the Balfour Declaration. Since Biblical times, the country now called "Palestine" always included the area now occupied by Israel (including the "West Bank"), Gaza and Jordan. The British drew a few lines on the map and granted the entire area east of the Jordan River—close to 80% of mandated Palestine—as a kingdom to Abdullah, the grandfather of King Hussein. The Jewish homeland, promised in the Balfour Declaration by the same British, was reduced to a mere one-fifth of its original size. Transjordan (as the new country was called) attained its independence from Britain in 1946.

■ In 1947, the United Nations proposed a plan under which the just over 20% remnant of Palestine was to be further divided between the Arabs living in the area and the Jews. Such was the desire of the Jews to get their homeland, and so great the need to gather what was left of European Jewry after the Holocaust, that they accepted this further partition. The Arabs flatly refused. When Israel declared its independence in 1948, five Arab armies invaded it on the very day of its birth. Transjordan's army, led by British officers, was among them. The Israelis defeated all five armies. Egypt managed to hang on to Gaza, and Transjordan to the "West Bank" and the eastern sector of Jerusalem. Transjordan promptly renamed itself Jordan, proceeded to annex the area and to keep it as an integral part of its kingdom.

■ In 1967, Hussein made the fatal mistake of his kingly career. He let himself be seduced by Egypt's Nasser to join in what became known as the Six Day War. All Arab armies were devastated. Israel regained the "West Bank." Pending final disposition of the area, Israel has administered it ever since. The inhabitants retained Jordanian citizenship. Israel allowed Jordan to stay in control of the judicial systems, of the school system, and of the local administrative and religious networks.

■ The Jordanians, of course, are the real Palestinian Arabs. Over 70% of the 2.8 million population of the kingdom are Palestinian Arabs. The Arabs of Jordan are exactly the same people as the Arabs living in the "West Bank." There is no difference between them in language, ethnicity or social customs. Before the Six Day War, the concept of a *second* Palestinian state located in the "West Bank" had never occurred to anybody. Because the Palestinians, *do* have a country. It's Jordan. Over 2 million Palestinians live in Jordan, and only 800,000 in the territories administered by Israel. Do they need another country? Of course not! It makes no difference what King Hussein says. Jordan is and always has been Palestine. His saying "it ain't so" does not change that at all.

One wonders why King Hussein would abdicate his "rights" to the area west of the Jordan River, cutting its inhabitants loose and leaving the field to the Israelis and the PLO. The King is a clever man and a survivor. He has come to realize that he already has 2 million Palestinians in Jordan. They owe him little loyalty and are in almost constant rebellion. It's clear now to King Hussein that if 800,000 Arab Palestinians from the "West Bank" were to form an independent PLO state, they would seek union with their brethren in Jordan. But that union would not be under King Hussein—it would be under the PLO. And that would be the end of his dynasty. Whatever statement King Hussein wishes to make: It is clear—historically and by common sense—that *Jordan is Palestine and Palestine is Jordan.*

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in countering anti-Israel and anti-Zionist propaganda. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of $ _____.

AS/18.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: CAMERA, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

This ad has been published and paid for by

CAMERA

Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

CAMERA is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in newspapers and magazines. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for these clarifying messages.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

Volume 21 Number 11, November 1988
Copyright © *The American Spectator* 1988
Editor-in-Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher: Ronald E. Burr

Managing Editor: Wladyslaw Pleszczynski
Assistant Managing Editor: Andrew Ferguson
Editorial Intern: Edward S. McFadden
Executive Assistant: Jenny Woodward
Advertising Manager: John Funk
Production Manager: Lee Braddock
Assistant Production Manager: Doug Sachs
Business Assistant: David P. Shanahan
Circulation Manager: Vanessa A. Bergh
Assistant Circulation Manager: Rex C. Vardeman
Circulation Assistant: Denise G. Cannon
Staff Assistant: Greg J. Gutfeld
Assistant to the Publisher: Pamela R. Young
Business Advisor: Frank Wenzel

Senior Editors: Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker

Art Advisor: Sheila Wolfe
Washington Correspondent: Tom Bethell
New York Correspondent: William Tucker
National Correspondent: Victor Gold
New York Editor: Whit Stillman
Indiana Editor: Kent Owen
Movie Critic: Bruce Bawer
Kapellmeister: Baron von Kannon
Chief Saloon Correspondent: Joe Mysak

Contributors:
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Fred Barnes, Richard Brookhiser, John R. Dunlap, Terry Eastland, Gregory A. Fossedal, Malcolm Gladwell, George Sim Johnston, Roger Kaplan, William Kristol, Michael Ledeen, Micah Morrison, William H. Nolte, Franz M. Oppenheimer, P. J. O'Rourke, John O'Sullivan, John Podhoretz, Jeremy Rabkin, Joseph Shattan, Dave Shiflett, Andy Stark, Benjamin J. Stein, Irwin M. Stelzer, Terry Teachout

Legal Counsel:
Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

• • •

The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $27; outside the United States, $31. Foreign airmail rates sent on request. Toll free subscription number 800-341-1522. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210. (703) 243-3733. In accordance with the rights granted by the First Amendment and as a matter of policy, the opinions expressed in the magazine are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the board of directors of *The American Spectator*. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributor, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

Economic reporting funded partially by The Pew Charitable Trusts.

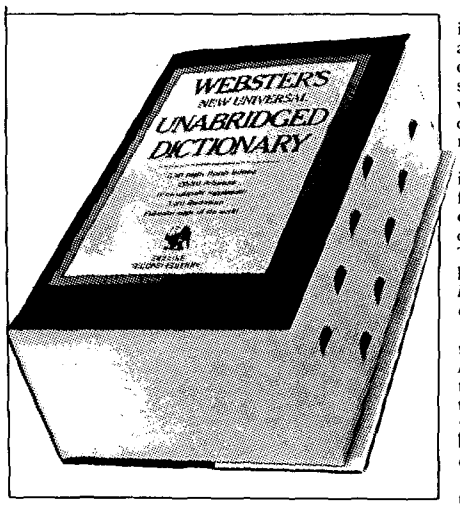
The American Spectator (ISSN 0148-8414) is published monthly at 1101 N. Highland Street, Arlington, Virginia 22210. Second class postage paid at Arlington, Virginia, and additional mailing offices. One-year subscription is $27. Vol. 21, No. 11. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The American Spectator, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210.

ABC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BARNES & NOBLE GUIDE TO REFERENCE.

THE PRICE OF LOOKING IT UP JUST WENT DOWN!



While most unabridged dictionaries sell for as much as $80, this 2,300-page *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* can be yours for a fraction of its original price. Now more than ever, the time is right to make this superb dictionary your first choice—at home, in the office or the classroom.

The *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* boasts extensive coverage of the English language, defining common and obscure words, words used in other centuries and words that reflect the rapid advances in science, technology, medicine, and changes in the syntax and idiom of American speech. As a result, the several hundred thousand vocabulary entries in this impressive dictionary include virtually all the words a heavy reader will ever need to look up.

The *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* is strong on visuals, too. More than three thousand finely detailed and captioned drawings have been carefully selected to show the function, relative size, or appearance of the object you're looking up. These illustrations and 16 pages of full-color maps help make the ***Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary*** a fun, visually exciting learning experience, especially for children.

Other dictionaries may contain a few supplements, but the *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* has over *150 pages* of specialized information. And thumb-indexing makes information easy to access. Some of the features included are 16 pages of full-color maps and dictionaries of the Bible, myths and fiction, as well as a dictionary of foreign words and phrases.

While other large dictionaries use eye-straining type, this dictionary features good-sized print, with defined words standing out clearly in boldface. And its 2300 pages are thumb-indexed for handy reference. The *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* provides a scholarly but practical reference for the general public, and Barnes & Noble, the world's largest bookstore, makes it available at an unbeatably low price.

Published at $79.95 #0262709

NOW ONLY $19.95 ($3.50)

THE QUICK AND EASY WAY TO LEARN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE!

It's been scientifically proven that we remember words we *hear* better than words we see. That's why you'll find the two audiocassettes in each Language/30 package more useful than all the language books money can buy. Just start listening to the tapes, repeat the foreign phrases a few times and, believe it or not, you'll begin speaking like a native. It's that simple!

Most Language/30 programs feature native voices speaking the most important and commonly used conversational phrases. You'll learn all the words you need to know for greetings, introductions, requests, and general conversations in hotels, restaurants, stores, theaters, and other places. And world-renowned linguist Charles Berlitz provides interesting information at the beginning of each tape on etiquette and social customs.

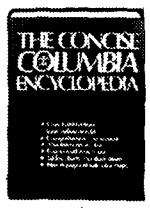
So, whether you're going abroad for a short trip or an extended stay, you'll find that the fluency you've gained from Language/30 will make your visit easier, more pleasant, and more enriching. Instead of being a "stranger in a strange land," you'll be able to converse freely with the natives in their own language. Each program comes with two 45-minute cassettes and convenient phrase dictionary in a compact, waterproof vinyl case.

Which of these 31 languages would you like to speak?

1232628. Arabic	1232750. Norwegian
1232636. Chinese	1232768. Persian
1232644. Danish	1300375. Polish
1232651. Dutch	1232776. Portuguese
1366665. Finnish	1232784. Russian
1232669. French	1232792. Serbo-Croatian
1232677. German	1232800. Spanish
1232685. Greek	1232818. Swahili
1232693. Hebrew	1232826. Swedish
1232701. Hindi	1232834. Tagalog (Filipino)
1232719. Indonesian	
1429232. Irish	1363316. Thai
1232727. Italian	1232842. Turkish
1232735. Japanese	1232859. Vietnamese
1232743. Korean	1516541. Yiddish
1429224. Latin	1232867. English for Spanish Speakers

NOW ONLY $14.95 each ($1.75 per tape)

The Concise Columbia Encyclopedia



The most comprehensive, authoritative one-volume encyclopedia ever published is an outstanding value that has won accolades all over the country. Over 15,000 entries, 5,000 biographies, 16 pages of *full-color maps* and 50,000 cross-references ensure that you can find concise, accurate information on any topic. With 960 pages of succinct, informative entries, *The Concise Columbia* is the best desk-top encyclopedia on the market.

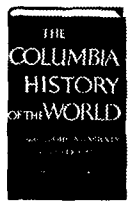
NOW ONLY $14.95 Published at $29.95 ($2.00) #1359595

The Timetables of History:

This remarkable book is unmatched by any other history or reference volume. It tells us Who Did What *concurrently* through the ages. Each double-page spread in this massive volume details what diverse matters were taking place at the same time in *each category*: history and politics; literature and the theatre; religion, philosophy and learning; visual arts; music and science; technology and growth; and daily life.

NOW ONLY $14.95 Published at $29.95 ($1.75) #1088871

The Columbia History of the World:



This classic work represents the best efforts of Columbia Universitys' most renowned scholars. Its scope is monumental, covering all aspects of our history from the beginning of the universe to the present day. Add to this *its remarkable depth, quality,* and balanced vision, and the result is a volume of unrivaled scholarship and authority. The *Columbia History* is also a life-long investment in learning and a reference you'll turn to often.

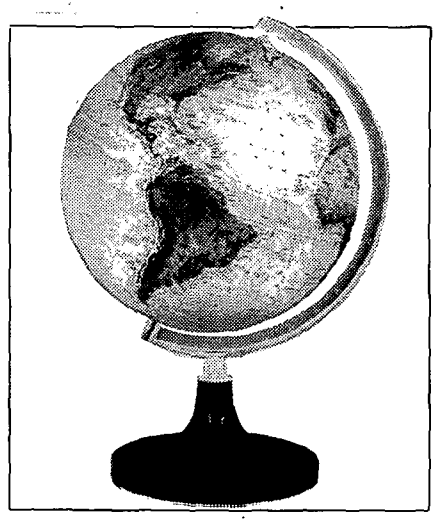
NOW ONLY $9.95 Published at $25.00 ($1.75) #1041631

The NY Times Guide to Reference Materials:

The most important part of research is not what you know but your ability to find the sources you need. The revised edition of *The New York Times Guide to Reference Materials* is the best introduction available on how to look up facts and figures of all kinds. From Congressional races to book reviews, when you want to know how to assemble the references for a research project, this is the book to have with you before you look up any other.

NOW ONLY $6.95 Published at $15.95 ($1.25) #1526656

MERCURY—IT LIGHTS UP IN THE DARK!



A globe is like an encyclopedia or Bible—no educated home is complete without one. Maps are all very well and good, but only the *three-dimensionality* of a globe can accurately represent the shape and proportions of our planet. For adults and children it is the best geographic learning aid available.

Barnes & Noble is proud to offer this magnificently detailed, completely up-to-date 18"-tall model of the world. The MERCURY is the result of the joint effort of two companies who are known world-wide for their cartographic achievements: Rand McNally, America's largest publisher of maps and atlases, and Nova Rico, the premier globe makers of Italy.

Quality Construction: MERCURY is made of a shiny, attractive and durable polystyrene, and the high-frequency welding on the equator, reinforced with heat welding, is the most advanced and long-lasting available. It's a globe your whole family can enjoy touching and learning from because it's completely washable.

The MERCURY is a wonderful tool for learning about the face of the earth. Perfectly executed and easy to read, it reveals the earth's topography, elevations, vegetation patterns, ocean currents, longitudes and latitudes, international date line, and more than 3,600 place names—from the tallest peaks to the tiniest islands!

As if that weren't enough, the MERCURY GLOWS IN THE DARK. When turned on, its illuminated surface takes on an entirely new dimension revealing physical and national boundaries and country names in *8 brilliant colors*. And it also serves as a night light for your child that can teach him or her geography at the same time.

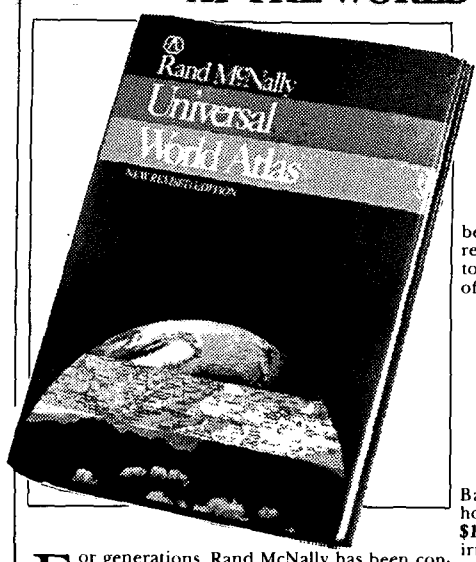
Features of the Mercury

- Solidly constructed of durable, washable polystyrene
- Reinforced welding *means your globe lasts longer*
- Eight vibrant colors for quick identification
- Stands an impressive 18" tall
- A high-quality plastic meridian and a sturdy base

Published at $48.95 #1430917

NOW ONLY $29.95 ($3.00)

THE WORLD'S BEST ATLAS AT THE WORLD'S BEST PRICE!



For generations, Rand McNally has been consistently both the largest and most distinguished of American publishers. More people look to Rand McNally when choosing an atlas than any other, and the *Universal Atlas* is the capstone of their internationally renowned line.

Newly revised charts and tables tell you the facts and statistics behind the expertly detailed and exquisitely designed maps.

World Geographical Data: longest rivers, principal mountains, the largest countries in area *and* population, the earth's movement and measurements, extremes of rainfall and temperature, more.

World Political Information: area, population density, form of government, political status, capital and predominant languages of every country in the world.

The map series in the *Universal Atlas* has already become a classic. Each map contains the most current cartographic information available, updated to reflect the political and topographical realities of today.

Features in the new Rand McNally Atlas:

- Oversized, detailed 11" × 14½" format
- 120 full-color maps
- A full map devoted to each US state.
- Shaded relief for a 3-D effect.
- A new 95-page index with more than 75,000 place names.

By special arrangement with Rand McNally, Barnes & Noble can now offer this outstanding home reference for the exclusive low price of **only $19.95.** *If you don't already own an atlas, this is an irresistible opportunity to buy the very best, because an atlas of this calibre is virtually impossible to find at this price.*

Published at $45.00 #1491661

NOW ONLY $19.95 ($3.00)

Barnes & Noble Unconditional GUARANTEE

You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

Barnes & Noble

Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT R707
126 FIFTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, NY 10011

MEMBER DIRECT MARKETING ASSOCIATION

Thank you for your order!

ITEM NUMBER	NAME OF ITEM	QTY.	PRICE EACH	TOTAL PRICE
SHIPPING & INSURANCE. Please add shipping and insurance charges per item as shown in parentheses ( ) following item price. Need more room? Attach a separate sheet.		MERCHANDISE TOTAL		
		NY, MA, PA, NJ, MN & CT deliveries please add applicable sales tax		
		SHIPPING & INSURANCE		
		ORDER TOTAL		

METHOD OF PAYMENT

$15 minimum on credit card orders.

☐ CHECK ☐ ☐ ☐

#

CREDIT CARD NUMBER

CARD EXPIRES

NAME _____ SIGNATURE _____

ADDRESS _____ APT. # ____ CITY _____ STATE ____ ZIP ____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•September is now behind us, phew! It was a very worrisome month for the editors of this journal of the arts. As concerned readers will note on the page opposite, the hairy-chested editors of bold and outspoken *Spy* magazine menaced us with libel action for Philip Barry's testimonial to *Spy* in our September issue. Then one of the politically "impartial" editors—the one who scowls above his wattle—called *The American Spectator* "crypto-Fascist," referring presumably to the thirty or so former associates now populating this Republican administration. Then there were frightening telephone calls. But in the end the Spyeditors subsided, dropped talk of libel, and returned to lunch—as with all socialites, Spyeditors approach lunch with the utmost seriousness. It is the center of their art.

•Environmentalists, alarmed by the growing accumulation in space of what is called "space debris," gave a collective sigh of relief when a stalled Soviet spacecraft orbiting helplessly around the earth and with two incompetent astronauts aboard suddenly fired up just 48 hours before the oxygen would have run out, leaving these lamebrains to decompose above us in their smelly cockpit strewn with cigarette butts and empty vodka bottles. Meanwhile, down below Mikhail S. Gorbachev's good government despotism is showing signs of strain. There were demonstrations in Armenia, and from Moscow came word that the government would no longer attempt to suppress one of the deepest cultural yearnings of the Russian people, the yearning to buy ardent spirits at the grocery store. *Pravda* reported that Mr. Gorbachev's ban against selling firewater in grocery stores was being lifted to the jubilation of the citizenry, especially grocers who have to have something to sell. Lieutenant General Yuri Churbanov, son-in-law of former Soviet leader Mr. Leonid I. Brezhnev, appeared in a Soviet military court to plead guilty to charges that he abused his privileges at the Ministry of the Interior. However, he denied that he had accepted bribes. Mr. Brezhnev's daughter, Galina, did not attend her husband's trial as she has been unwell since the government cut off her supply of chocolate desserts, causing her to lose two to three hundred pounds and much of her comeliness. Early in the month the Soviet Union's chief cartographer, Mr. Viktor R. Yashchenko, acknowledged that for the past fifty years the Soviet Union has deliberately falsified all public maps of the country, omitting geographical features, dubbing in rivers here and there, misplacing streets, and so forth. The ruse was undertaken at the behest of the country's secret police, despite ceaseless remonstrances from the Soviet Union's equivalent of the Audubon Society, many of whose members had had bird watching expeditions turned into nightmares. "We received numerous complaints," Mr. Yashchenko admitted with a trace of a smile. The only useful maps available to Soviet citizens were products of the Central Intelligence Agency sold on the black market.

•A 72-year-old Philadelphia physician, Dr. Martin Spector, pleaded no contest to charges that he had sold stolen parts of human bodies to research laboratories. An advisory committee of the National Institute of Health concluded that research based on aborted fetal tissue is "acceptable." And in Abidjan, Ivory Coast, a traditional medicine man, Dr. Ibrahim Hassane, had to be rescued by police from a mob of irate fishermen who claimed that Dr. Hassane used his occult powers to reduce the size of their penises by two-thirds. As the police hustled Dr. Hassane from his would-be executors, they removed their pantaloons to prove to the incredulous *gendarmes* the pathetic condition of their organs. Dr. Hassane claimed full responsibility but refused to reveal his technique much to the regret of the world's interested parties, for instance Planned Parenthood and the National Organization of Women's politburo.

•Mr. John Sasso returned to the Dukakis campaign, whereupon it was revealed that the Bush campaign had apparently been riddled with anti-Semites, members of the Rumanian Iron Guard, and the Very Rich. Governor Michael S. Dukakis also decried the Vice President's subtle "mudslinging." Dr. Timothy Leary's agent announced that the former Harvard professor and the long-time proponent of LSD has decided to have his head removed—twenty years after the fact. The thing will be handed over to the Alcor Life Extension Foundation, which will freeze it after Dr. Leary's happy dispatch and file it for further use, perhaps as a paper weight or a grinning doorstop. In Los Angeles, California, Mr. Alfred Sevilla, 23, was jugged for three years for dropping sixty-six ground nitroglycerin tablets into his grandmother's coffee. In San Diego, California, Mr. Steven James, 44, received a one-year term for mailing four douche bottles laced with poison to his ex-girlfriend—poisonous douche bottles having become a particularly worrisome problem in San Diego these days.

•In sports news, the Olympics commenced. The National Football League began its season. And Mr. Rodney Frazer began training in earnest to defend his World Moon Pie–eating Championship in Oneonta, Alabama. The championship will be held October 8 at the same Oneonta sports complex where the 270-pound Mr. Frazer consumed fifteen Moon Pies within the ten-minute limit to capture his revered title last year. In Queens, New York, Mr. Gregory Vaughn, 33, was booked for fatally beating a referee who made a disputed call during a housing project basketball game. Mr. Ben Johnson had to return his Olympic gold medal, owing to the unnatural condition of his urine. And in Gainesville, Florida, dwarf tossers will again compete at the Animal House bar thanks to the dedication of Mr. David Wilson, who is a dwarf. Against objections from fellow Little People, Mr. Wilson is offering his person so that others might be entertained. Participants will grasp Mr. Wilson like a piece of luggage and attempt to hurl him thither according to an elegant code of rules and customs reminiscent of Britain's Carlsberg Open croquet tournament.

•Six inches of hailstones the size of goose eggs pelted China's northern Hebei province, injuring more than 2,000 people. During his visit to southern Africa the Pope's airplane was forced by inclement weather to land in South Africa, a country he had intentionally nixed from his schedule. While in South Africa the Pope conferred with Foreign Minister Roelof F. Botha, and reiterated his belief that that government is beyond the Christian pale. The government-sponsored slaughter of Hutus in Burundi went into its second month, causing 60,000 to flee to nearby Rwanda. An exultant spokesman from the United States Fish and Wildlife Service reported in Albuquerque, New Mexico, that the world's whooping crane population is again reaching a dangerous level. In 1941 there were only sixteen of the deafening creatures still around; this winter there will be more than 200, the largest number since the turn of the century.

•Mr. and Mrs. Paul Newman of Westport, Connecticut, announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Clea Olivia Newman, to Mr. Marshall Field VI, the son of Mr. Field V of Lake Forest, Illinois, and Mrs. Samuel Tatnall of Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania. The couple plan to marry in June unless more suitable arrangements can be made. Animal lovers all over the Republic are cheering Mr. Terrence Young who has asked authorities in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, to release his two pit bulls rather than destroy them for their vicious attack on his 76-year-old mother. The government reported that the federal and state prison populations grew by 4 percent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

C O N T E N T S

Wanted: Energy in the Executive.....Terry Eastland 14
Was Ronald Reagan lazy, or should blame for the failed Reagan Revolution be shared by Washington conservatives?

While Yellowstone Burned.....Micah Morrison 18
A survivor of this summer's fires reports that only Washington bureaucrats and environmentalists could have concocted a "let it burn" policy during a time of drought.

The Sound of Free Poland.....Joshua Muravchik 23
While shipyard workers and coal miners struck, a historic conference near Krakow marked another step in Poland's internal drive toward independence.

The Catastrophic Health Care Blunder.....Robert S. England 25
The story of how Ronald Reagan, Otis Bowen, and a rogue Congress came up with what might be the most expensive piece of social legislation since the Great Society—and still failed to provide real catastrophic care for our elderly.

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis..... 8

Correspondence/The *Spy* Letters, Takeover Talk, and Jazz..... 9

Editorials/Accolades for The Duke/Mexico's New Seriousness.....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 10

Capitol Ideas/The Battle for Berkeley.....Tom Bethell 11

The Campaign Spectator/Rooting for Quayle.....Kent Owen 31

The Business of America/The SEC vs. Drexel Burnham Milken.....Irwin M. Stelzer 33

Asian Document/The Brits Boot Hong Kong.....George Szamuely 34

The Nation's Pulse/To Asa Hearthrug, with Appreciation.....Victor Gold 36

Eminentoes/The Springsteen-Boesky Connection.....Joe Queenan 37

The Public Policy/Education: The Dud of Campaign '88.....Chester E. Finn, Jr. 38

The Talkies/On *The Last Temptation*.....Bruce Bawer 40

Presswatch/A Shrinking World.....Michael Ledeen 41

The Washington Spectator/The WashBalt Syndrome.....Carroll Doherty 56

Current Wisdom.....Assorted Jackasses 58

BOOK REVIEWS

The Magic Lantern, by Ingmar Bergman.....John Simon 42

Remembering America, by Richard N. Goodwin...Fred Barnes 44

And We Are Not Saved, by Derrick Bell.....Lino A. Graglia 45

At a Tender Age, by Rita Kramer, *Castaways*, by George Cadwalader, and *High Risk*, by Ken Magid and Carole A. McKelvey...Eugene H. Methvin 48

The Body Politic, by Victor Gold and Lynne Cheney.....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 50

The Facts, by Philip Roth.....David Gurevich 51

Cover drawing by David Suter

Publishers' Overstocks

Remainders, bargain books from all major publishers, most at 50%-80% off original prices! Choose from art, history, biography, fiction, politics, self-help, cookbooks, nature, science, literature and much more, including many hard-to-find treasures. *Plus* 600 new titles each month in our big FREE CATALOG. Write:

Hamilton, Box 15-139, Falls Village, CT 06031

NEW! From Audio-Forum – the world's largest publisher of audio cassettes:

Cassette-of-the-Month Club

A dozen challenging, thought-provoking tapes to enjoy over and over again!

For less than $5 a month, receive a stimulating audio cassette every month of the year!

A full year's membership to the innovative Cassette-of-the-Month Club is only $59.50—a remarkably low price that is less than $5.00 per cassette! And even this low cost is risk-free, because membership may be canceled at any time for any reason whatever, and the unused portion of the subscription will be refunded immediately.

As a bonus with each subscription, Audio-Forum will include a handsome, sturdy reinforced vinyl album to house the year's collection of these important tapes.

From its extensive collection, Audio-Forum has created three major categories from which to choose:

(1) Literature and Great Writers. Subscribe to this series and hear the actual voices of world-famous authors and critics such as Stephen Spender, Louis Untermeyer, Elizabeth Bills, Brendan Behan, Gilbert Highet, John Simon. Titles include *W.H. Auden and the Writers of the 1930's, The Bloomsbury Group, Shakespeare and the English Language*, and much more.

(2) American History. This is an exciting dramatized audio series with music and sound effects by Kenneth Bruce. Your subscription covers "The Beginnings of Our Nation" and "The Westward Movement." Topics of individual cassettes include *Pathway to Independence, John Adams and the Undeclared War with France, The Louisiana Purchase, The Era of Mountain Men*, and much more.

(3) Mind-Stretchers. You will hear the ideas and voices of great thinkers of the world, including C.P. Snow, Arnold J. Toynbee, Jacques Barzun, Buckminster Fuller, Alan Watts, and many more. Topics include *The Ancient Mediterranean View of Man, Framework for New Knowledge, Man's Identity in a Mass Society, The Nature of Liberty.*

Each category contains twelve exciting, idea-filled cassettes. Just pick the one you prefer and call or send us your order. A membership is a great gift, too. Price is $59.50 plus $6.00 for postage. Payment can be by institutional purchase order, personal check or any major credit card (CT residents add sales tax).

Call us toll-free for details and/or to subscribe: **1-800-243-1234** (except CT).

AUDIO-FORUM®

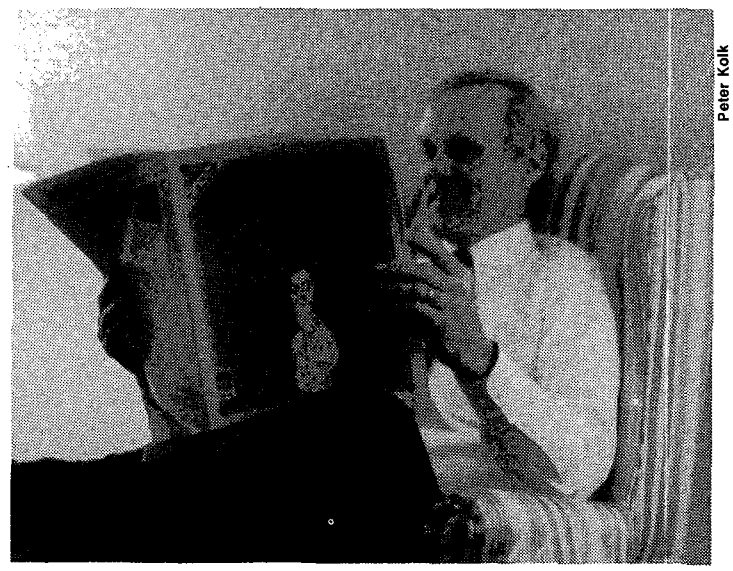
Room 1401
96 Broad St.,
Guilford, CT 06437

(203) 453-9794

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Spectators . . . not just voyeurs.

Charlton Heston
Charles Mandel
Eric Breindel
Milburn Calhoun
Dana Andrews
Claudia Rosett
Countess Vivi Crespi
Fred Ikle
Stephen Lewis
Charles Moore
Kenneth Adelman
Henry Fairlie
Henry Grunwald
Eli Lilly II
James Buckley
Hon. Gerald R. Ford
Robert Bartley
Vernon Walters
Ray Price
George Nash
Wick Allison
Lewis Lapham
Eugene Methvin
Joseph Coors
Hugh Kenner
Sen. Gordon J. Humphrey, R-New Hampshire
David E. Davis
William M. H. Hammett, III
G. Gordon Liddy
Frederic W. Barnes, Sr.
Richard Grenier
Arnaud de Borchgrave
Peter Brimelow
Joseph A. Califano, Jr.
Sir James Goldsmith
Edwin J. Feulner, Jr.
James McFadden
Suzanne Garment
John D. Ong
Michael Novak
F. A. Hayek
Charles Peters
Russell Kirk
Henry Regnery
Irving Kristol
Maj. Gen. George S. Patton III
Nathan Glazer
Randolph Richardson
Henry Kissinger
Roger Rosenblatt
Sidney Hook
Rupert Murdoch
Lewis Lehrman
Shmuel Moyal
S. I. Hayakawa
Thomas J. Lescher
Adam Meyerson
Paul McCracken
Norman Mailer



Peter Kolk

The American Spectator thinks *you* **can be one of us. The few, the proud . . . the literate. To subscribe, call us at 800 341 1522 weekdays 8 am to 5 pm; we will send you twelve issues for a mere $27. And, glasnost or no glasnost, we promise to keep your name off the mailing lists of GUM, NAMBLA, and Neiman Marcus.**

Dr. C. Culbertson
Frank Chilson
Richard H. Johnston
Jerry O. Robertson
Bettie Wiglesworth
Dr. Mitchell G. Moffat
W. S. Bass
John Reel
Therese Bellaimey
Anne Fergenson
Kent R. Davis
D. A. Johnson
John H. Bemis
William Peterson
George S. Saunders
John McKellip
John Steigerwald
Mary C. Rohe
Robert S. Bradley
Thomas Deveikis
George Fuehrer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the first six months of 1988 to a record total of 604,824 inmates. The rate of increase among female inmates was "far faster" than the male rate. Secretary of Education William Bennett retired, ending the terror that has gripped the nation's schoolmarms ever since he hinted that literacy might be demanded of teachers as well as students. The average Scholastic Aptitude Test scores dropped for the first time in eight years.

•College students returned to campus after being assured by many university administrations that they will not have to study tricky foreign languages or what the profs have dubbed The Great Books. On the other hand, many administrations are tightening restrictions against beer drinking, thus leaving many students with almost nothing to do except pay preposterously exorbitant tuitions. At Vassar the administration, working through student "trusties," is not even going to allow conservative students to distribute the *Vassar Spectator* for fear that the publication will continue its campaign against anti-Semites on campus. In fine, college life appears to be increasingly depressing and still the National Institute of Mental Health refuses to speak out against it.—*RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

"I Am Not Nor Have I Ever Been"

Philip Barry's article in your September issue concerning *Spy* magazine ["Scabrous *Spy*"] was intermittently amusing. It was also riddled with errors, at least one of which is libelous.

The factual errors begin in the first paragraph—*Spy* published its first issue in 1986, a year earlier than Barry says. Contrary to Barry's assertion, I do not write *Spy*'s column on the *New York Times*, as he could have rather easily confirmed with a few phone calls. Nor did I write the piece in our June issue on *New York Post* editorial editor [name withheld—Ed.]. The writer of the piece was Bruce Handy, who interviewed more than thirty people for the article; no *Spy* editors were quoted in the piece.

Barry's theory that the *Times* column's scrutiny of former executive editor Abe Rosenthal and of former *Times* magazine editor Ed Klein was provoked by their anti-Communism is ridiculous. Moreover, Barry's suggestion that liberals and Democrats escape *Spy*'s attentions is untrue: last November, we devoted a long, liberal-discomfiting cover package to Ted Kennedy, and among those we have unflatteringly mentioned during the last year are Jesse Jackson, Dick Gephardt, Kitty Dukakis, Mike Dukakis, Bill Cosby, Al Sharpton, Gloria Steinem, Victor Navasky, John Lindsay, Arthur Carter, Pat Caddell, young bleeding-heart-liberal movie stars, save-the-whales activists, and the *New Yorker*.

Finally, the libel. Barry suggests that I am homosexual. To revive a phrase that the Barrys of the world have heard before, I am not nor have I ever been.

Like *The American Spectator*, *Spy* is an irreverent, sometimes scurrilous publication. Unlike *The American Spectator*, however, *Spy* does not lie, even when it might be amusing to do so.

—Kurt Andersen
Spy *magazine*
New York, New York
cc: Michael Rips, Grand & Ostrow

It occurred to me, after setting down Philip Barry's low-yield thermonuclear assault on *Spy* magazine, that the author had crafted an ingeniously subtle object lesson in the sort of reprehensible journalism of which *Spy* stood accused. See, he was saying between the lines, what it feels like to have done to you what you do to others. It would be an insult to Mr. Barry to interpret his transparent devices otherwise.

Why else would he take literally such obviously mocking comments in *Spy* as that G. I. Joe is a "war criminal" save to illustrate the dangers of removing quotations from their context? Why else would he declare, without attribution, that "personal experience has embittered Spypeople to sex-preference-based prejudice," but to prove the reckless license given an author by the use of unattributed sources? Why, finally, would he debase himself and his publication by accusing—that seems to be the right word, late though we are in the twentieth century—the editors of being homosexuals, but to point out to them the comparable injustice they had supposedly done in an article of their own?

A nice conceit—*Spy* could use some chastening, as even a contributing editor—like me—would concede. But I fear I was being too generous. Philip Barry's article was so jejune in all its parts, from the neologisms like "Spy-style" to the dismal wisecracks about "the heartbreak of scabrousness" all the way to the preposterous conclusion that malice was a private affair until *Spy* started paying for it, that I realized it was meant to be taken literally. Even the astoundingly shameless phrase "Although, like Cole Porter, married . . ." was only unintentional comedy.

What Mr. Barry has done, I think, is inadvertently prove how very hard it is to write good travesty. *Spy* makes a living at the borders of responsible journalism, but goes to great lengths to stay on the right side, as I can testify from exhaustive fact-checking. *Spy* heaps ridicule with a mighty ladle, but it is "manly" enough, to use Mr. Barry's quaint phrase, to do so openly, and not by creaky innuendo. In short, *Spy* could teach the "icon-busting," etc. editors of *The American Spectator* a thing or two about critical journalism.

—James Stuart Traub
New York, New York

Philip Barry replies:

Apparently Mr. Traub is offering some sort of journalism course. I do not think I want to take it, though it is always interesting to see "jejune" used in a sentence. Evidently, writing "good travesty" *is* hard. Anyway, thanks for trying.

Regarding Mr. Andersen's letter and apparent threat of libel action, he is—unfortunately—mistaken. We kept the lies and libels out of this article; our lawyers thought it would be amusing to do so. The error the article is "riddled with" is a one-digit typo—on my computer's keyboard "6" and "7" are right next to each other—about which he rather meanly gloats. (In contrast, *The American Spectator*'s editors generously allowed Mr. Andersen to correct a larger error in his own letter—one of those embarrassing double negatives.)

The rest of Mr. Andersen's letter—a listing of his reading comprehension mistakes and odd Lillian Hellman impression—will be explored more fully below.

The tone of Mr. Andersen's letter—though mean and insulting—is far, far nicer than what he puts in his own magazine; apparently, in writing to a respectable publication, he felt somewhat constrained. But when New York gossip columnists noted the incongruity of an editor of the self-described "wicked," "mischievous," "scabrous," "somewhat unscrupulous," "hip, smart, irreverent and tough," "playful and stylish and hard headed" *Spy* magazine writing pompous letters-to-the-editor threatening libel action, he reverted to standard Spystyle. As the *New York Post* reported:

> Andersen said "a lot of jealousy is involved" in the attack, because the *Spectator* tries, like *Spy*, to be an "irreverent magazine in the tradition of H. L. Mencken," but whereas *Spy* is successful and well-read, the *Spectator* is "a crypto-Fascist cult magazine."

(Mr. Andersen and others like to compare *Spy* and *The American Spectator* as if there were significant similarities. Except for the opening columns, in *Spy*'s case a humorless political diatribe said to be written by Mr. Andersen, there are very few. The *Spectator* does not dissemble regarding its political ideology. It does not publish long articles full of highly-personal character assassination; it does not seek to reveal details of people's personal, sexual, and family life; it does not seek to smear people as homosexuals, as *Spy* and Mr. Andersen do of prominent capitalists and conservatives.)

It is sad the sort of acrimony that can result when presumably good, kind people begin writing long, extremely mean, highly personal articles about other people—but the fashion-magazine field was crowded when *Spy* magazine entered it in the mid-1980s and, in search of its own market niche, decided to become the first fashion magazine with an all-malice editorial mix—the *New York Woman* for nasty people. "This city eats up fashionableness so quickly, there's always a new trend that is raw material for us," Andersen would say. Many, many unkind facts, unkind non-facts, extremely unkind anonymous quotations, almost frighteningly unkind suppositions followed in *Spy*, often in articles by mean-sounding people who prefer to remain pseudonymous—people who turn out later to have the real name "Kurt Andersen." Even in justifying all the unkindness, Andersen sounded rather mean: It's impossible to insult these people, he said. "As long as their names are mentioned, they're happy." Andersen's stated objective: to "humiliate." Welcome to the icily glamorous world of fashion journalism.

Now forget all that. Think of serious journalism, responsible journalism, lots of fact-checking and of fact-checkers to do it, of (remember) not lying—even when it might be amusing to do so—of major pieces of journalism, serious pieces. Of many quotes from many sources—okay, of anonymous quotes—but lots of them. This too would be *Spy*. Picture lots and lots of interviews—Spypeople talking with candid pride about their new serious-journalism interest. "I

(continued on page 53)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

ACCOLADES FOR THE DUKE

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Before all interest in this year's presidential election fades behind the Republic's oncoming concern about the pennant races, the hurricane season, and autumnal colors, let us take a last look at politics. Despite the snickers of the local sages, I am proud of the campaign Michael S. Dukakis has run. It was an eminently competent campaign before the wizard Sasso arrived, and it has been even better since Mr. Sasso brought in his pranksters and naughty boys. It will get better still.

Charging the Bush campaign with McCarthyism, jingoism, warmongering, furtive associations with Central American drug runners, mudslinging, and a yearning to return America to the British royal family has been a clever campaign gambit. Add to the 43 percent of the American electorate that always votes Democratic the percentage of our fellow Americans who are morons, and campaign manager Sasso has edged his candidate towards a majority. He will be a clear winner on November 8 if he can count on all drunks of voting age, those who believe in Santa Claus, the clinically insane, and most members of the National Education Association. Perhaps President Michael S. Dukakis will make the Hon. Jimmy Carter his first Supreme Court nominee; I have always thought that history gave Jimmy a bum rap.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

There are only two things that obscure the tremendous competence of the Dukakis campaign. Its first difficulty is that in point of fact there is no very good reason to elect Michael S. Dukakis President. America is now riding high on one of its greatest economic booms. There are few signs that the boom will end soon. All Governor Dukakis can say is that it cannot last forever, and that not long ago he met a fellow on Skid Row whose disposable income was beneath the national mean. What is more, America is at peace, and even international terrorism—a grave menace in the late 1970s and early 1980s—has abated.

Governor Dukakis offers no compelling policy suggestions for securing us still more peace. This brings us to his second difficulty, to wit—he has given us no pressing reason to prefer him over the instigators of all this peace and prosperity, the Republicans. The majority of the American electorate does not seem to care if George Bush is a practitioner of McCarthyism, jingoism, warmongering, mudslinging, etc. Nor are many of us moved by the Governor's pledge to transform America into Massachusetts.

Now a *New York Times*/CBS News poll has come out showing that Vice President Bush has changed the election "into a contest about his issues and has sharply diminished Michael S. Dukakis' image as the more competent leader." The explanation for this change is that Governor Dukakis has no issues, at least none that he dares mention. As with every Democratic presidential candidate since 1968, Governor Dukakis presents himself to the American electorate after having passed through the inconvenience of a Democratic national convention. To be nominated at one of these synods of zealots, one must placate every glassy-eyed enthusiast in the joint or be very liberal oneself. Governor Dukakis is, of course, very liberal. Even Teddy Kennedy has been heard to say that Governor Dukakis's brand of liberalism surpasses his in alcoholic content. Hence, Governor Dukakis dare not mention what he really wants to do for America.

During the 1960s and with growing intensity throughout the 1970s liberalism radicalized. No more is it simply a potpourri of statism, selective libertarianism, populism, anti-Communism, and socialism, with the poetry about social justice thrown in. Now its concerns rush from the sensible to the fantastical. If Governor Dukakis could say what is really on his mind he might well be demanding full citizenship for household pets once they have reached majority or lived in their residence for sixty days, whichever came first. He might insist that laboratory rats be read their constitutional rights before any experiments begin and that immediate relatives be compensated for damages. He might promise land reform and a peasant uprising. I congratulate the Governor for his reticence. He is running a very competent campaign. □

MEXICO'S NEW SERIOUSNESS

As I have stressed so often in my scholarly reflections, politics is essentially a blood sport. Perhaps not as elegant as flyfishing but rather like the bullfight or bearbaiting. Thus in early September I was eager to accept a personal invitation from Mexico's president to what he rather ominously termed his "last" state of the nation speech. Mexican presidents hold office for six years during which they usually steal vast amounts of boodle. From the sound of the president's invitation, I assumed that upon finishing his speech he would be whisked to the gallows. I have never witnessed a public hanging.

Alas, my expectations were dashed. True, when I arrived at the starkly modern Legislative Palace it was surrounded by thousands of grim soldiers, most in combat attire. Yet a large number were wearing ceremonial dress stylishly modeled after that worn by the late Napoleon Bonaparte's dining room personnel. Moreover, "La Bamba" was jingling from the public address system. Within the cavernous hall and to an audience abundant with members of his Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI), President Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado mounted a merciless three and one-half hour address after which he departed a free man and to much applause. Possibly his audience realized that President de la Madrid is capable of going on for another couple of hours—the second wind he exhibited in his rousing finale terrified many of the journalists.

At any rate, the occasion was a letdown for me, and even the Cuban correspondent seated next to me seemed depressed. He was wearing a soot-colored suit, cut, it appeared, from cardboard. His white shirt was actually gray, and he was in all respects a depressing package, except for an astonishing pair of striped yellow socks, possibly of silk, the kind that one sees on fey English aristocrats strutting in Mayfair. Not even the dozen or so protests from President de la Madrid's opposition cheered him. I tried; I commented that back home his hairy boss would just be warming up about the time that President de la Madrid had subsided and that Fidel would enliven his bull with dozens of stirring threats. But the Cuban re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mained gloomy, even when I remarked that he should be proud of his socks.

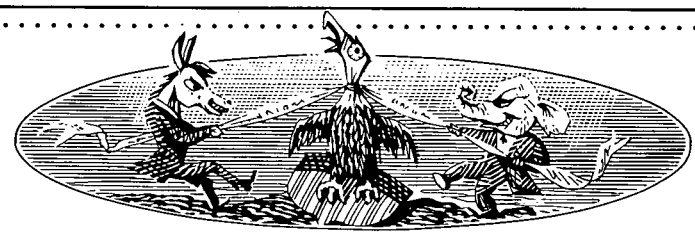
Perhaps what makes this Cuban propagandist so morose is that in Mexico people like President de la Madrid are mysteriously serious about reforming the economy and government for the good. Heretofore Mexico has decayed steadily in the sun, its corrupt authoritarian system creating multitudes of enemies at home and enormous indebtedness abroad. Below our 2,000-mile southern border an ideal breeding ground for a Castro-like revolution has been developing. Now under President de la Madrid and presumably under his like-minded successor progress is being made toward democracy and a modern growth-oriented economy.

Yet my Cuban friend need not abandon all hope for Mexico. The road ahead will be rocky. PRI has cultivated Marxist hopes and rhetoric for years; note its blatant support for the Sandinistas. Opening the government to opposition will allow undemocratic opportunists to prey on the government's past corruption and suppression. During his speech President de la Madrid's opponents chided him for stealing the July election for his successor, though PRI's slim majority suggests that electoral fraud was held to a historic minimum, and during PRI's dictatorial 60-year regime no such organized outburst ever disrupted a state of the nation address.

The attempts to modernize Mexico's economy are also going to present difficulties. Heretofore Mexico has been a heavily subsidized economy, costly to foreign investment. President de la Madrid has cut back subsidies, sold government-owned businesses, and introduced foreign competition. Over the short run this process has been dreadfully painful, sending the country into its worst economic days since the Depression.

The only thing that friends of democracy and free markets can do for Mexico from outside its borders is cheer and turn to their governments and banking systems to ease Mexico's growing regimen of debt payment. Past profligacy has burdened Mexico with a staggering debt, the servicing of which consumes more than 6 percent of the Gross Domestic Product. In Washington and on Wall Street constructive plans to relieve this burden are urgently needed lest Mexican politics become an even more brutal bloodsport. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



THE BATTLE FOR BERKELEY

by Tom Bethell

Berkeley, California

Last month the Berkeley Property Owners Association met for supper and speeches at Spenger's Fish Grotto, which is in the western, semi-industrial part of the city, known as the Berkeley "flats" (as opposed to the Berkeley hills, which are not at all industrial, inhabited as they are by a leisured professoriate class). The restaurant is a few blocks from Interstate Highway 80, permanently crowded with traffic roaring between Oakland and Richmond. On the far side of the highway is San Francisco Bay.

Spenger's is a very popular, very middle-class sort of a place, with big rooms and large tables crowded with parties of seafood eaters. The Berkeley Property Owners, over 100 of them, were seated at long tables in the dark-paneled Atlantic Room, decorated with sportsmen's trophies, mounted fish, gun cases, and ships' wheels. I was told that most of the association members are small owners (no more than six units each on average), and they looked it. They might have been gathered together from some Winnebago encampment in Middle America. But this was no picnic. They mostly had a worried look. Among them were many minorities, ethnics, Orientals, and women.

They were all of them worrying about the same thing: the slow but steady political expropriation of their property by rent control. The purpose of the meeting was to introduce several candidates running in November for the four open seats on the city's Rent Stabilization Board. (There are nine seats altogether.) One of the speakers they had come to hear was Inez Watts, who was elected to the rent board in 1986.

In 1980 the city of Berkeley enacted a Rent Stabilization and Eviction for Good Cause Ordinance, "to protect tenants from unwarranted rent increases and arbitrary, discriminatory or retaliatory evictions, in order to help maintain the diversity of the Berkeley community and to ensure compliance with legal obligations relating to the rental of housing."

The campus radicals of the 1960s took effective control of the city government in the late 1970s. It is fair to say that the result has been a disaster for Berkeley. People's Park now looks like something out of the Third World—Kingston, Jamaica, maybe. Some buildings on Telegraph Avenue, all but expropriated by regulation, are no longer maintained. Homemade "Apartment Wanted" posters are to be seen all over the University of California campus, offering finders hundreds of dollars in "rewards" for vacant apartments. An increasing percentage of the student population now lives in Oakland, which is not the safest city in the world but doesn't have rent control and therefore does have places to rent.

According to an article in the *Daily Californian* by the university's Director of Community Affairs: "Campus studies show that more than 3,000 private housing units—apartments and houses—available to students in 1979 are no longer rented to students. This loss has translated into a decline of the student population living in Berkeley from nearly 70 percent to 55 percent, despite a 30 percent increase in campus-operated housing and a less than 4 percent enrollment increase in the same period."

At dinner I found myself sitting opposite one of the board members of the Berkeley Property Owners, Michael J. Sandel, who is in the property management business in the Bay Area. He told me that the number of rental units in Berkeley has declined by at least one-third since 1980. "And that's conservative," he said. "Last night Joe Brooks, the director of the Rent Board, told the board that they had 16,800 registered apartment units today. There were 27,000 in 1980." The units are disappearing because one way or another they are being occupied by owners or their relatives. Or they are being kept vacant. The great majority of apartment buildings in Berkeley are ten units or less, which means the rent board has to contend with a large number of owners, all independently taking self-protective action against government expropriation.

Sandel said that in eight years rent control has eroded about 40 percent of the value of Berkeley's apartment buildings. "Berkeley rents are now down to about 60 percent of the Bay Area average," he said. Rents may only rise by a maximum of 40 percent of the Consumer Price Index. Owners who complain that they are not being treated fairly may submit to a costly, time-consuming inquisition by the rent board, but if an error is detected in the owners' records, which will be scrutinized minutely, then the allowed rents may be reduced even further.

As was pointed out to me by Muriel Rosenkranz, a former president of the Berkeley Property Owners Association, this decline in the value of rental property was approvingly predicted by those who initially agitated for rent control. According to *The Cities' Wealth: Programs for Community Economic Control in Berkeley, California* (1976): "By enacting rent control and thereby restricting increases in future rents, a city may actually reduce the present value of a property. This is essentially community expropriation in favor of tenants. . . . Stringent rent control in Berkeley's speculative real estate market would greatly cut the value of rental property. Since other private owners would be unlikely to buy the property in such an unfavorable climate, the city could purchase the property at below market prices or aid tenants in convert-

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the property to cooperative ownership." One of the authors of this book, Eve Bach, is now an assistant to the Berkeley city manager.

Muriel Rosenkranz is a feisty lady who bought a six-unit apartment building in 1964 with a small inheritance from her father. Years later she found out the hard way that the city wanted to expropriate it in the name of rent control. I told her that I was impressed by the potential activism displayed by the property owners—City Hall could have a fight on its hands. But she expressed frustration at the difficulty of getting property owners to organize in their own self-defense. "We do not have the fire in our guts that the left has," she said. Some owners were "real passive," she told me. "They won't fight for their own property."

"Most of us are or were muddle-brained liberals," said Peggy Schioler, the current president of the Berkeley Property Owners Association. She described rent board commissioner Betty Olds, who was addressing the group that night, as a "knee-jerk hill liberal from way back" (referring to the Berkeley hills). "But she has wised up on the rent board. We're all in various stages of wising up."

The National Association of Scholars
invites you to its First General Conference
of Fellows, Members and Friends

RECLAIMING THE ACADEMY:
RESPONSES TO THE RADICALIZATION OF THE UNIVERSITY

November 11, 12 and 13, 1988 The Hotel Roosevelt, New York City

- Schedule of Events -

Friday, November 11

12:00 - 2:00 pm Registration

2:00 pm Introductory Remarks:
Herbert I. London, *Chairman, N.A.S.* **Stephen H. Balch**, *President, N.A.S.*

2:30 - 5:00 pm Panel: **"Academic Freedom, Intellectual Tolerance, and the New Orthodoxies"**
Participants:
John H. Bunzel, *Hoover Institution*
Leslie Lenkowsky, *Institute for Educational Affairs*
Alan C. Kors, *University of Pennsylvania*
Barry R. Gross, *York College, CUNY (Moderator)*

5:00 - 6:30 pm Reception for Fellows, Members and Guests

7:00 - 9:00 pm N.A.S. Business Dinner

Saturday, November 12

8:30 - 9:30 am Registration

9:30 am - Noon Panel: **"The Transformation of Academic Culture, 1964 - 1988"**
Participants:
Paul Hollander, *University of Massachusetts*
Stanley Rothman, *Smith College*
Aaron B. Wildavsky, *University of California*
Jeffrey Paul, *Social Philosophy and Policy Center, Bowling Green State University*
Margarita R. Levin, *Yeshiva University (Moderator)*

12:30 - 2:00 pm Banquet Luncheon
Address: **John R. Silber**, *President, Boston University*

2:30 - 5:00 pm Panel: **"Does the Curriculum Have a Core?"**
Participants:
Walter Berns, *American Enterprise Institute*
Chester E. Finn, Jr., *Assistant Secretary, U.S. Department of Education*
J. Rufus Fears, *Boston University*
Thomas L. Short, *Kenyon College*
Peter Shaw, *SUNY, Stony Brook, Emeritus (Moderator)*

5:30 - 7:30 pm **Round-tables**

Sunday, November 13

8:00 - 9:00 am Registration

9:00 - 10:00 am Address: **The Honorable Jeane J. Kirkpatrick**
Introduction: **Irving Louis Horowitz**

10:00 - 12:30 pm Panel: **"The Politicization of the Disciplines"**
Participants:
Oscar Handlin, *Harvard University*
James W. Tuttleton, *New York University*
Irving Louis Horowitz, *Rutgers University*
Carol Iannone, *New York University, (Moderator)*

FOR MORE INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT: NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SCHOLARS, SUITE 244, TWENTY NASSAU STREET, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY 08542, (609) 683-7878.

"We'd like to sell our building," said a man sitting a couple of places down the table from me.

"You're like everybody else," said his neighbor.

The man on my right, who did not wish to be identified, said he owned six units in Berkeley and that he had offered a woman living in one of them $8,000 cash if she would leave. Buildings can be sold for a much higher price if they have no tenants when sold. But she refused the offer.

"Tenants now living in Berkeley can save $20,000 in five years," Sandel said. "A one-bedroom apartment will probably rent for $300. The free market rent would be over $600."

You hear amazing stories of extended families of Indians and Chinese who are able to defeat the purpose of rent control, which is to rob from the owner and subsidize the tenant. These families will jointly buy the building (there may be half a dozen names on the title) and then move in *en bloc*, with family members displacing existing tenants (as is permitted by the law). The cohesive nature of these families allows them to circumvent the redistributive intent of the law.

The man sitting next to me told me that, although he had several children himself, he would nonetheless be reluctant to put any of his property in their name, for fear they would "take the property and run." In this respect his family was probably like most other American families: the centrifugal forces of individualism were stronger than the binding force of family. Once legal ownership was theirs, he could not rely on his children to treat the property as though it were in reality still his.

After dinner we heard from some of the candidates running for rent board commissioner (owner-supported candidates must win two of the four vacant seats to gain a majority on the board). One speaker was Vincent Cook, a Berkeley graduate student in biophysics. Like other students, he said, he had found out how difficult it had become to find housing in Berkeley. The left-wing activists of the Berkeley Citizens' Association were bent on "waging class warfare," he said. "They don't care about tenants or the future of rental housing." Cook ended his speech with a ringing call for "property rights and the right to contract"—something one had not expected to hear from a Berkeley graduate student. After dinner he told me that "in terms of paid membership, the College Republicans are now the largest political organization on campus."

We also heard a short but brilliant speech from Gregory McConnell, a black, 38-year-old Howard University Law School graduate who was brought

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in from Washington, D.C., where he was executive assistant to the city's Rental Housing Commission, to become executive director of Berkeley's rent board. In picking him over ideological whites the left made an uncharacteristic mistake, however. "They thought they had themselves this typical bureaucrat," Peggy Schioler told me. "But he promptly converted."

McConnell figured out the radical design of Berkeley's rent control—an attempt "to regulate life, not prices," as he told me later. In particular, he soon realized that blacks with small property holdings were by no means exempt from the left's confiscatory designs. In fact, black owners were being hurt perhaps even more than whites, because they often lacked the resources to mount a legal counterattack.

McConnell lasted for two and a half years as executive director but then quit. Today he is a consultant advising property owners how to cope with Berkeley's regulatory maze. McConnell told his audience at Spenger's that the radicals now say they merely want to "improve the law," to which end they have placed a number of propositions on the November ballot.

"'Improve the law' means to tighten the screws and make it more punitive," McConnell said. "'Improve the law' means triple damages for overcharging. 'Improve the law' means you pay attorneys' fees for alleged victims. It also means it will be impossible for you to evict tenants who don't pay rent. It will also create life estates for senior citizens 65 years and older . . ."

McConnell ended by saying that he had concluded after studying the modus operandi of the radicals that they really do not want to transfer the titular ownership of property from private to public hands. "They want you to retain the legal ownership," he told the nominal owners. "And they want you to retain the legal responsibility. But they want to transfer all the benefits of that ownership to their friends" among the tenants.

"It's almost like a trust," McConnell told me a few days later in his Kensington office, north of Berkeley. "Landlords become the caretakers of the homes of the tenants."

Proposition I was one of the main points of discussion at Spenger's, and in a sense Inez Watts was Exhibit A that night. Inez Watts is a 56-year-old black lady who is a grandmother and a secretary in the Oakland unified school district. In 1986 she was elected to the Berkeley rent board, receiving 19,355 votes, the highest vote ever cast for a rent board member.

But Inez Watts, gray haired and mild of manner, wearing a print dress and rhinestone glasses, is not allowed to vote on the rent board! Not on substantive matters, such as the annual general adjustment to rents, because she herself owns thirteen rental units in Berkeley. Inez Watts is a property owner, ladies and gentlemen, and therefore not allowed to vote, because in so doing she would be voting her own self-interest, in violation (so the city of Berkeley maintains) of California's conflict of interest laws.

Proposition I would restore the voting rights of property-owning rent board commissioners. It would restore full civil rights to Inez Watts.

She told me later that she was a registered Democrat, and a supporter first of Jesse Jackson, then of Michael Dukakis. "I would say I'm treated all right on the rent board," she said meekly, "except that I'm not allowed to vote."

Where's the ACLU now that we need it? I phoned their Northern California office and spoke to Elaine Elinson about the Inez Watts matter. "I will have one of our attorneys who deals with voting issues get back to you," she said. But so far I haven't heard anything. □

Do you have room in your home for three wise men? They are Plato, Aristotle, and Marcus Aurelius...three of the wisest, wittiest, most stimulating minds that ever lived.

They still live...in the Five Great Dialogues of Plato, the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, and Aristotle's On Man in the Universe.

All three books (regularly $34.35) can be yours for only $1.00 as your introduction to the Classics Club.

The Classics Club is quite unlike any other book club.

The Club doesn't offer best sellers that come and go. Instead, it offers its members a chance to stay young through great books that will never grow old. These books include Utopia by Thomas More; the works of Shakespeare; Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography; Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat; Walden by Thoreau; and other fresh, spontaneous, even outspoken works that stretch your mind and sweep away the mental cobwebs that hold back most men.

You never have to buy any of these books. (To force you to buy a classic would be barbaric.) As a member, take only those books you really want to own. And, at any time, you may cancel your membership, without penalty or hurt feelings.

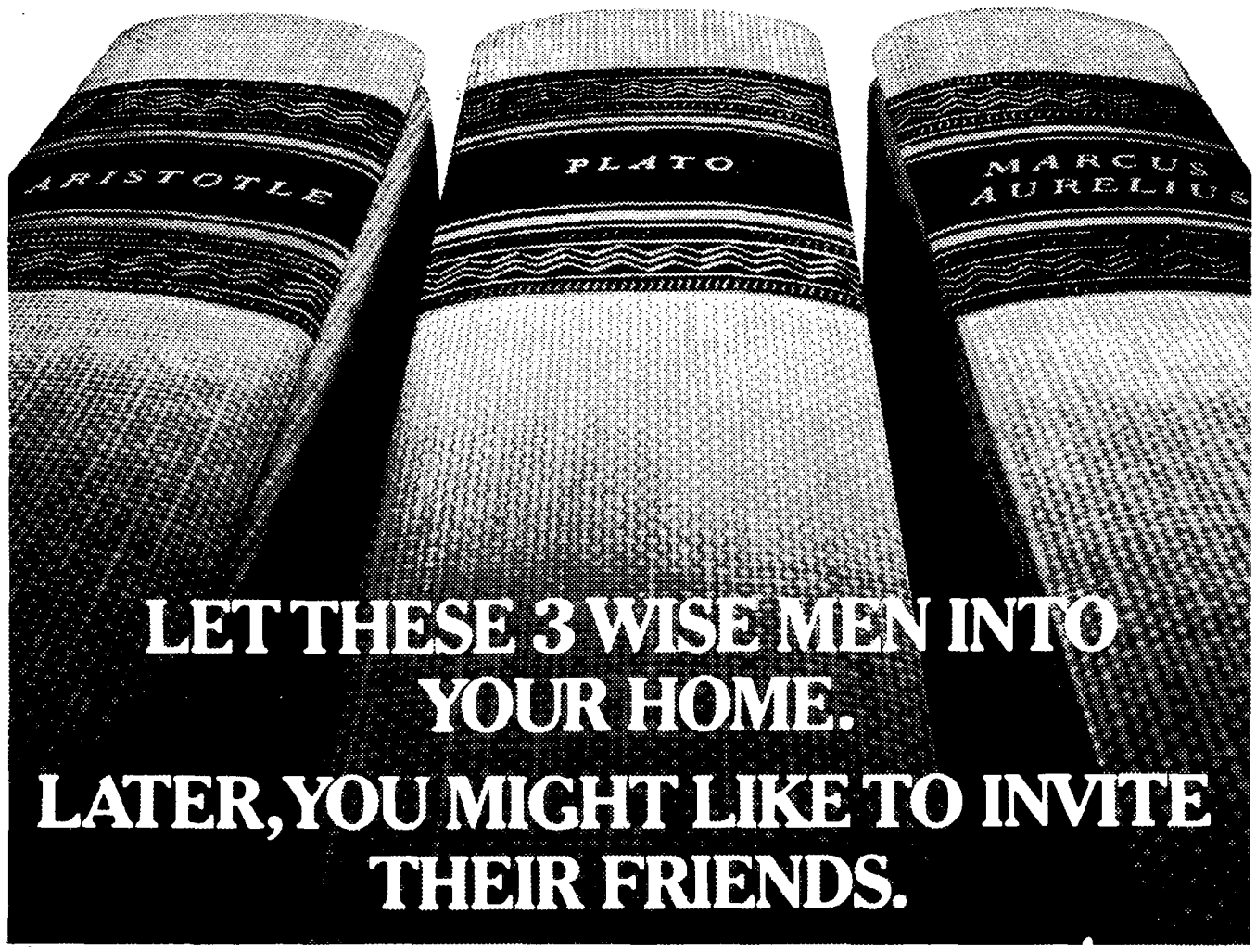
The selections themselves are remarkable values. They're carefully printed on expensive paper stock. They're hardbound in matched wheat-colored buckram, worked and stamped in the colors of crimson, black and gold. And through direct-to-the-public distribution, we are able to offer to our members these deluxe editions for only $11.45 each, plus shipping.

Interested? We'll send you the first three selections, Plato, Aristotle and Marcus Aurelius — all three for only $1.00 plus shipping.

We know what charmers these three wise men are. We're betting that you'll be so taken by them that you'll want to stay in the Club and meet some of their friends, including the greatest story tellers, philosophers, poets, and historians the world has ever known.

Don't send any money now. We'll bill you later. Just fill in the coupon below, now, while you're thinking about it and while the invitation still stands.

Mail coupon to The Classics Club, Roslyn, New York 11576.



LET THESE 3 WISE MEN INTO YOUR HOME.

LATER, YOU MIGHT LIKE TO INVITE THEIR FRIENDS.

THE CLASSICS CLUB ROSLYN, NY 11576

Please enroll me as a member and send me at once Plato, Aristotle and Marcus Aurelius. I enclose *no money now*. After a week's examination, I will either keep my books and pay $1 (plus shipping) or return them. As a new member, I will get a complete list of titles from which to select the books I want. For each volume I choose, I pay only $11.45 (plus shipping). I may return any book, for full credit within 21 days and may cancel my membership at any time.
Note: Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Offer slightly different in Canada.

MR./MRS./MS. _____
(PLEASE PRINT) C02D7X
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
88-ER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Terry Eastland

WANTED: ENERGY IN THE EXECUTIVE

Was Ronald Reagan lazy, or should blame for the failed Reagan Revolution be shared by Washington conservatives?

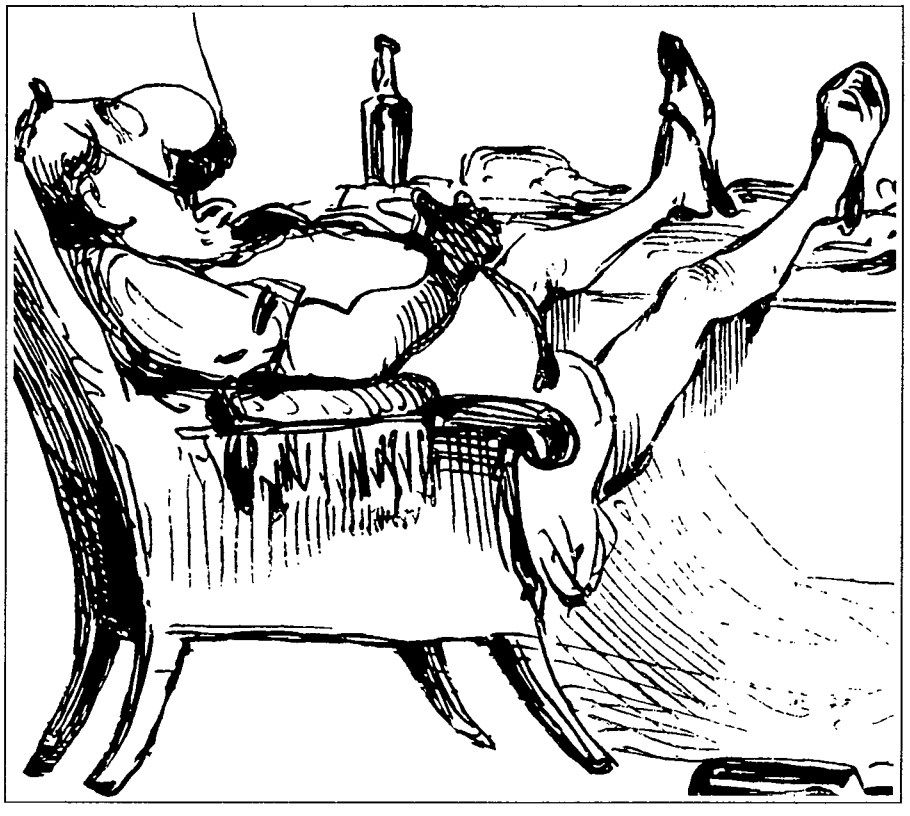
As the Reagan presidency winds down, few conservatives disagree about its most important achievements. Inflation is down, and marginal tax rates have been cut. Government spending on non-defense programs has stayed about the same. The repair of our defenses has begun. Judicial activism has been exposed, and the federal courts aren't as receptive as they used to be to the legal arguments of political liberalism. Thanks to Ronald Reagan, the political atmosphere today is markedly different: "liberalism" is out.

Still, no conservative says that the Reagan presidency has produced the once-prophesied Reagan Revolution. Obviously, far more was promised than delivered, and most of Reagan's accomplishments can be undone. For more than a year now conservatives—including a number of former administration officials—have offered various explanations as to why Reagan didn't achieve more. Quite a few have pointed to the laid-back nature of the President himself—"lazy," Fred Barnes has called him. From my spot in the administration, I saw much the same problem, but I would express it more decorously. The problem was, to use Alexander Hamilton's phrase, a lack of "energy in the executive."

In *Federalist No. 70* Hamilton wrote: "Energy in the executive is a leading character of good government." It is "essential," he said, to "protection of the community against foreign attacks," "to the steady administration of the laws," "to the protection of property," and "to the security of liberty against the enterprises and assaults of ambition, faction, and of anarchy." Energy in the executive, Hamilton said, would be manifested in "decision," "activity," "vigor," "expedition," "firmness." Clearly, energy meant pretty much then what it does today: "the capacity of acting or being active"; "natural power vigorously exerted"; and "the capacity for doing work."

When the President and his administration were energetic, it enjoyed substantial success, as witness the tax-cutting bill in 1981, or the liberation of Grenada in 1983, or, at the Justice Department, the revolution in antitrust enforcement pulled off early in the first term. But on too many issues lying at the very heart of this presidency, the executive wasn't sufficiently energetic. Four of these in particular merit attention. One, contra aid, concerned the fate of democracy abroad. Another, civil rights, concerned the fate of a moral principle as old as the Declaration of Independence, what Lincoln called the "sheet anchor of republican government." Another, the Bork nomination, concerned the fate of Supreme Court jurisprudence and the shape of justice for years to come. And the last, the independent counsel law, concerned the fate of the presidency itself.

Contra aid was part of a larger administration effort to encourage democratic freedom-fighters abroad—the Reagan Doctrine. And to his credit the President is the one who made Nicaragua an issue. As Central America scholar Mark Falcoff put it to me, "Only the President cared about it." Yet Reagan didn't resist the Boland Amendments that sought to restrict what he could do in helping the contras. And until 1986 the President failed to make the case for contra aid in a way calculated to secure public support; that is, that such aid is fully consistent with the values of liberal democracy. This should have been done long before. Congress funded the contras in 1986 but voted earlier this year to suspend aid. A truly democratic Nicaragua now seems a very remote prospect.



At stake in the Bork nomination was nothing less than the fifth vote in the Supreme Court on some key issues. Beyond that, and for the future, the sheer intellectual power of Robert Bork, teamed with that of Justice Antonin Scalia, promised a major shift in Supreme Court jurisprudence. The left understood this and began an assault on the day Bork was nominated. Senator Ted Kennedy's harangue against Bork ("No justice would be better than this injustice") deserved a vigorous response from the President. But none came. With that one-sided exchange, a pattern was set. Throughout July and August of 1987 the left hammered away, not believing its good luck to be able to fire at will; later in the fall, Sam Donaldson quipped, accurately, that the Bork nomination was lost on the beaches of California—where the President and senior staffers spent most of August. By Labor Day the Bork nomination was in serious doubt, although the White House showed few signs of concern. Those of us working on the nomination at the Justice Department had no luck trying to get the President to give a timely television address; my own files bulged with speeches written for the President but never given. Finally, the President did give a speech. But he did so after the hearings had been concluded, long after it was evident Bork would not be confirmed. And the eventual vote was overwhelming: 58 to 42.

On civil rights, the President often indicated his personal abhorrence of racial discrimination. He also supported administration efforts against employment quotas. On occasion he made an effort to go beyond civil rights to discuss issues of substantial importance in many minority communities—those involving education, crime, and economics. All of which was fine, but

Terry Eastland was director of public affairs at the Department of Justice from April 1985 to May 1988. He is now resident scholar at the National Legal Center for the Public Interest and a contributing commentator for National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

far from enough. Neither the President nor the senior White House staff ever took control of the policy. The Justice Department opposed quotas, goals, and other devices that prefer individuals for jobs on the basis of race. But the Labor Department continued to impose racially discriminatory goals on federal contractors—a policy begun during the Nixon years. And various agencies expanded previously existing minority set-aside programs or else created new ones. These programs not only violate color-blindness but invite corruption. The result of all this various activity was incoherence in policy.

On the constitutional power of the executive, the President was faced with a major challenge, not simply to himself but to the institution of the presidency, in the form of the independent counsel. In 1978 Congress passed the Ethics in Government Act, which enables the appointment of independent counsels to investigate allegations of wrongdoing against certain high-ranking executive-branch officials. These counsels are appointed not by the President or his agents but by a federal court, and they can be removed only for incapacity or misconduct. Accountable to no one, they can do as they please—and some have. The independent counsel law is unconstitutional. Reagan should have resisted using it. At the least he should have vetoed the law when Congress reauthorized it in late 1987. But he did neither. Outside the Justice Department, the editorial pages of the *Wall Street Journal*, and the pages of this magazine, the law met little opposition (except, of course, from those being investigated).

To be energetic it is necessary, first of all, to be clear about the policies in question—an intellectual matter. It is also necessary to know when to advance those policies—a matter of judgment. It also requires the will to act, which often involves courage.

On contra aid, the Bork nomination, and the independent counsel law, the lack of energy can't be traced to intellectual failure. Intelligence reports from Central America made plain the nature of the problem; there were no ambiguities. Bork was a non-activist judge if ever there was one, perhaps the finest exemplar of the President's judicial philosophy; everyone knew that. And the White House had the benefit of the Justice Department's learning on the independent counsel law; it had been advised by Deputy Attorney General Arnold Burns, who had made the decision to file a brief in the court of appeals opposing the law on constitutional grounds.

No, on these issues the shortage of energy must be explained on other grounds. That it took until 1986 before the President made his most persuasive case in behalf of the contras suggests a problem of judgment, of knowing when best to use the Oval Office. As for the failure to oppose the Boland Amendments, that seemed a problem of will. So did the non-action against the independent counsel law. The White House left the issue for the courts to decide—often a mistake, and it proved so in this instance. On the Bork nomination, I remember the answer I got—from a conservative, no less—when I asked why the President hadn't yet been scheduled to give a prime-time television speech. "We know when it's best to use the President," I was told. They knew, all right. A failure in judgment, at least. Perhaps also one of courage: White House advisers might have been intimidated by the various lobbies vigorously opposing Bork.

Courage also might have been lacking on civil rights; the early criticism of the administration's civil rights policies might have made the White House less willing to bring the government into conformity with the principle of non-discrimination. But it's

Once more, through the looking glass

Suppose an American company—one that operates all over the world—wants to open a new factory, store, warehouse, or office building in the United States. Such a facility, of course, would create new jobs for Americans, along with all the other good things that happen when people are put to work.

But when the company's top executives take a final look at the economics, they hesitate. So a foreign company steps in, the project gets built, and everybody lives happily ever after—except the American company, and maybe some American workers, who find themselves penalized by American tax law, and thereby beaten out by a foreign competitor.

The above-mentioned script seems highly illogical, like something out of Alice in Wonderland, if not Franz Kafka. But it's eminently possible, and even probable, thanks to the vagaries of the 1986 tax law passed in the name of reform.

The culprit in our example is the section of the rewritten tax law dealing with the allocation of interest expense.

What those words mean is that for a U.S. multinational company, with affiliates operating in many parts of the world, the interest paid on money borrowed to finance a U.S. business is treated as if it were paid in part to finance foreign operations. And this, of course, results in a partial loss of the tax deduction. Foreign companies have no such requirement. That's the technical definition. As a practical matter, the words mean that it's often cheaper for a foreign company to create American jobs than for a U.S. company to do so. And the foreign companies, because their after-tax interest costs are lower, are more competitive in the U.S. than many U.S. companies.

Here's why:

An American affiliate of the U.S. multinational, Global Widgets, Inc., wants to build a widget plant in Anytown, Iowa, and borrows money to do so. Under the tax law, part of the interest on the loan is allocated to Global Widgets' operations in Kiribati, an island country in the Pacific, even though Global Widgets Kiribati borrowed no money and has no relationship with the Iowa operation. As a result, Global Widgets' U.S. affiliate cannot deduct the full amount of its interest expense in the U.S. Moreover, it cannot deduct anything in Kiribati, either, where the government would surely frown on any tax return claiming Iowa expenses as a deduction. But any foreign-owned widget maker who wanted to build a plant in the U.S. could deduct all of its interest expense against revenues earned in the U.S. Global would therefore be the high-cost producer, compared to the foreign-owned company operating here.

Here's another example. Suppose a U.S.-based multinational manufacturing company buys a major U.S. retailer, with borrowed money. Parts of that borrowing are treated as if they were made by affiliates in far-flung places, well-removed from the U.S. So part of the tax deduction is lost. But that isn't the end of it. Suppose the retailing arm then borrows money to finance its inventories of lawn mowers in southern California. A portion of that debt is treated as if it were accrued by the parent company's operations in Zimbabwe. So the retailer would have a smaller tax deduction—and higher operating expenses—than a U.S. retailer with no overseas ties, or any of the major retailers, household names all, who have recently been bought by foreign companies.

Our tax law, in other words, needs some intensive rethinking, well beyond the technical fixes currently being made in Congress. We should be thinking about why multinational U.S. companies are treated like second-class citizens, compared to strictly domestic companies. And we should be thinking about why even foreign firms operating here get better tax treatment.

Congress is understandably reluctant to go deeply into reforming tax reform. But sooner or later the bullet will have to be bitten. American tax law needs to be pulled back through the looking glass into the real world, where, one hopes, logic and fairness prevail.

Mobil®

©1988 Mobil Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clear, too, that in this area there *was* a major intellectual failure. It's easy to be against "quotas." Even liberals oppose them. But the Reagan cabinet never seemed to understand what makes a quota wrong is also what makes a goal, target, or set-aside wrong: the fact that each of these devices counts and rewards by race. Even within the Justice Department I heard arguments distinguishing quotas from goals, in the hopes of saving the latter. If the people below Reagan weren't in intellectual agreement, it's no wonder the President never acted vigorously in this area.

Energy in the executive could have made an important difference in at least three of the four areas: Bork could have been confirmed, the prospects for democracy in Nicaragua could today be much brighter, and government policy on race could more consistently reflect the principle of non-discrimination. On the fourth, the independent counsel law, energy in the executive at least could have clarified the issue, exposing the law for what it is—another congressional invasion of presidential power. As it happened, the lack of energy on these core issues helped the President's opponents score important victories, the revolutionary thrust of his presidency being substantially blunted.

In June, the Supreme Court ruled 7 to 1 in *Olson* v. *Morrison*, upholding the independent counsel law. Energetic opposition by the President probably wouldn't have affected this outcome, but it could have precipitated a fight with Congress over the law, and a needed one, too: after all, just because a measure is deemed constitutional doesn't mean it's wise. In any event, the most important consequence of the continued existence of the independent counsel law will be a weakened presidency, a fact candidates Bush and Dukakis should note. Issues that should be resolved politically will be converted into criminal prosecutions against the executive branch. And whenever there are charges of illegality against high-ranking administration officials, a President will be tempted to refer them to independent counsels, thus relieving himself of the responsibility to inquire into the alleged misdeeds of his officials and take appropriate action. The costs to good government will be immense. And to the degree conservatives believe the executive branch is the one to control, they had better think twice about how much they will be able to do in the post-Reagan era.

The lack of energy in the executive on civil rights meant that civil rights issues were argued in the same terms they had been for a decade—those of statutory and case law. But civil rights is too important to be left to lawyers. Matters of principle must be stated plainly and repeatedly by the chief executive. And issues affecting minorities only start with civil rights: there is a need for a larger, imaginative treatment, one focusing on the importance of education and other non-racial factors critical to the economic advancement of racial and ethnic minorities—the kind of treatment done by such scholars as Thomas Sowell and Glenn Lowry. But the civil rights debate that should have taken place in the eighties, led by the President and top aides, never did. A great opportunity, down the drain.

"Energy in the executive is a leading character of good government."

Finally, the lack of energy on Nicaragua contributed to the worst crisis of the Reagan presidency. Acquiescing in the Boland Amendments and timid about making its best public case for the contras, the White House created a void that Oliver North and others filled with their own considerable energies. After Reagan was briefed on their activities, he decided to announce what had been done, but not to defend it. What happened next was predictable: appointment of an independent counsel to investigate the alleged crimes of the executive branch.

Suppose there were such a thing as an "energy-meter"—something that could read the energy of the executive. I suspect that a graph of the executive branch over the past eight years would show an overall decline in energy, the highest points coming in the first term, the very highest probably in 1981, year of the tax cuts. George Will has commented that Reagan is good at being popular. Better at that, I think, than he is at being an energetic executive.

Reagan translated his personal popularity into a stunning 49-state victory in 1984. A truly energetic campaign—one based on ideas—would have yielded fewer states. (That, of course, would have meant a decline in personal popularity.) But such a campaign would have given Reagan a stronger hand in governing and put the White House in a better position in 1986 to fight for Republican control of the Senate. It seems clear that Reagan thought more of his personal fate than that of his political movement and the kind of lasting impression it might leave on the nation.

As conservatives think through the lessons of the Reagan years, one should be obvious: It's desirable to have an energetic executive, a President who is willing to use the powers of office in a vigorous pursuit of the most important issues. But do conservatives really want such an executive? Those who do will be people serious about government. They will seek to acquire and instill in others the habits needed for effective governing. And above all they will understand the meaning of presidential time; that is, they will know that duration of office is short (four years, never more than eight) and that every bit of it must be used purposefully and effectively.

While in the administration, I saw too little of that kind of seriousness. One reason, I think, is that having run against government for so long, some conservatives found it difficult to adjust to actually governing and easier to do something else—like enjoy Washington. And the seductive quality of the nation's capital, which the Reagans helped glamorize, sucked up valuable energy. Granted, some socializing is necessary. But for some officials, it seemed that making the rounds, seeing and being seen, was what the job was all about. This is what it meant to go to Washington, even, alas, to govern. But this is also a poor conception of public service.

Some conservatives also wasted energy by working hard at being "conservative," in the process creating a sort of conservative ghetto. The type was a familiar one during the Reagan years, found both within and outside the administration. I'm talking about those who put on their Adam Smith ties but who had not read the first page of *Wealth of Nations* or any other Smith work. These folks talked to each other—but not to the media or to others outside their world, whom they distrusted. They threw parties—for themselves. They invented awards that they could bestow on "name" conservatives (the Borks and Norths), their ceremonies getting mentioned on the inside pages of the *Washington Times*. These people "networked"—indeed there is an organization by that very name. For them, as Amy Moritz has written in a recent issue of *Policy Review*, professional advancement was "based less on one's success in promoting the conservative agenda [or, I might add, one's success in defining that agenda] than on one's success in demonstrating personal loyalty to an individual conservative leader." Even during off hours. I remember once seeing a daily schedule passed around a government office by its nominal leader. That schedule included an end-of-the-day entry, assigning one of the junior staffers the job of this leader's after-hours cabbie. This fellow was obviously facing a busy evening, but it wasn't what Hamilton had in mind when he talked about energy in the executive.

I also saw, on the part of some conservatives, some misdirected energy, especially in the area of personnel. Commendably, some conservatives worked hard to oppose non-conservatives for high positions. But strangely, and for no good reason, conservatives sometimes opposed fellow conservatives for key jobs. A misstep on one issue alone might be enough to outrage personnel totalitarians both within and outside the White House. Ties to the conservative movement could be decisive: it greatly mattered to some of these folks which conservative family tree you were on; if you sat on a branch of the tree of the Hoover Institution, for example, you were in very good shape. But if you were on the limb of some other tree, you might be sawed off. Then there was the loyalty matter, as Moritz has written. For some personnel specialists, loyalty to a conservative within the administration proved more important than fidelity to principle; indeed, I know of one effort to bar a strong conservative from employment simply because of an alleged lack of loyalty to a high-ranking official. Fortunately, it failed, but only after an exhausting and unnecessary few days during which conservatives spent valuable energy fighting each other.

One account of the Republican Convention said that conservatives in New Orleans craved another Reagan, that his second coming is what they ardently desire in a future President. Reagan has been a good President, a model in many ways, not least of which is that as President he was supremely able to capture a mood or moment, to express his ideas with conviction, and to point Americans toward a better future.

But in one specific, important way Reagan is not the right model. More energy, more sustained energy and energy directed at the right ends, is what's needed in the next conservative administration. And it's needed on the part of not only the President but those around and below him. When that kind of energy is present, the long-awaited Reagan Revolution might just occur. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OXYMORON:

Post-Industrial, World-Class Economy

It's become fashionable in recent years to say that manufacturing is passe—that the future U.S. economy will prosper and grow based on service and financial industries.

But the idea of a "post-industrial, world-class" economy is a contradiction in terms. Manufacturing is essential to long-term U.S. economic growth. Here are a few reasons why:

■ Manufacturing is responsible for 95 percent of all private research and development in the U.S. Research and development is the key to new products, processes, higher productivity and, hence, higher living standards.

■ Manufacturing has a commanding effect on the overall economy. Its purchases represent 40 percent of gross domestic product, its shipments nearly 60 percent. When manufacturing unemployment rises 1 percent, unemployment in the rest of the economy goes up an average of 2 percent.

■ Manufacturing workers are among the most highly skilled and educated people in America's workforce. This translates into high-wage jobs.

Manufacturing drives economic activity the world over. How do we keep U.S. manufacturing working for America?

The same policies that are good for the economy broadly will be good for manufacturing—a balanced federal budget, tax policies that promote saving and investment, a fairly valued dollar that allows American exports to flourish, and open markets at home and abroad.

Manufacturing is an essential element in a healthy, dynamic American economy. We need a national debate during this election year and beyond about the direction of economic policy and how it affects manufacturing.

Eastman Kodak Company would like to send you a free copy of a study, "The Case for Manufacturing in America's Future." Please call toll-free:

1-800-44-KODAK

Extension 962

AMERICA WON'T MAKE IT WITHOUT MANUFACTURING

Kodak

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Micah Morrison

WHILE YELLOWSTONE BURNED

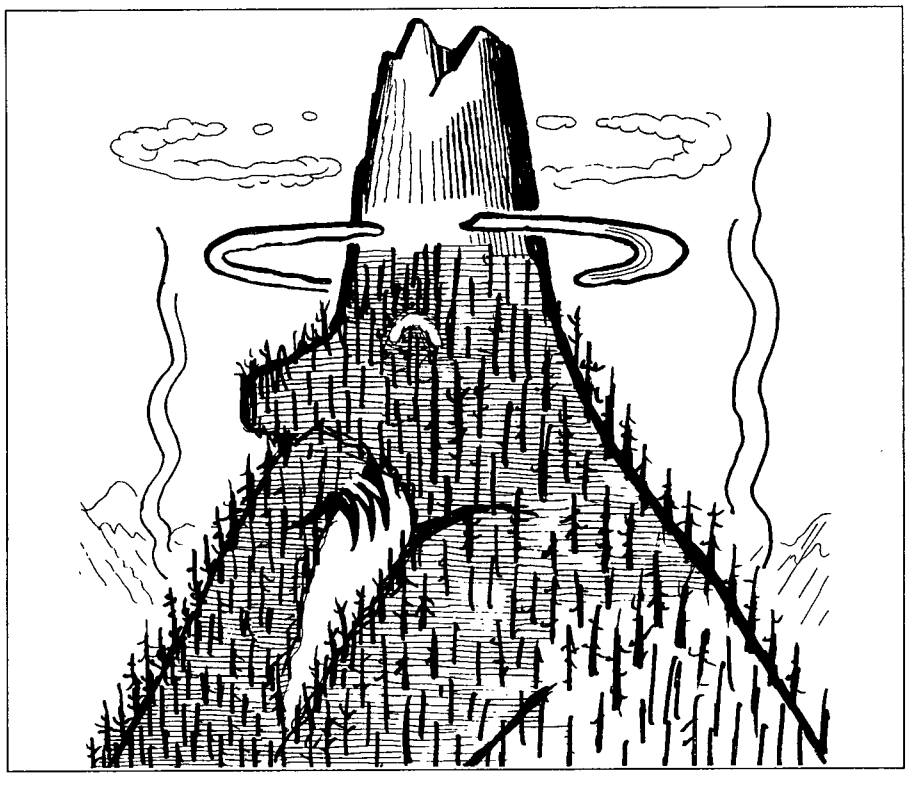
A survivor of this summer's fires reports that only Washington bureaucrats and environmentalists could have concocted a "let it burn" policy during a time of drought.

We were at the west edge of Silver Gate, waiting for the blaze, when I asked about the firestorms. Smoke and drifting ash obscured the heavily forested mountains on both sides of Soda Butte Creek. Helicopters cut low overhead, trailing huge buckets of water. Earlier, the air tankers had been through, dropping fire retardant. Poor visibility would prevent their return. Through the acrid haze we caught sight of a dark column of smoke leaning across the sky. One of the Forest Service liaisons with the press, Pat Kaunert, explained that a firestorm is a large fire that begins to act as if it had a will of its own, creating its own wind and weather conditions. Its column can rise, he said, as high as fifty thousand feet. Flames hundreds of feet high flash up through the column as unburned gases ignite and ice crystals form at the top. Before it hits there is a lull when the trees begin to sway and ash begins to fall, the ash gets larger and larger and pretty soon it seems like a snowstorm and then all of a sudden the ash turns to fire. The storm rains fire on the forest. The winds get hotter and harder. And pretty soon an enormous wave of flames comes roaring through the forest, exploding in the trees and ripping through the underbrush, destroying everything in its path. It was, in short, one unholy son of a bitch, and it was headed our way.

Massive fires blew across Yellowstone National Park and other areas of the western United States all summer. At last report, more than four million acres have been burned—two million alone in Alaska—and thirty thousand firefighters have battled the blazes. Seven fatalities have been directly tied to the fires, and the cost to the taxpayer is up over $300 million. The firestorm to which we were paying particular attention at the moment was expected to come calling at the front of the Storm Creek fire, which by early September had burned over sixty thousand acres just north and east of Yellowstone and was only one of eight major fires flaring in and around the flagship of the national park system.

Assembled in what the locals like to call "God's country" was the best that man could summon for a war with nature: under the authority of Storm Creek Incident Commander David Liebersbach, a bearded, unsmiling fire-management professional from the Alaska Bureau of Land Management, were twelve hundred firefighters from all over the country, nineteen fire engines, seven helicopters, six bulldozers, five C-130 air tankers and two smaller planes. Other commanders in the area had similar force structures, although some equipment and personnel were shifted between the various fire commands according to need. Satellites, spotter planes and helicopters, infrared photography and field operatives brought Liebersbach and the others the latest weather and fire intelligence. Top-notch scientific teams analyzed data, measured humidity, gauged weather patterns, fuel dryness, ignition probabilities. The "fuel"—the woods—had never been dryer, the ignition probabilities had never been higher.

A fully staffed base camp, home to firefighters, military personnel called in to assist, and support teams, had been set up in the Cooke Pass area. To get to the base camp, the Storm Creek fire would have to advance a few miles south into Soda Butte Creek somewhere around the northeast entrance to Yellowstone, then push a mile east through the forest to Silver Gate, three more miles on to Cooke City, and a mile out to Cooke Pass. If the weather turned bad, as was expected, the mountain terrain and high winds would create firestorm conditions and send the storm blasting through Silver Gate and Cooke like a blowtorch.



All that was forecast to happen in the next few days. Liebersbach gave the towns a one-in-four chance of surviving. The survival plan involved having fire crews deliberately start fires to burn out areas in front of the major fire. This would deprive the fire of fuel and, it was hoped, either contain it or divert it away from the towns. As to the question of actually putting the fire out, the reply from taciturn locals, exhausted firefighters, and high-tech fire analysts was the same: pray for rain.

I was in no mood for rain when I first saw smoke from the Storm Creek fire. It was in late June and I was hiking in the Absaroka Beartooth Wilderness near Cooke City with my old friend John Griscomb, a wilderness aficionado and Montana businessman. John's family had ranched the region for more than two generations. The fires worried him. It was the second year of extremely dry weather, but the National Park Service, which under the Department of the Interior's authority is responsible for park lands, and the U.S. Forest Service, responsible under the Department of Agriculture for the surrounding wilderness areas, were sticking to their "let it burn" policy, a fire-management plan that permits lightning-caused fires to burn until they threaten life or property. Lightning struck Storm Creek on June 14, John told me, and it was still possible to put the fire out. It was just too damn dry this year to let things burn. I gave the fire little thought, and soon flew back to New York. I had no idea that I would be back in September to cover the Yellowstone fires, which by that time had burned close to a million acres of magnificent forest lands, cost the taxpayer tens of millions of dollars in Yellowstone alone, and threatened the homes and livelihoods of John's family and friends and hundreds of others.

By the time I left the mountains

Micah Morrison is deputy director of the Committee for the Free World and editor of its monthly publication, Contentions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again, Cooke Pass would be in flames and the Storm Creek base camp would be evacuated, along with the three communities. All the Yellowstone fires would still be burning. Out of the smoking forests would come stories of anger and endurance and widespread destruction; out too would come a trail of bureaucratic arrogance and inflexibility leading from the northern Rockies right into the offices of federal agencies and the environmental movement.

Forests need fires. Fire often improves soil composition, opens the way for more diverse vegetation and wildlife, and creates better conditions for existing species. In 1972, the Park Service put the "let it burn" policy into effect, "acknowledging," a Park Service document states, "the natural role of fire in sustaining the forests and grasslands of the park." Fire is part of the Park Service's policy of "natural regulation," a hands-off approach to our national parks and wilderness areas formulated and put into law by Congress at the prodding of environmental activists.

The environmental movement, emerging in part from 1960s radicalism, had looked around at the world and arrived at the belief that man could do no good in nature. "As man was the source of all evil," writes Alston Chase in his devastating account of environmental practices and politics, *Playing God in Yellowstone: The Destruction of America's First National Park,*[1] "expelling him became the way to restore and preserve wilderness." Although Chase's book does not focus at length on fire policy, it pinpoints the problems in the theoretical world supporting the governance of national park and wilderness lands. "Natural regulation" grew out of the not entirely inaccurate observation in the early 1960s that everything man did in the park lands seemed to lead to disaster for one species or another. Maybe the best course would be to do nothing at all. "This," Chase noted, "was the message summarized in Barry Commoner's 'Third Law of Ecology': 'Any major man-made change in a natural system,' wrote Commoner, 'is likely to be detrimental to that system.' Whatever man touches he makes worse. We must stop playing God!" Yet, as Chase explains, this attitude wrote man out of the wilderness—where in fact the white man, and before him the Indian, had been an important factor for countless centuries. (I've of necessity simplified here some aspects of a complicated, long-running ecological and historical argument. For the full story, accessible to the lay reader, see Chase.)

As drought conditions from 1987 persisted into the spring and early summer of 1988, regional and national Park Service officials remained aloof, unavailable. According to many local residents, Yellowstone Superintendent Robert Barbee and National Park Service Director William Penn Mott, Jr. avoided meetings and repeatedly rebuffed pleas in June and July to put out the fires. "Let it burn" seemed to be written in stone, despite the obvious drought conditions. By the time the officials reversed direction on July 21, it was too late.

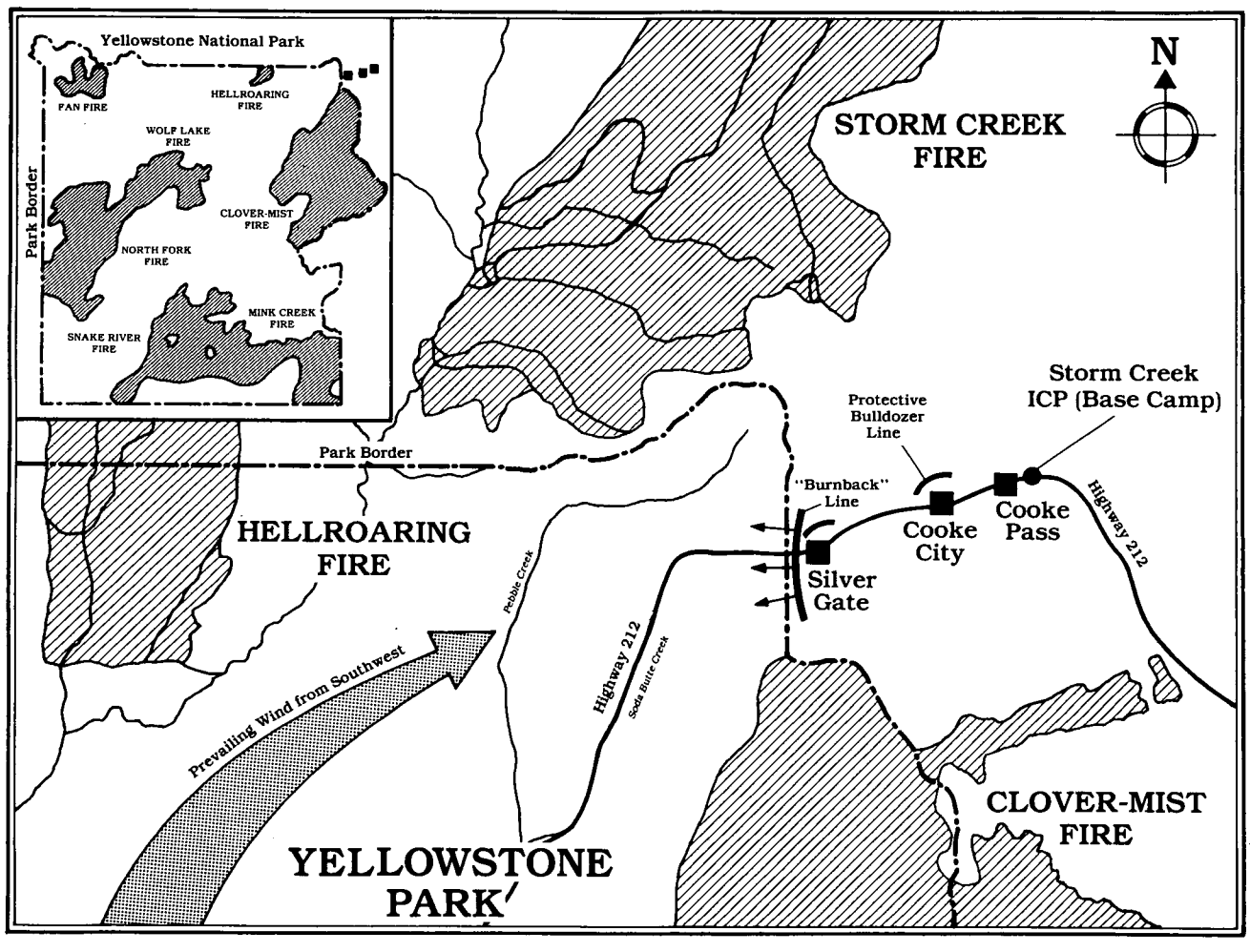
The bitterness was running high when I returned to Montana in early September. The problem, said Jim Moore, editor of Red Lodge's *Carbon County News*, "is that we have no weight out here, no political weight. The direction over our national parks is not ours—the decisions are made by lobbyists and environmentalists." The "let it burn" policy is important and necessary, Moore noted, as did practically all the local residents I spoke with, but the folks back in Washington and New York just can't seem to get it into their heads that these are drought years. "The damage done to the regional economy is important, yes," Moore said, "but the real disgust focuses on what has happened to our national treasure. That's what people are angry about."

Indeed, the Yellowstone fires seemed to have brought out much of the orneriness—as well as the resourcefulness—of the citizenry, brought out what Frederick Jackson Turner, in his classic work *The Significance of the Frontier in American History*, called "the striking characteristics" of the American intellect. "That coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and inquisitiveness; that practical, inventive turn of mind, quick to find expedients; that masterful grasp of material things, lacking in the artistic but powerful to effect great ends; that restless, nervous energy; that individualism, working for good and for evil, and withal that buoyancy and exuberance which comes with freedom."

I could make out these characteristics in the firefighters too. One of them explained to me that they had great sympathy for the local residents because the firefighters, like the locals, were accustomed to taking care of things for themselves, and so they understood the frustration of having to depend on "outsiders" to handle the situation. Many of the firefighters were from outback counties and woodlands similar to Cooke City; a good many were Indians; others came from as far away as New Jersey and California. Many were firefighting professionals in the year-round employ of the Park Service, the Forest Service, or other government agencies; others were local volunteers, summer wage hunters, or adventurers. Uncle Sam, dipping deeper into the manpower pool, mobilized over two thousand soldiers to aid the Yellowstone effort.

Cooke City, Cooke Pass, and Silver Gate are very small towns, dependent these days on scenic Highway 212 and the tourist trail into Yellowstone, little more than strips of log-cabin-style restaurants and inns and stores tucked into a fold of the high mountains. In the summer the combined population (excluding the tourists passing through) might go all the way up to three hundred; long winters bring it down to about one hundred. Cooke City was first called Shoofly and had a brief heyday in the 1880s when mining operations swelled the town to 135 log cabins, two general stores, and thirteen saloons. These days, like those days, the bars are the most popular places in town and you've got to be just a tiny bit crazy to live in Cooke City; that's part of its charm: if you've made it as far as Cooke, people will leave you alone and you can do what you want.

My friends, however, were not so crazy as to get cooked in Cooke. They were exiting until the fire danger passed. I could stay in their rented home in the hills at the edge of town (the side farthest from the approaching fire) as long as I wanted. To the north, the Storm Creek fire was moving down. A few miles west of the Storm Creek fire, the Hellroaring Creek fire had eaten thirty-four thousand acres and was also moving south. The winds were expected to blow the two fires together sometime in the next



Map by Joseph T. Mysak, Sr.

[1]Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $10.95. Reviewed by William Tucker in *TAS*, May 1986.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few days. A couple of miles south of Cooke, the gargantuan Clover-Mist fire (a July coupling of the Clover fire and the Mist fire) had rolled across two hundred thousand acres. Elsewhere in and around the park, other fires continued to spread. My friends had already removed most of their belongings. John and our old pal Billy Rivers arrived to haul out a most valuable piece of property: the freezer. "You just can't go to the goddamn corner grocery store every time you want a hamburger," John explained. "Shoot yourself an elk and get yourself a freezer and you'll be eating steak all winter." [2] Yes, I could just see myself dragging a bloody elk carcass through the streets of Brooklyn.

After loading the freezer into the back of Billy's truck we set out to find the fire. Billy did not think this was such a terrific idea, but I convinced him. As we drove down Cooke City's one street, fire teams in dirty fire-resistant yellow shirts and green pants, yellow hardhats and small backpacks, trudged along the side of the road. Outside of the Second Edition Cafe the sign read, God Be With Us. Somebody's crazy dog cavorted in the street, chasing sticks. As far as I know, the dog is still there, waiting for some fool to pick up a stick.

We drove out of Cooke, down 212 with the still, peaceful, familiar woods on both sides of us, into Silver Gate, where dozens of fire teams and trucks filled the street, and past Silver Gate to the northeast entrance to the park. Billy abruptly pulled over and hid his rifle—it's illegal to bring one into the park—just before we reached the entrance. I asked the ranger where the Storm Creek fire was. "That's not our fire," he replied, meaning that "officially" the fire had not yet crossed from U.S. Forest Service lands into National Park Service lands. Remarks like that were what tempted people into thinking about necktie parties for the Park Service; I was told on several occasions that Park Superintendent Barbee now had a security detail around him. He probably needed it. "You bring Mr. Barbee out here," one old codger said to me, "and I'll shoot him for you."

We drove through the gate and into the Lamar Valley. A deathly haze and stillness hung over it. A lone bison stood motionless beside Soda Butte Creek. Off to the south, the fire was "spotting" ahead of itself as burning embers drifted down after long flight and a "spotted" tree flared up, a pencil-thin blaze on the distant black mountain. Ash floated around us and the sky glowed orange. The fire command had decided to set a fire off in the park to deprive the Hellroaring and Storm Creek fires of fuel, containing them before they reached the wooded areas. Figuring that no ranger would be around at this time to bother him about such mundane matters as a license, John waded into Soda Butte Creek and did some fishing. I watched the northwest sky, where the orange smoke was thickening. If the fire came down behind us, it was a two hundred mile drive back around to Cooke—and we had no idea what was in front of us. We drove back. That night, we took a little jaunt up a closed road to Daisy Pass and caught sight of the perimeter of the Storm Creek fire. A mile or two down into the valley, the forest was burning, flames climbed a hundred feet and more up over the trees and flicked at the sky. The wind at the top of Daisy Pass was cold and hard. We shivered. "It looks like a city of flames," Billy said.

". . . the real disgust focuses on what has happened to our national treasure. That's what people are angry about."

At the base camp, plans were changing fast. Commander Liebersbach's intelligence indicated that the front of the Storm Creek fire was too strong to be contained in the park. High winds were expected in forty-eight to seventy-two hours. A decision was made to order the official evacuation of Cooke and Silver Gate and to cut a "contingency line" just west of Silver Gate. A sixty-foot-wide, four-mile-long swath was to be bulldozed out of the forest and from the line the fire crews would "backburn" or "backfire" two miles of forest. The idea, again, was to take away the Storm Creek fire's fuel before the fire moved into the valley. If the winds brought the fire into the valley and the forest in front of Silver Gate was still standing, the towns were finished. But it was a gamble: the winds could spot—blow burning embers—across the contingency line and into Silver Gate. Crews and helicopters would stand by to contain the spotting and protect the buildings. With conditions so dry, no one was optimistic.

In fourteen hours, the line was cut. "This is the final line of defense to save Silver Gate and Cooke City," a firefighter told me. "If this doesn't work, it's hand-to-hand combat in downtown Cooke." By late Sunday afternoon, the bulldozers had been pulled off the line and the burnback was ready to begin. Hundreds of firefighters were spread out along the line. The evacuation order had been served on Silver Gate, Cooke City, and Cooke Pass. The press had been issued fire-resistant clothes, including a reassuring little gizmo called a fire shelter. If you were caught in a fire you were supposed to shake the silver tent out of its yellow sack, climb in, hunker down, and wait for the fire to pass over you. The damn thing does work, although it's rather unnervingly referred to as "shake and bake."

Helicopters flew over the line and dropped incendiary devices called "ping-pong balls" into the forest. These mini-grenades would explode when they hit the woods a short distance beyond the contingency line. "Torchers," carrying cans dripping flame from the snouts, walked along the line, touching fire to brush and trees. The heat from the ping-pong fires was supposed to help draw the torchers' fire forward. Flames skated up the trees with a whoosh of rushing air and a crackle of dry branches. Patches of flame rose along the line, pouring smoke, and slowly inched into the forest. In the middle of the bulldozed line, Indian firefighters leaned on their shovels and watched the blaze. A moose with a radio-tracking collar around its neck and a calf following close behind jumped out of the burning woods on the north side of 212, crossed the road and ran into the burning woods on the south side, reappeared a moment later and crossed back to the north side, and emerged a few minutes later high on the contingency line. They headed for Silver Gate. Helicopters patrolled overhead, watching for spotting across the line. The winds were calm; the burnback seemed to be working.

I returned to Cooke. John had left to check on his family's ranch and tend to business. The last die-hards were leaving town. "What will happen to these people if the town burns?" one of my friends asked me. She paced around the living room. "Where will they go? You know, people like Crazy Pete. He's got a big gun and knife collection—nothing much else, but he does have that collection. He's okay when he's sober but when he's drunk watch out: he likes to shoot off his guns. He can't go to a *town*. Where will people like that go?" She ran off to have a drink. Over at the Second Edition Cafe, someone had changed the sign from God Be With Us to Dog Be With Us.

Late that night, Billy and I drove back to Silver Gate. A stand of timber less than a half mile from town threw flames hundreds of feet into the sky, below it bright red smoke poured out over the black hills. The contingency line was holding: all the fire was west of the line. Billy had seen enough; he would leave the next day. High and far away on the south slope of the mountains, trees flared and died.

It was Monday, and Hays Kirby had a thing or two to say about park policy and the fire outside his door. Kirby is a tough-talking Air Force pilot and owner of the Grizzly Lodge on the west side of Silver Gate, right next to the forest. He had been beating the drum for early action and more resources on the Yellowstone fires for months. "This is a man-made holocaust," Kirby told me. "Mr. Barbee had been advised as far back as April that they could anticipate the driest year in the history of the Yellowstone ecosystem."

Two-tenths of a mile away, Dave Liebersbach's backburn smouldered fitfully. The Storm Creek fire was moving south and high winds were on the way. Kirby had fought Liebersbach on the backburn, arguing for a direct assault on the Storm Creek blaze. Now he expected his lodge to go up in smoke. "We've had enough fires to result in the burning in excess of a million acres," he said. "That's more timber than most countries in Europe have. This 'let it burn' policy is insanity. Insanity! It's nothing short of bureaucratic arson!" He pulled out an inhaler and sucked some medication into his lungs. The smoke was getting to all of us. Kirby lit another cigarette. "Are you going to tell me that if we have a 'natural fire' that burns this valley up this year, and we have a 'natural fire' that burns this valley up next year—what's to assure us that we're not going to have *another* 'natural fire' that will burn our town, and our livelihood, and our dreams, and our heritage? Are you going to let it burn every year because it's natural? Insanity!"

Kirby had overflown large parts of the Yellowstone area and was infuriated by what he had witnessed. "Mister, Yellowstone *has* burned to the ground—that is a fact. It is all black, it is all gone. Miles and miles and miles—it is all gone. An area encompassing a country the size of Denmark. Unbelievable! Unbelievable! How can you justify that level of judgment?" He claims that a team of experts from Alaska came to the area sometime in July to observe the Clover-Mist fire and reported that it was one of the biggest, fastest fires they had ever seen. "And

[2] John and Billy suggested at gunpoint that it might not be in their best interest to have their true names published; all the other names in this article are the real McCoy.

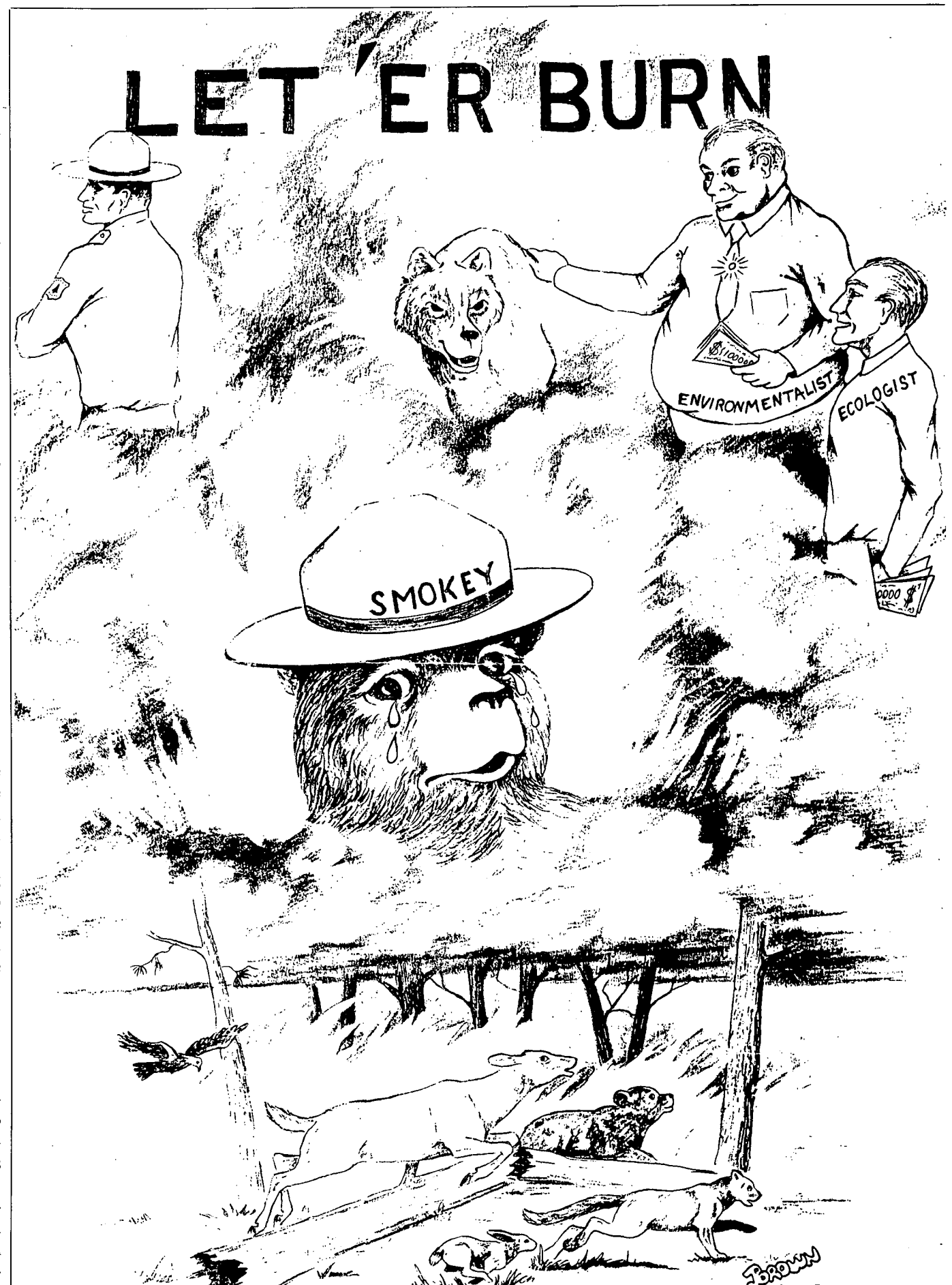
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this community went to Mr. Barbee's people—because we couldn't gain access to Mr. Barbee—and begged them, 'Please stop this fire.' Mr. Barbee said it was a 'small isolated fire.' " Kirby says that he finally was contacted by a film crew, Straight 8, out of Billings, and took them up in a plane to see the fires, despite Yellowstone warnings that he would lose his wings if he did so. "I flew those people into the fire. Do you know how big that 'small isolated fire' was? Fifteen-point-two nautical miles across the front." Kirby also claims that he presented Barbee with evidence of over one hundred fires at a time when Barbee was stating there were less than fifty fires in the park. Many of these fires have since been extinguished or have merged into larger fires.

"To allow Mr. Barbee and Mr. Mott to play God in Yellowstone has now resulted in the virtual arson of one of America's greatest natural treasures," Kirby said, sputtering with rage. "When you allow political bureaucrats to burn down Yellowstone National Park, goddamn it, it's time to be afraid and it's time to ask some very pointed questions. Will somebody somewhere look this man in the eye and ask him, 'Why did you do it, Mr. Barbee?' "

Robert Barbee told the *Billings Gazette* in mid-August that everything possible was being done to fight the fires. He conceded that in June and into July fires were allowed to burn without containment efforts. Responding to criticism that the Park Service should have recognized the dry conditions earlier, Barbee said, "Obviously, if we could step back in time knowing what we know now, we would have employed different strategies." In Washington, Park Service Director Mott continued to defend the "let it burn" policy. "We've got the facts and the scientific information," Mott told the *Gazette* on August 30, "and we can convince [Congress] that our policies are proper and ought to be continued." He also remarked that the firefighting effort had brought a lot of money to sectors of the regional economy. "Some people have lost money," he said, "but others have gained because of the fires."

In Tuesday's chilly dawn, Dave Liebersbach briefed his line officers on a worsening situation. We were gathered around a big map, the base camp grinding into life around us, steam rising from coffee cups and white lights cutting the slowly lifting darkness. Monday had not been good. The burnback west of Silver Gate had advanced only a half mile, instead of the needed two miles, because of winds and humidity. The likelihood that spot fires would ignite the woods around Silver Gate had increased, and from Silver Gate it could blow right on into Cooke. The Storm Creek fire continued to hang somewhere northwest of Silver Gate; thick smoke prevented an hourly accounting of the fire's progress but the latest infrared photos had not brought good news. Bulldozer lines were being cut on the north side of Silver Gate and Cooke. If the southwest winds held and the fires blew in, it might be possible to keep the fires away from the south side of the towns and hold them north of the freshly cut bulldozer lines. If the expected shift to northwest winds arrived, the fires could blow back on the towns. If the winds brought fires to both the north and south sides of town, the communities would burn to the ground. A cold front with high winds was expected. Firestorms were a distinct possibility. Visibility was low and the air tankers were not expected to be operational. The base camp was being pulled back to a safer position. These were historic fires, Liebersbach said, a historic year of fires. He knew everyone would do their best. His first priority was safeguarding their lives, the second priority was protecting the structures in Silver Gate and Cooke City. If they had to pull out, they'd pull out and fight



Flyer distributed by an angry citizen in Red Lodge, Montana.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another day. "No matter what you do or what that fire does," he said, "every one of you are gonna be heroes, and by God every one of you will be alive when we get done with it."

Back in Silver Gate, Kirby and a few others had successfully opposed the evacuation order. Though he had bitterly fought Liebersbach's burnback plan, that fight was now past, and in reality the two men were cast from the same mold. "I'm going to stay and defend my home," Kirby said. "I'm not suicidal, but I'm going to be with the last fire truck out of here." On the flagpole beside the Grizzly Lodge, Kirby had run up the flag of his home state, Texas, beneath the Stars and Stripes. His sign on the road outside the lodge read on one side, "Give It Hell Guys It Ain't Over Till It's Over," and on the other, "Thanks Mr. Barbee."

Old Glory flew all over town. Firetrucks lined the street, men waiting beside them. Helicopters hauled water buckets overhead. All day long black and gray ash fell from the sky and the wind flickered. All day we waited for the wind and the fire.

Early that evening, God upped the ante at Yellowstone. Spotting from the burnback landed in the hills on the north side of Silver Gate. One moment a trail of smoke rose from the trees, the next moment the air was crackling and flames leaped a hundred feet into the sky. Within minutes fire mushroomed from the treetops with a sound like crashing waves. Minutes later some of the trees had turned into bright orange rods and the fire from the high mountains beyond gleamed with an unworldly vicious redness. Dry branches burst into long arms of sparks and the arms reached forward, touching other trees and turning them to flames.

I had been talking with a firefighter. We stared at the terrifying beauty and he said, "Fire in the wilderness—you can't put people in front of fire like this. You have to back off and take the fire on its own terms." He ran to join his crew. Now I understood why the fires couldn't be stopped, why it was far too late for a direct assault. "Can you stop a hurricane," someone had said to me days earlier, "can you stop a tidal wave?" The wind at its back, the fire ran up the hill and east, toward Cooke City. The southwest wind, and the bulldozer line just north of town, had kept the fire away from the Silver Gate structures. But the hills north of town were forests no more: they had become a glowing graveyard of embers driven through with the black stakes of dead trees.

Back east a week later, the environmental groups would rise to the defense of one of their own, rejecting the calls of Montana and Wyoming senators for National Park Service Director Mott's resignation. Robert SanGeorge, spokesman for the National Audubon Society in New York, told the *New York Times* that "we think the calls for Mott to resign are ridiculous. Politics should not intrude on biology." Tim Mahoney of the Sierra Club blithely stated that because of the drought, "these fires are going to get away from you no matter what the policy is."

The problems with the environmentalists are wide and deep. "Theory and philosophy and reality rarely come together," Hays Kirby said to me as the forest went up in flames outside his door. "The problem with the American ecologists, ninety-five percent of them, is that they don't live in the forest. They donate to huge organizations that manipulate the Yellowstone ecosystem from Manhattan—and if you're from Manhattan you gotta realize that's insanity."

One moment a trail of smoke rose from the trees, the next moment the air was crackling and flames leaped a hundred feet into the sky.

Many of the people I spoke with said "let it burn" needs flexibility, a trigger mechanism for unusual circumstances. But the deeper issue is Park Service and Forest Service accountability. Westerners strongly feel that they have no say in what happens to the land they live in. One of Alston Chase's recommendations is to separate the Park Service from the Department of Interior and subject its head to Senate confirmation. This, he says, would reduce the power of special-interest groups.

I don't know what the solution is, but apparently the environmental elite has created an unchallenged fiefdom in Washington. "The phenomenon of an unofficial 'permanent government' that sets the policy agenda from inside the D.C. beltway is well known in other areas of the federal government," Chase writes in the May issue of *Outside*, "but the concept probably applies even better to environmental issues than it does to military or foreign affairs."

Late in the evening I returned to Cooke City. The fire definitely was coming our way. I needed sleep. Someone had changed the sign on the Second Edition Cafe back to God Be With Us. The dog, however, was still with us too, lying on a porch and chewing a stick. My abode, of course, was empty. Only fools, firefighters, and journalists were left in town. I caught about two hours sleep, dreaming of white fires moving across black hills, and woke with a start about 3:00 a.m. The high winds finally had arrived. Thick smoke and wind gusted about in the trees. The street was completely deserted and a bright orange glow to the west showed that the fire from Silver Gate was moving fast on Cooke City. For a moment I thought everyone had pulled out and left me behind, then I saw some firefighters asleep in their truck.

I hurried down to the fire command post and got the latest information. The fire from the burnback was expected to hit sometime in the morning. Winds were at thirty-five miles-per-hour and were expected to gust as high as fifty miles-per-hour. Storm Creek had merged with the Hellroaring fire, but it was still hanging beyond the burnback area. Phone lines were fading in and out, and so was the power. Just past dawn I was back in the house, uncertain whether to get some rest or get out, when the phone rang. It was John. The Clover-Mist fire had gone wild, consuming twenty thousand acres in a few hours. His family's ranch was in danger again. He was coming back into the mountains with Billy. The fires had closed the road from Cooke City in both directions but they would try to make it through later in the day. As we talked I noticed that the smoke was getting very thick and the wind was swirling in an odd way; ash fell like snow outside the window. I put down the phone and stepped outside and heard the roar of the fire in the hills above the house. I ran back to the phone. "Time to go, Johnny. It's here."

"Goddamn it get the hell out of there," John growled. My bag was packed. I grabbed it and ran for the road. The billowing, wind-driven fire was blowing past Cooke, staying north of the fireline and throwing geysers of flame into the sky. Hundreds of firefighters and dozens of fire trucks were all over the street again. Firefighters stood on the steep hill and watched for spotting; they seemed tiny beneath the flaming forest. Later, a fire mushroomed east of Cooke City, toward Cooke Pass. Liebersbach had ordered another burnout. Fires were now raging at the only two exits from Cooke. We watched them exploding in the trees. Nobody talked much about the expected wind shift that would blow the fires down into town, or about firestorms, or about the "safety zone" we were supposed to run to if the fires spread to the south side of town or the firestorm kicked in. We were about through with talking, and I was about through with fires.

Later that day the fire moved off the road at Cooke Pass and John and Billy rolled into town. I threw my bag in the back of the pick-up and we took off. The left side of the road was a blackened wasteland; the right side was untouched. I saw an owl swoop down through the smoky daylight, a sign of a hard winter ahead, I was told.

When we reached John's ranch, I told them what I knew about the Storm Creek fire. Different fires had been reported moving up on all sides of the ranch. One of them was Dave Liebersbach's burnout. Toward evening the phone line went dead, and then we lost the power. "That's it," John's brother said, "we've got to go. There's nothing we can do here."

He was right, but nobody else wanted to admit it. They had a lifetime tied up in the ranch, more than a lifetime, and suddenly they were facing the probability that it would be gone. "Goddamn Liebersbach!" John exploded. "He shouldn't have lit those backburns! He should have let Cooke burn if it came to that! Eccentrics and misfits—who needs them!" He didn't really mean it. They were his kind of people, after all. He was just upset.

"I can't believe this is happening," John said. The last of the horses were loaded into the trailer and we gathered together some flashlights, fire extinguishers, and whiskey. Fire glowed off in the hills and the wind swayed the trees. The ranch was dark, silent. Reluctantly, we climbed into Billy's truck. "I can't believe this is happening," Billy said. We turned onto the main road and headed into the night. Fire flared on the mountains. Billy cracked open a fresh bottle of Jack Daniel's and passed it around. Soon, the burning valley was behind us.

• • •

Postscript: John and his brothers went back to the mountains a day later with generators and a radio-communication system. Winds kicked up many of the Yellowstone fires, but the Storm Creek–Hellroaring fire idled down outside of Silver Gate and never did reach the towns. Some firefighters said the Silver Gate backburn was a mistake; others said that if the Storm Creek fire had dropped down into the Soda Butte valley Dave Liebersbach's backburn was the one chance Silver Gate and Cooke City had of surviving. On Sunday, September 11, two inches of snow fell in Yellowstone. The fires slowed. John's ranch escaped destruction. In Washington, Interior Secretary Donald P. Hodel announced that the "let it burn" policy would be "reviewed."□

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joshua Muravchik

THE SOUND OF FREE POLAND

While shipyard workers and coal miners struck, a historic conference near Krakow marked another step in Poland's internal drive toward independence.

In 1947 Poland's Communist satraps held a plebiscite designed to confer a veneer of legitimacy on the rule that had been placed in their hands by the Soviet Army. Although the Communists tried to rig the balloting, the city of Krakow, the country's traditional home of learning, voted more than 80 percent against them.

To neutralize this center of "reaction," they devised an ingenious plan of social engineering. They would clear a section of farmland on the city's outskirts and build a huge industrial enterprise with housing for tens of thousands of workers and their families. These workers would turn their backs on the benighted religious piety of the existing peasant population—the new community would be built without any churches—and would imbibe Communist ideology. They would become exemplars of the new Socialist man and would form the social base of progressivism in Krakow.

The industrial plant was a steelworks, which more sensibly would have been located in Silesia, hundreds of kilometers to the west, where the coal for the steel is mined. The surrounding church-free community built for the workers was given the euphonic name Nowa Huta—New Steelmill.

Large gray slab apartment blocks were thrown up all over the hilly ground, some of whose despoiled peasant owners, it is said, died fighting the expropriation. Little else was built or planted there to relieve the ugliness of cleared ground no longer farmed.

Nowa Huta began to produce steel, but not the hoped for "new man." Unreconciled to their church-free life, residents erected a cross on a public street, which the authorities duly tore down. A second cross was erected and this time housewives took shifts guarding it. Eventually Krakow's Bishop Wojtyla conceived a plan. The residents of Nowa Huta would construct a church with their own resources; no public assets would be used. It took until 1968 to win official approval, and a church was built in the shape of a large ark reflecting Cardinal Wyszynski's transparent metaphor: "We need an ark to carry us through the Red Sea."

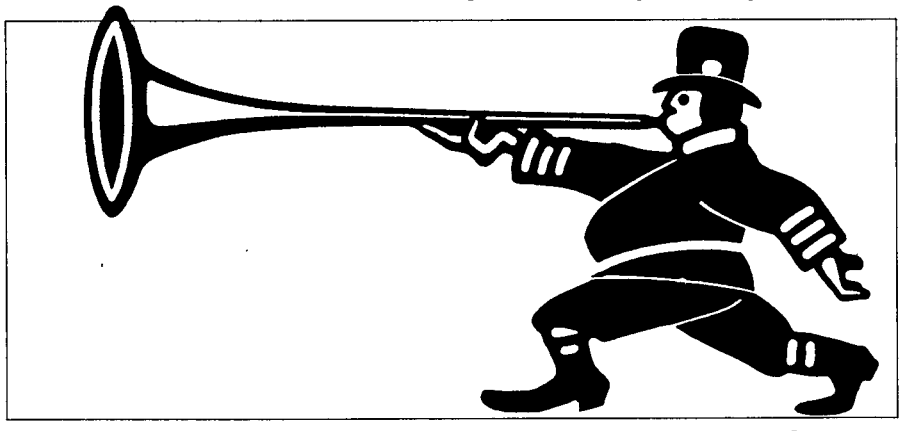
In the years since, the gray of Nowa Huta's buildings has been progressively darkened by the soot that pours from the mill's chimneys untouched by modern filtration. The ground is muddy, the air is polluted, and Nowa Huta's proletariat has become a bastion of resistance to the Communist regime.

The spiritual center of resistance has shifted from the ark to another church, Mistrzejowice, an imposing structure of aesthetically pleasing architecture standing out in dramatic contrast to the surrounding drab. It was here that Wojtyla, now Pope John Paul II, said mass in 1983 to nearly a million people and here, too, that some 800 delegates from twenty or more countries gathered during the last days of August this year for the first international human rights conference ever held behind the Iron Curtain.

The conference was the audacious project of two "independent social groups." One, the Intervention and Lawfulness Commission of Solidarity, is the lineal descendant of KOR, the Committee for Social Self-Defense. Led by Zbigniew and Zofia Romaszewski, it works to defend strikers and other activists from government reprisals. Last year it assisted over 1,600 people fined for their union activities.

The other sponsor, Freedom and Peace, is an organization of young people whose defiant spirit and style owes something to the Western protest movements of the 1960s, but whose substantive views exhibit a thoughtfulness that the latter never achieved. Since its birth three years ago, it has campaigned for the rights of conscientious objection, and this summer it won! The government announced the creation of an "alternative service" option for conscientious objectors (albeit double the duration of military service) and also amended the oath of induction, as Freedom and Peace had demanded, to eliminate a pledge to defend fraternal socialist countries (i.e., the USSR). Freedom and Peace also won the release of most of its members who had been jailed.

Mistrzejowice's interior offers many allusions to Polish struggles. Its walls are covered by a series of paintings of the stations of the cross. Among the throngs of disciples in the background, one can make out the faces of Jacek Kuron, Adam Michnik, and other figures from the Polish resistance. One corner of the chapel is dominated by a huge cross constructed of painted panels forming a collage of scenes about John Paul II. The lower panels depict the shooting of the Pope, but above them he is shown healthy and robust again, his arms flung wide across the cross's transverse panels, while above his head, doves of peace soar skyward. The Pontiff's triumph over the attempt on his life makes a ready metaphor for the renewal that Poland awaits.



The other front corner of the chapel is occupied by a mass of votive candles placed before an image of the Holy Mother, flanked on one side by a picture of the Pope and on the other by one of Jerzy Popieluszko, the fearless defender of Solidarity who was beaten to death by agents of the secret police.

These are permanent features of the church's decor, but in addition its long corridors were lined with exhibits prepared especially for the human rights conference. Along one was a display of underground publishing. I counted 278 separate titles, a fraction of the hundreds published each year using fairly rudimentary materials either purchased on the black market or expropriated from the expropriators, so to speak. A recent important release was a translation of Karl Popper's *The Open Society and its Enemies*, issued in four thousand copies. Another was Milton and Rose Friedman's *Free to Choose*. A major translation project now contemplated by one of the underground presses is Paul Johnson's *A History of the Jews*.

The spirit of Mistrzejowice reflects its pastor, Father Kazimierz Jancarz, who welcomed the gathering. A tall bear of a man, whose full beard obscures the youthfulness of his face only from a distance, Father Jancarz looks like the original model of which Merlin Olsen's television priest was but the palest imitation. His unflinching commitments and the devotion he commands from congregants are reminiscent of the charisma of Krakow's Wojtyla.

Each afternoon, a truck arrived at the

Joshua Muravchik is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute and author of The Uncertain Crusade: Jimmy Carter and the Dilemmas of Human Rights Policy *(Hamilton Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

church with vats of soup prepared for the conferees by women from the parish. These hearty soups, flavored with bits of sausage or fatback, were served by the parish women with plenty of good rye bread, and some sliced tomatoes, pickles, and occasional homemade cakes. No beverage was available with lunch, but often it was possible to get a glass of coffee or tea afterward. This, I was told, was one of the many impressive feats of the conference organizers, and may have required a foreign subsidy, for coffee and tea are scarce commodities in Poland today outside of hard currency shops. So is most everything else. During one sermon, Father Jancarz underlined the point by jesting to the group of youngsters seated in front of him, "Children, is any of you old enough to remember what a sausage is?"

From the moment the conference opened the atmosphere inside the church was electric. Lech Walesa, one of the sponsors, was to have delivered the first address but had to remain with his fellow strikers at Gdansk. Instead, a message from him was read: "It would appear that even in this part of the world, the time of totalitarianism is coming to an end." A little later, a representative of the striking miners of Jastrzebie arrived. He was introduced —albeit carefully without the use of his name—to a standing ovation. Reaching the microphone, he burst into the Polish national anthem. All who knew it joined in, waving Solidarity's two-fingered "V" sign overhead.

"We want the truth about everything that happens in our country and the world," said the miner. "We want the truth about our strike told." And then, the most fundamental issue: "We protest miners being treated as incapable of helping to shape the fate of our country . . . we are citizens."

Another who brought the gathering to its feet was Anna Walentynowicz. Short and gray, she is the Rosa Parks of the Polish freedom movement. Walentynowicz was fired along with her fellow electrician Lech Walesa for union organizing activities at the Gdansk shipyards before the birth of Solidarity. Their firing ignited the fateful strike in which Solidarity was born. "We will have as much freedom as we will demand and use," she declared.

Such inspirational speeches were interspersed with more dispassionate intellectual ones. The sharpest debate at the conference focused on the subject of state sovereignty. To what extent should a government be free to do what it wants, so long as it does it to its own people? The Soviet and other East European governments generally dismiss Western criticism of their human rights abuses as "interference" in their "internal affairs." To the people of Eastern Europe, this attitude is bitterly ironic, since the governments that abuse them, though legally recognized, have mostly been imposed from abroad. The weight of Western pressure is one of the scant protections that they have against oppressors whose ultimate power resides in Moscow.

Jan Maria Rokita, leader of the Krakow branch of Freedom and Peace, cited the principle of sovereignty as "one of the chief psychological and legal obstacles to the efforts to broaden the sphere of social control [i.e., the control of governments by their people] in the world." He said that it should be subordinate to principles of law and right. This theme was echoed by Jerzy Turowicz, chief editor of the legal but highly respected Catholic weekly *Tygodnik Powszechny*, who argued that "the human community has the right and duty to take care of the fate of each of its members across frontiers, whenever the defenseless and helpless are victims of violence or injustice."

They were answered by Juan Mendez of Americas Watch who warned that to weaken respect for state sovereignty would mean to weaken international law, which he described as a bulwark of international human rights, and would also encourage the nefarious tendency of the United States to throw its weight around in the name of human rights. Mendez's warning may have been persuasive to some of the participants—mostly leftish Westerners—but not to the majority, especially Western labor representatives and participants from Communist countries. The final resolution of the conference contained a clause declaring that "the principle of . . . sovereignty can by no means become a justification of the violation of human rights."

Another resolution created a preparatory committee to convene a successor conference in two years somewhere in Eastern Europe. And another, sponsored by James Moorhouse, a British Conservative member of the European Parliament, called for expansion of that body to include observer representatives from Central and Eastern Europe chosen in "free and democratic elections. In the case of such elections being impossible the observer representatives could be elected from independent social movements."

In addition to the opportunity to exchange views and strengthen ties with their Western counterparts, the conference afforded East European activists an occasion for affirming solidarity with one another. Speakers from various Eastern bloc countries dwelt on the extreme conditions of brutalization and privation to which Romanians are currently being subjected by the Ceausescu regime, and a resolution was adopted and a petition circulated on their behalf. Only one Romanian—an exile—made it to the conference. Representation of other Communist countries varied in accordance with current political conditions.

Messages from Soviet dissidents Sergei Grigoryants and Alexander Podrabinek revealed that the invitations sent them had not been delivered and that they had learned of the conference only through Western intermediaries, probably radio broadcasts. The Soviet Union, however, was represented by Natalya Gorbanevskaya, a veteran of the Gulag now living in Paris, and by a long-haired youth from Kazakhstan who happened to learn of the conference while visiting in Krakow and who delivered an appeal on behalf of participants in last year's Alma Ata riots still held in prison.

In August, some 800 delegates from more than twenty countries gathered in Krakow for the first international human rights conference ever held behind the Iron Curtain.

A representative from Czechoslovakia's Charter 77 arrived on the second day, after a larger delegation had been prevented from coming. He dared not bring a copy of the declaration of support for the Polish strikers that Charter 77 had just adopted, he said, fearing that if it had been found on him his journey would have been abruptly terminated. He apologized for his inexperience at oratory, explaining that for twenty years Czechs like him have had no opportunity to practice public speaking.

The largest group of East Europeans at the conference besides Poles were Hungarians representing an array of what they prefer to call "independent" organizations. One of these was the Democratic Trade Union of Scientific Workers. Formed three months ago by 1,024 dues-paying members, it had already doubled its membership. Recently, its broadside against the government's economic policy was published in a large official weekly. Another Hungarian group, the Federation of Young Democrats, has put itself forward as an explicit alternative to the Young Communist League. A leader of an umbrella organization of such groups likened the atmosphere in his country to the "Prague Spring" of 1968. He and others reported that in Hungary today the issue they face is no longer whether the government will let them survive but whether it will give their demands a hearing.

Western representation included groups from the German Green party, the Italian Radicals, and various representatives from the European parliament. One of the Greens confided in me his consternation that despite his party's active relationship with the Polish Freedom and Peace organization, they have not been able to convince the Poles of the desirability of (Western) unilateral disarmament. The largest Western contingent—about twenty—comprised Americans, most of whom had been invited by the New York–based Institute for Democracy in Eastern Europe.

The American delegation was shaped to some extent by the vagaries of the Polish government's response to visa requests. A contingent from the American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO) had no difficulty, but one from the AFL-CIO headquarters, including president Lane Kirkland, was denied visas. This magazine's managing editor saw his visa application stalled until it was too late to make the trip, and something similar happened to a contingent of congressional aides until State Department intervention allowed them to make the journey, although later than scheduled. On the other hand, the eminent Soviet exile Vladimir Bukovsky was granted a visa, but when the news of his impending visit was broadcast by an overeager correspondent for Radio Free Europe, the visa was quickly revoked.

In other ways the Polish government's response to the conference was erratic. A colonel from the Ministry of the Interior attended every session, taking copious notes. I attempted to interview him with the help of an interpreter. He did not refuse to talk but he evaded all my questions about what he thought of the conference, at one point accusing me of trying to "trick" him when I persisted. He was eager for me to understand, however, that he was there in an official capacity, apparently apprehensive that I might get the impression he was there on his own as an aficionado of human rights.

One thing the government was determined to prevent was a visit by conference participants to a struck mine in Jastrzebie. Each day, conference organizers attempted to arrange such an outing, but no bus company would rent to them. The drivers of buses that the conference had already rented to take the delegates to visit Auschwitz refused to take the group on to Jastrzebie.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Militia roadblocks on the highways served to discourage travel by private car, and our colonel resorted to thinly veiled threats to prevent a move by delegates to travel there by public train. He took aside the conference chairman, Zbigniew Romaszewski, to convey his fear that if the conferees managed to reach Jastrzebie, they were likely to fall into ditches, get into scuffles, or in other ways come to harm.

But inside the walls of Mistrzejowice, the conference proceeded unimpeded (although the phone service had been disconnected). One activist took me to a back room where a couple of his ink-spattered colleagues were operating an old Gestetner mimeograph machine. They were turning out materials for the conference, but the method, he said, was the same used for much of their underground publishing. The only difference was that the mimeographing is usually done in basements with the equipment moved every few days. The printing I observed was barely sequestered because "this week this church is Free Poland."

The final day of the conference was devoted to a tour of Auschwitz and Birkenau, which remain as they were found by their liberators. I had wondered if Polish authorities, like their Soviet comrades, continued to obscure the Jewish character of the holocaust, and was relieved to find that the exhibits and the commentary by the camp tour guide did not do so at all. The Polish authorities did, however, add a resonant touch to the macabre ambience of the camp by surrounding our group with a contingent of seven or nine secret police thugs. They did a poor imitation of tourists, with their cameras always trained on us rather than the surroundings.

After laying a wreath at the monument to the martyrs, we went for lunch to a church that has been created out of a building in the corner of Birkenau built originally for the camp administrators. I was told that some Jewish groups had opposed putting a church there. I know nothing of the rights and wrongs of the dispute. But a quite beautiful chapel has been built within the shell of a building that was horribly ugly both in purpose and structure. We held an ecumenical service and kaddish—the Jewish prayer of mourning—was said. As buses of the conference participants pulled away, local women coming to mass stood on the steps and waved the Solidarity "V" sign. One of them said to me: "You don't realize how much your visit means to people here. In Krakow many people defy the government, but Oswiecim [Auschwitz] is a small town, and people are afraid." She told of a friend who had helped to make some of the arrangements for our visit. Never before had she dared defy the authorities and she would likely be visited by the police the next day, but she felt joy in the courage of her act.

Within an hour after the conference adjourned, I was told Mistrzejowice would be emptied of the physical paraphernalia of "free Poland." That evening I joined some of the activists at a picnic hosted by Father Jancarz at an idyllic mountain retreat that he was having built by a rippling brook in a glen surrounded by a pine forest. The largest of the small unfinished wooden structures is designed to be the chapel; it has a rustic cross made of two wooden branches. There Father Jancarz conducted a mass which he dedicated to the poetess Gorbanevskaya, who also was present, and to all those struggling for human rights within the Soviet Union. I recognized that I was back in another, spiritual corner of "free Poland."

The regime's decision a day later to open negotiations with Solidarity—which for seven years it had steadfastly consigned to the dustbin of history—shows that it, too, is beginning to recognize that, like the underground publishing, free Poland is portable and hard to extinguish. Most Poles carry it inside them, nourished by their religious faith. All of the grandiose and monstrous plans to generate a "new man" who will be rid of this embryo have come to naught. As long as the Soviet Army remains in Poland, the Communist party will sit in the seat of power. But without a fundamental change in its relation to society, the party has no hope of achieving any modicum of popular legitimacy or of arresting Poland's economic decline, much less fulfilling Communism's more visionary goals. Meanwhile, Polish society presses forward in its drive to widen the space for independent activity, slowly hollowing out totalitarianism from within. □

Robert S. England

THE CATASTROPHIC HEALTH CARE BLUNDER

The story of how Ronald Reagan, Otis Bowen, and a rogue Congress came up with what might be the most expensive piece of social legislation since the Great Society—and still failed to provide real catastrophic care for our elderly.

The bill-signing ceremony on July 1, 1988, was an event of supreme irony. On the podium in the Rose Garden was President Ronald Reagan, who as governor of California two decades ago had railed against Medicare and who had won the White House on his pledge to contain runaway government social spending and strengthen competition and free markets. The bill he was about to sign, beamed the President, would "provide countless Americans with peace of mind," echoing a line worn thin by his Secretary of Health and Human Services, Otis R. Bowen, former governor of Indiana and godfather of the initiative. Reagan then signed the Medicare Catastrophic Coverage Act of 1988, a massive new entitlement program for the elderly.

There was only one sour note: Reagan warned that costs would have to be kept in line, even as the White House Fact Sheet boasted that the Act was the biggest expansion of Medicare since it began in 1965. The White House was being modest. In fact, the Catastrophic Coverage Act could turn out to be the biggest expansion of the welfare state since Lyndon Johnson launched the Great Society.

The impetus for the law was the Bowen plan, which started out to expand Medicare modestly by taking over existing private catastrophic insurance coverage for short-term illnesses, and extending the coverage to everyone not covered by either Medicaid or a combination of Medicare and private "medigap" insurance. Bowen's proposal would have added about $6.2 billion a year in new social spending by 1993, to be paid for by the elderly with an additional optional premium to their Medicare coverage. But once it was sent to Capitol Hill, the plan grew like topsy. Congress added generous new hospital and physician benefits, along with a costly drug benefit at the behest of the powerful American Association of Retired Persons (AARP). Says one Capitol Hill veteran: "The President put catastrophic on the front burner, and Congress worked its will." These benefits, HHS estimates, will raise the cost to $17.2 billion a year by 1995, and more thereafter.

Also at the Rose Garden podium for the ceremony were some of the President's friends and a large number of his bitterest political and ideological foes. It wasn't a stubborn President Reagan that hot July day who had succumbed to an invincible Congress controlled by Democrats. It was a chastened President, painted into a corner not only by his own desire to help the elderly, but also by a colossal failure in strategy and competence at the White House and, most importantly, by a stubborn, vainglorious Secretary Bowen.

One embittered former member of the Office of Management and Budget, who fought to stop the original Bowen proposal, says, "It was like George Orwell's *Animal Farm*. There's been a revolution and the pigs have overthrown the farmers. But in the end a horse looks into the barnyard and sees the pigs and farmers dancing together, and he can't tell the pigs from the farmers."

Robert S. England is a writer living in the Washington, D.C. area.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the broader, historical view, the new catastrophic law represents one more step toward a national health policy, a cherished goal of America's most liberal politicians. Senator Ted Kennedy, for one, wants a national health policy in which the government would pay all medical bills for every American—a system not unlike that in Britain, where adequate health care is "free" but, thanks to the government's severe rationing, almost unobtainable. How Ronald Reagan, often called "the most conservative President since Calvin Coolidge," led us closer than ever before to socialized medicine is a story rich in irony; it should also serve as a cautionary tale for the next conservative who occupies the Oval Office.

How Ronald Reagan led us closer than ever before to socialized medicine is a story rich in irony.

"Acute catastrophic care," which the Act is designed to cover, is a term of art referring to a short-term illness that costs so much money it is a financial catastrophe for the patient or his family. It denotes such things as an accident, a heart attack, or a stroke whose effects are financially devastating but short in duration. Long-term illnesses can also be catastrophic; such old age horrors as Alzheimer's disease require nursing home care or home health care. Advanced age, in fact, can eventually make most of us invalids. The new law does *not* cover this kind of catastrophic care, only short-term illnesses. Meanwhile, the drug provision is geared toward short-term catastrophic coverage only, with a high $650 deductible.

As instituted by the President and Congress, the catastrophic program is to be self-financed by a new premium and surtax. Medicare premiums will increase from the present $122.40 a year to $511.20, the Congressional Budget Office estimates, for all 28 million Social Security beneficiaries; this is a long way from the modest $4.92 a month Bowen originally said would pay for the program. The surtax will be levied on about 40 percent of the elderly, those with annual incomes over $6,000 and who pay at least $150 a year in taxes.

The surtax was made necessary by the drug benefit and additional hospital and physician benefits tacked on by Congress. For those over 65 it effectively overturns the supply-side tax revolution. The surtax begins at 15 percent in 1990 and rises to 28 percent in 1993, giving the elderly the highest income tax rates in the nation. A taxpayer in the 15 percent income tax bracket will be raised to 19 percent, according to Congress's Joint Committee on Taxation.

The Joint Committee computes the maximum surtax to be $1,050 per person or $2,100 per couple in 1993. The elderly will pay this surtax in addition to the premiums now required by law for Medicare's Part A, which covers hospital costs, and for Part B, which covers doctors' bills and outpatient care. In the past Part A was mandatory, while Part B was optional. Under the new law the elderly will be required to pay for increased Part B catastrophic benefits. Choice is eliminated.

For many, it will cost more for their benefits than they were paying through private insurance. About one-third of the elderly, in fact, already have catastrophic coverage as a paid-up benefit from their retirement plan, according to the Health Insurance Association of America, and will be paying twice for the same coverage. (HIAA represents companies that sell medi-gap policies and corporate employee health benefits.)

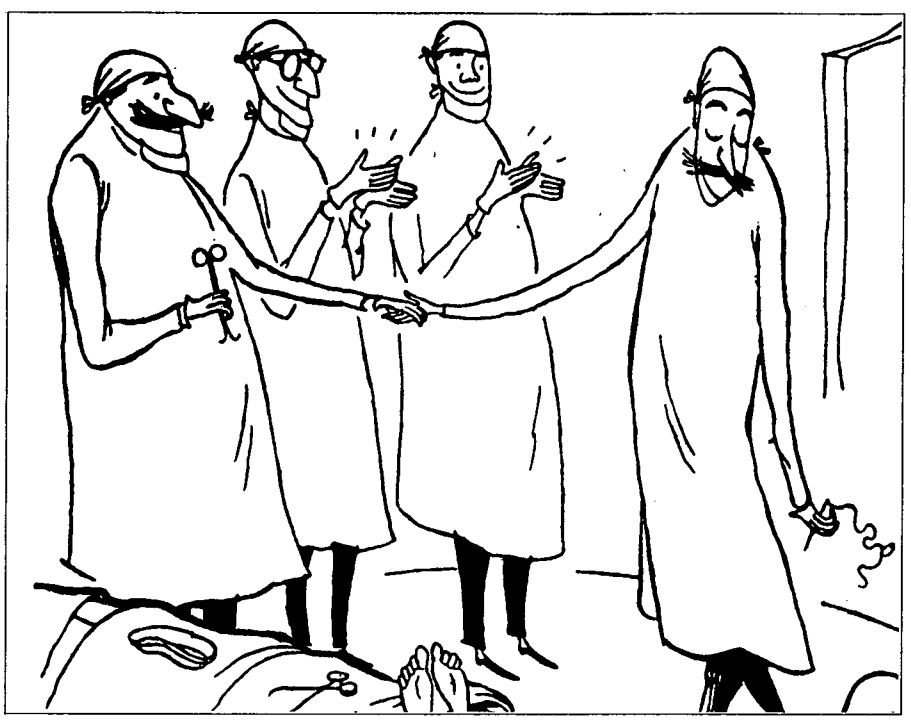
Curt Clinkscales, head of the conservative National Alliance for Senior Citizens, says the cost to an elderly couple will rise to a maximum of $3,549.60 by 1993 from its present level of $592.60, when all costs are figured in: the surtax, the old premium plus inflation, and the new premium.

Like many of the elderly who have learned about the new law, Clinkscales finds the idea of higher premiums and new taxes to pay for coverage that's restricted to acute care to be a lousy one. For many elderly, the bill is not truly catastrophic since it doesn't cover the one area they care the most about: long-term illnesses. A study by the National Center for Health Service Research, in fact, found that the elderly who incur high expenses for medical care not covered by Medicare or medigap, usually incur them with long-term illnesses, not short-term illnesses. The elderly who spent more than $2,000 a year in out-of-pocket medical expenses (those not covered by insurance), spent 81 percent of it on long-term care. Only 6 percent went for hospital care and 6 percent for doctors' bills. Nursing home care, which can cost $25,000 a year, was the biggest item.[1] The Health Care Financing Administration, which administers Medicare, finds that only 2,000 elderly a year need acute-care catastrophic insurance coverage or about .007 percent of the 28 million people on Social Security. A recent study by the Wirthlin Group found that the elderly most wanted (40 percent) nursing home coverage and least wanted (8 percent) prescription drug coverage. Since 70 percent of the elderly are already covered by a combination of Medicare and private insurance for acute-care catastrophic, the new law represents only a modest improvement in coverage for the overwhelming majority of the elderly. Another 10 percent of Americans are covered by Medicaid for all catastrophic illnesses, including short- and long-term care.

Nevertheless, the bill was devised to fill a perceived gap of coverage, the 20 percent of the elderly who do not have both Medicare and private insurance and who do not qualify for Medicaid. Some of these elderly can afford the private insurance that would give them catastrophic coverage but choose not to buy it. Others are just above the poverty line and cannot afford the insurance. Some in this 20 percent group do indeed have to "spend down" their savings or lose their homes to pay for catastrophic illnesses, but they are now covered for short-term illnesses only under the new law.

At the same time, a private insurance market, estimated at $5 billion, has been taken over by the government. The private insurers are expected to offer new policies covering the deductibles and co-pay provisions of the new law.

[1]The AARP, however, claims the elderly also spend heavily on drugs for out-of-pocket expenses; they say arthritis and diabetes can cost $1,000 a year for drugs alone.



Perhaps none of the warriors against an expanded Medicare is more saddened by the conservative defeat than the chief economist for the United States Chamber of Commerce, Richard Rahn. Rahn worked with Bowen on the Advisory Council on Social Security back in 1982-84, and was probably the first to propose the establishment of health care Individual Retirement Accounts.

After Bowen announced his plan in late 1986, Rahn, along with the Heritage Foundation's Peter Ferrara, tried to intervene with Bowen to drop his plans for an expansion of Medicare. "We warned him that their proposal would become a 'Christmas tree' and result in bigger government. He said, 'No, it wouldn't.' " Rahn's ire is also aimed at Tom Burke, Bowen's ironfisted chief of staff, a career bureaucrat who first developed the idea for a catastrophic proposal after discussions about the future of Medicare at the Social Security Council meetings.

As instrumental as Bowen and Burke were in fashioning the new law, the germ of catastrophic coverage was planted in California, two decades before Doc Bowen arrived in Washington. Back in Sacramento the issue attracted Governor Ronald Reagan, according to Jack Svahn, who advised the governor on social policy. (Svahn followed Reagan to Washington to be head of Social Security from 1981-83 and chief White House domestic policy adviser from 1983-86.) Governor Reagan was distressed by the fact that some elderly had to spend themselves into poverty to pay for medical care. He did not, however, want to have the government provide insurance for the elderly; in 1973 he suggested instead a plan that would require the private sector to offer catastrophic insurance. But Reagan's plan was never introduced into the state legislature, and eventually died in the governor's office.

When White House Chief of Staff Don Regan was fishing around for new initiatives at the beginning of Reagan's second term, Svahn, then at the White House, suggested the President put cata-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strophic on his agenda. "Catastrophic care was coming," Svahn says, "no matter whether the President did anything or not. I told him it might as well be him and his conservative viewpoint and private sector viewpoint that develops this program." The President agreed and decided to go to Congress with a catastrophic proposal even before Bowen was hired.

Bowen's arrival, it seems, was rather sudden. The opening came in early November 1985 in the aftermath of infighting between Regan and former HHS Secretary Margaret Heckler, which resulted in Heckler's forced resignation. For a replacement, Regan wanted "someone his age and someone subservient to him and his desires—no young David Stockmans, please," says a former White House official. A former OMB official says, "Bowen was irresistible to Don Regan. He was gray, quiet, Republican, and wouldn't make waves. Regan didn't care about any agenda or ideology, only scheduling, maintaining control. The President was high in the polls and Regan also had an eye toward keeping the Hill majority happy." Bowen was recommended by Indiana Senator Dan Quayle, among others, and supported by Mitch Daniels, a Hoosier who served as the White House political adviser from 1985 to 1987.

Regan, however, soon found out that Bowen was not the pushover he imagined. The chief of staff had undercut his own ability to contain the independence of Bowen, or of any rebellious agency head, by surrounding himself with yesmen who were ill-suited to their administrative duties. The Regan staffer responsible for liaison with agency officials was Cabinet Secretary Alfred H. Kingon. (Kingon, who declined to be interviewed for this story, left the White House early in 1987 to become ambassador to the European Economic Community in Brussels.) Some conservatives have suggested that Regan and Kingon were trying to undermine Reagan's conservative ideology during their White House tenure. But according to White House sources, there seemed to be little ideological component to the difficulties between the Regan White House and Secretary Bowen.

The decision on who to hire as Heckler's replacement was made primarily by Regan, Svahn, and Mitch Daniels. "Bowen seemed like an ideal candidate," Svahn recalls. "He had been a conservative governor in his health and welfare programs." Unfortunately, the White House had not done its homework. Bowen (who, along with Burke, also declined to be interviewed for this story) was indeed a warm, gregarious country doctor from the tiny town of Bremen, Indiana. He "came across like a nice old man unaware of how to operate on the Washington scene," recalls a former White House official. "But he was dumb like a fox." Bowen is not a conservative Republican in the mold of Ronald Reagan; in fact in Indiana he was called a "Rockefeller Republican" by the conservative wing of the Hoosier party. In his days as Speaker of the House in Indianapolis, Bowen waged a relentless campaign to raise taxes against his own party's governor, Edgar T. Whitcomb, in 1969 and 1971. Whitcomb had thrown the Democrats out of power in 1968 on the pledge of no tax increases and kept his promise, defeating Bowen's effort to override his veto in 1971 with the help of a grassroots taxpayers' lobby.

In 1972 Bowen changed his tune. He ran for governor and won with a pledge to cut and cap property taxes. Once in office he pushed through a law to lower property taxes 20 percent in 1973 and pay for it by doubling the state sales tax. The cut and cap on property taxes made him the most popular governor of Indiana in recent years, according to former state treasurer Jack Landon New, a Democrat who served under Bowen and four other governors. "He's the most political, in the best sense of the word, governor I've ever seen," says New. "His natural ability is tremendous." Bowen's former economic policy adviser, Bill Styring, now a vice president with the Indiana Chamber of Commerce, credits him with keeping costs down as governor and steadying the tax burden on Hoosiers. The tax burden, in fact, did not rise as steeply under Bowen as his critics predicted, although it did rise.

What embitters Bowen's critics is that he posed as a tax-cutter while merely shifting the tax burden from farmers, homeowners, and businesses to blue-collar laborers and the poor. His tax cuts were not, as is sometimes claimed, a precursor to the tax revolt that later shook California, where total taxes were actually reduced. "The whole thing was a con game," recalls M. Stanton Evans, an editor at the *Indianapolis News* from 1960 to 1974. "The effort to portray Doc Bowen as a tax cutter is Orwellian. He is as closely identified with tax increases as Walter Mondale." If Regan had looked carefully at Bowen's background, he would have found a potentially formidable foe, a man of singular resolve who pursues a chosen policy, regardless of how long it takes, even against his own political party, with the political skill to bring it off.

Bowen's yen for expanding Medicare first appeared when he headed the Advisory Council on Social Security, from 1982 to 1984. While the main task of the council was to find ways to contain Medicare costs, Bowen devoted considerable time to a proposal that would expand Medicare to cover acute catastrophic care. The idea was being pushed by Tom Burke, then executive director of the council, reportedly exiled there by former HHS Secretary Richard Schweiker. Burke, who developed a close working relationship with Bowen, was a health economist who had served as special assistant to the administrator of the Home Health Care Financing Administration. Bowen was immediately attracted to Burke's idea, and never wavered in his support for it.

For many elderly, the Medicare Catastrophic Coverage Act of 1988 is not truly catastrophic since it doesn't cover the one area they care most about: long-term illnesses.

After the advisory council finished its work, Bowen continued to work with Burke in writing a series of articles pushing the idea. In his co-authored pieces and his later testimony, Bowen insisted that private medi-gap insurance policies are a rip off, and only government can provide an insurance policy at low cost with good benefits. Moreover, Burke and Bowen argued that the Prospective Payment System, implemented at HHS upon the recommendation of the advisory council, was rationing health care and sending patients home too early. Private insurance companies, they maintained, could then more easily use "scare" tactics to get the elderly to buy additional insurance.

One of the people pushing the Presi-

WRITERS AND RESEARCHERS: LEND US YOUR MESSY DESKS, CLUTTERED DRAWERS, AND STUFFED BRIEFCASES FOR JUST 8 MINUTES A DAY

... And We'll Give You Complete Control Over Your Scattered Notes, Memos, Clippings, Research Drafts, and Letters.

PAPER CLUTTER makes you inefficient, frustrated, and may hurt your career. You can't find things when you need them.

But, in just eight minutes per day, with SQUARENOTE™, our new software package, you can gain complete control over all your notes, clippings, letters, and documents. YOU CAN LOCATE ANY DOCUMENT IN SECONDS.

SQUARENOTE is the easiest-to-learn, easiest-to-use software ever created for the IBM PC and compatibles. It works on any system with floppies or hard disk and 256K memory. It doesn't interfere with any other software you use.

"This program saved my neck when faced with teaching two new courses and two months to prepare. SQUARENOTE gathered all the research, organized it, and even printed out my lecture notes. A basic, essential tool for anyone doing research."

ECS, Ilion, NY

Winner of PC Magazine's Editor's Choice Award

We believe so strongly in SQUARENOTE's effectiveness for you that we are making a special offer to readers of The American Spectator who respond to this ad: Call us now at (617) 623-3023, and we'll send you a copy of SQUARENOTE to try, at our risk, **no payment required**, for 30 days.

Try it for 30 days. Then, if you want to keep it, send us $99. Or return it and you owe us nothing.

UnionSquareware, P.O. Box 228, Somerville, MA 02143

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dent to make catastrophic a priority was Daniels. He says he told the President the issue would become a liberal obsession, much as plant closings did later. "If catastrophic were to have been initiated by the Democrats and vetoed by the President, it would have been a political disaster," Daniels says. Even now Daniels believes "the Reagan Administration minimized [the extent of] the bill by having its own initiative."

Another former White House official reports that research by the Wirthlin Group had revealed that the Reagan Administration was unpopular with the elderly. With an eye to the upcoming 1986 congressional elections, Reagan decided to take on catastrophic to win points with this crucial voting group, "to soften the image," the source says. It was Reagan himself who inserted his first mention of catastrophic in the State of the Union address in 1986, calling on the newly appointed Bowen to conduct a study and come up with a proposal, according to Svahn. Putting the catastrophic issue in the State of the Union committed the President to an initiative even before a policy review had been done.

Domestic policy adviser Svahn says it was very clear to him the President wanted a private market initiative when he put the paragraph in the State of the Union. Rick Davis, former assistant director of cabinet affairs and Kingon's liaison with agency heads, says, "The follow-up was left to Bowen." According to a former White House official, however, when Domestic Policy Council staff tried to find out what Bowen's plan was going to be, Bowen refused to divulge details. When White House personnel tried to get details from HHS staff, "Tom Burke would squish 'em like gnats," the former official says.

Bowen conducted the Reagan-ordered study with great fanfare, traveling all over the country to conduct splashy, well-advertised hearings. While the final report is studded with private-market jargon, Bowen had in fact supported only one private sector plan. That was for long-term health care, for which he recommended health care IRAs, a notion nixed by Treasury Secretary James Baker, who said it would undo tax reform. For short-term catastrophic, Bowen recommended essentially the same Burke proposal he had been pushing all along. The report dismissed some promising initiatives. One was a plan to offer vouchers for acute catastrophic care to anyone who couldn't afford private medi-gap insurance. Another was to provide the funds to states to buy Medicaid coverage for those above the poverty line who could not afford it. Bowen rejected these ideas, according to HHS spokesman Richard Teske, "because they wouldn't fly on Capitol Hill."

Bitter opposition to Bowen's plan sprang up in the administration immediately, with then Attorney General Edwin Meese leading the counter-assault. OMB chief James Miller, Council of Economic Advisers chairman Beryl Sprinkel, and Interior Secretary Don Hodel also disliked the plan. But Bowen's position may have been strengthened, ironically, by the Republicans' loss of the Senate and, several weeks later, by the sudden debut of the Iran-contra affair. Many of those close to the catastrophic issue say that ultimately the administration adopted the Bowen plan as a means of detracting attention from the scandal.

Davis now admits the White House could have never found a private market alternative with Bowen at the helm of HHS.

After opposition started to gain momentum in the administration, Bowen decided in December 1986 to have a press conference to announce the results of his study and the broad outline of his recommended plan in order to drum up support. He asked Kingon for his approval and Kingon said no. Remarkably, Bowen scheduled the press conference anyway. According to Rahn, the White House learned of the conference only after Ferrara, Rahn, and others brought a copy of the announcement to Kingon. "It was one of those juicy Washington moments. They didn't have it under control," Rahn recalls. The Bowen tactic was, in fact, goof-proof. The White House couldn't cancel the press conference without creating an uproar in the press, so the conference went ahead with official, if grudging, White House approval. Afterwards, Senator Kennedy was so tickled that he lauded Bowen as a "great American," promptly wrote up a bill based on the information released at the press conference, and introduced it even before the President had reviewed the Bowen plan.

Rahn and Ferrara accuse Burke of plotting with Capitol Hill liberals to box in the President. Circumstantial evidence of collusion between HHS and liberal Democrats began to surface after the press conference. Rick Davis, Kingon's assistant, said he found that White House legislative staff had learned the details of the Bowen plan. He traced the leaks back to Democratic committee staffers on Capitol Hill, including those working for ultraliberal Democratic Representative Henry A. Waxman, on his Subcommittee on Health and Energy of the Committee on Energy and Commerce. Ferrara also found evidence of HHS leaks to staffers working for the equally left-wing Democratic Representative Fortney H. ("Pete") Stark, who chaired the Subcommittee on Health of the House Ways and Means Committee. Linda Jencks, the lobbyist for HIAA, says that leaks of the Bowen plan were all over the Hill. An HHS spokesman denies that HHS staff leaked anything.

Regan and Kingon called in Bowen to confront him on the leaks. According to Rick Davis, "Senior officials in the White House felt that Burke had been retailing the plan, trying to gain support without the President seeing it. From that point, we knew we had a problem." Bowen flatly denied suggestions that HHS or Burke were leaking details of the plan to the Hill, and, Davis says, "we had no choice but to accept his word." The White House cautioned Bowen. "We tried to explain to him how things work," says Davis, "but Bowen didn't understand that whatever he came up with would be debated, that he had to build support in the administration and with conservatives." Bowen, in fact, acted not like a cabinet secretary but like "the governor of HHS," Davis says. The trouble was just beginning.

The President again mentioned the catastrophic issue in his State of the Union address in 1987, but he had not yet endorsed the Bowen plan. Ferrara says he warned Kingon, " 'You're creating enormous expectations. You'll be forced to submit a plan.' And Kingon said, 'You're a neophyte. That's garbage. If we don't like the Bowen plan, we don't have to submit one.' "

Then came another extraordinary White House capitulation. Kingon agreed to let Bowen testify on January 29 before Congressman Stark's Subcommittee on Health. Davis says that Regan thought they could float the Bowen plan as a trial balloon and gauge the reaction. Regan had floated his own tax reform policy in late 1984, while he was still Secretary of the Treasury, before Reagan had approved a plan. But the White House strategists were flying blind. No one seemed to notice that the tax plan was a Reagan offensive, while the Bowen plan would require a defensive administration strategy to keep it from being bid up on Capitol Hill. Just as conservatives had warned Bowen the bill would become a "Christmas tree," they also warned Kingon's staff, again without success.

When Bowen went before the Stark committee, with instructions not to give away details of the plan, he was greeted like the conquering hero. "Stark generated a love feast around him," recalls a former OMB official. "They puffed up Bowen and locked the President into Bowen's choice." For the liberal Democrats the appearance of Bowen on Capitol Hill before Reagan had endorsed his plan "was one of the epic coups," says the former OMB official. "They had been slaving for a decade to pass catastrophic." With this one hearing "the die was cast; it was too late to adopt any other plan," the former official says.

Meanwhile, Ed Meese fought vigorously to defeat the Bowen plan. There were four rancorous cabinet debates over the Bowen plan, "more than any other issue," according to Davis. Bowen found a few allies, notably Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and Labor Secretary Bill Brock. Meese counseled the President to change Medicare regulations to allow private insurers to offer unlimited coverage instead of the 365-day limit mandated by federal law. This would have made these private plans truly acute-care catastrophic. Reagan and others viewed this as a "do-nothing" scenario. Fearing that the President was being left with no other choices, Regan decided to call in the insurance industry in a last ditch effort for a private market initiative.

Davis says a handful of insurance company executives met with the Domestic Policy Council, unofficially. Regan asked them, "How do you beat this proposal with private coverage?" Davis says the insurance executives countered, "It's not a good business decision for us to get into that area." After listening to a round of explanations, it became clear the industry had no single alternative. This "woke up" the Domestic Policy Council, Davis says. It would have to support the Bowen plan for lack of an alternative.

The insurance industry disputes Davis's version of the meeting with the Domestic Policy Council. Geza Kadar, counsel for the HIAA, says, "We told them catastrophic acute care is not a problem that needed fixing for 80 percent of America. Long-term care is the real problem. Improving Medicare should be limited to the 20 percent not covered. Focus a program at those people or do something on long-term care." White House staffers reportedly told the insurance executives that "the President has made this a high priority issue because of the strong political support for expanding Medicare." The industry people say they were shocked the White House seemed to expect a single unified proposal, since the many companies in HIAA all had different ideas. They revived the voucher idea, but Regan rejected it, as had Bowen, because it would likely not gain sup-

(continued on page 30)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These are the issues they SHOULD be talking about

And the *answers*—with a strategy for victory

A few years ago President Reagan paid The Heritage Foundation the highest possible tribute:

> "It's not the money or numbers of people or size of the offices that measure Heritage's impact. Your frequent publications, timely research, policy papers, seminars and conferences account for your enormous influence on Capitol Hill and—believe me I know—at the White House."

With Ronald Reagan leaving Washington soon, The Heritage Foundation, with the Free Congress Foundation, has published *ISSUES '88.* Because we don't hear the *real* issues discussed in Campaign '88.

> **For the first time under one cover, you can read *all* the policy recommendations we've made privately at the White House and on Capitol Hill.**

Three dozen of Washington's best conservative policy minds contributed to this 3-volume set. You'll find 238 *solutions* to the most pressing problems manufactured by the liberals. The planks fall into 3 categories:

1 Tax cuts: how to get them after Ronald Reagan leaves town ★ Spending curbs that are virtually ours for the asking ★ Energy crisis? No, a boom awaits a few simple steps ★ Working *with* Japan ★ Ways to insure that our economy keeps growing, beyond the supply side prescriptions

2 Dealing with the Communists, including their most dangerous standard bearer yet, Gorbachev ★ Rebuilding America's defenses for the new threats posed by an improved Soviet military: a *workable* program to get Strategic Defense off the ground ★ Reversing setbacks in Central America ★ How to *turn back* the Russians and their cohorts

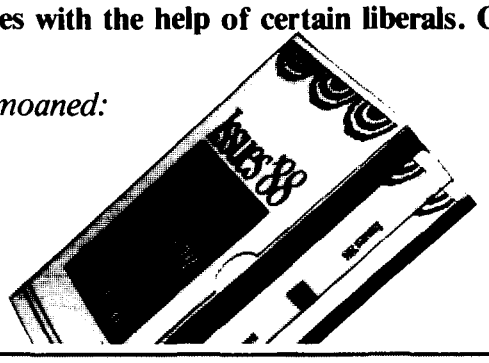
3 From the Free Congress Foundation, family life and social issues addressed: Exploiting opportunities handed us by the radicals ★ Why reforming America *isn't* merely a "religious" imperative ★ An 11-point plan for lasting education reform

It's easy for think tanks like Heritage and Free Congress to churn out "answers." ISSUES '88 goes way beyond that. Working with the White House, Heritage has shown that conservatives *can* win in Washington. And each chapter of ISSUES '88 shows how to pass our agenda—even at times with the help of certain liberals. Outlined:

Obstacles + Strategy and tactics + The victory coalition

Is it any wonder that a top aide to Senator Edward Kennedy once moaned: "Heritage is a constant ideological presence on [Capitol] Hill."

Hailed by National Review, Human Events, and The Wall Street Journal



Needed: action—*fast*

Lets hear the liberals discuss these critical problems during Campaign '88. A tiny sample from ISSUES '88:

- Frightening Soviet technological advances in some areas (or did you think we still had a comfortable lead?)
- Reforms for federal health and welfare programs, before they collapse on top of us
- Tightening up the Pentagon budget—to give us $20 billion extra this year alone for weapons
- Why we *can* build a strategic defense shield *now*, whipping up public support at the same time
- What's *really* threatening the auto industry? This might be the best-kept secret in Washington (so why isn't it a campaign issue?)

YES - Rush me *ISSUES '88!*

[ ] . . . and bill me $19.95 per set. Please send _____ sets.

[ ] I enclose $19.95 per set. Please send _____ sets.

[ ] Enclosed is a tax-deductible donation for The Heritage Foundation's vital work. Please send me ISSUES '88 at no charge:

____$5000 ____$2500 ____$1000 ____$500 ____$100 ____$50 ____$25 ____$_____

My name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The Heritage Foundation 214 Massachusetts Ave., N.E. / Washington, D.C. 20002

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

port from congressional Democrats.

With the benefit of hindsight, Davis now says the White House could never have found a private market alternative at the last minute, or at any time, with Bowen at the helm at HHS. A plausible proposal required technical know-how, Davis says, and only HHS could muster the necessary resources. In any event, it was too late for any private sector initiatives that could win bipartisan support. The world inside the Washington beltway was waiting for a big initiative. There was only one on the shelf, and that was Bowen's. Expectations were too high to delay a choice: the President was boxed in.

It is almost impossible to know how President Reagan felt about the lack of a private market initiative. Some have claimed Regan talked the President into supporting the Bowen plan by telling horror stories of the elderly losing their life savings to pay doctors' bills. But a participant in those cabinet meetings says this never happened. The President did indicate his preference for a private market initiative or even a private/public mix suggested as a compromise by the late Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige. Bowen dismissed the Baldrige compromise as he had dismissed all other plans during the past year. Some believe the fact that the President liked Bowen personally may have led him to trust Bowen's judgment.

Conservatives also made a tactical error. They were convinced that, at the last minute, Ed Meese could look the President in the eye and say, "Don't do it," as one former White House official puts it. But, Davis says, the President finally approved the Bowen plan "over massive opposition in the cabinet." Says Ferrara: "I don't think the President understood this issue."

When Bowen's plan—now the administration's plan—was sent to Capitol Hill on February 24, 1987, it was pronounced inadequate by Democrats. A more generous proposal sailed through Stark's subcommittee, and Waxman's subcommittee tacked on the drug benefit. While Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski was happy enough to push the less expensive Stark subcommittee bill, House Speaker Jim Wright is reported to have demanded the drug benefit. Congressman Claude Pepper began a battle for an even more expensive home health care bill for the elderly, which was ultimately defeated.

It was now Bowen's turn to be embarrassed. He had dismissed every warning that the bill would expand uncontrollably in Democratic hands, and now Congress was behaving exactly as the critics of the Bowen plan had predicted. HHS spokesman Richard Teske says that when the plan was being developed, "we didn't expect [the Republicans] to lose the Senate—that was the biggest thing in making this bill a Christmas tree." But Bowen failed to change course after the loss. Like a bureaucratic Captain Ahab, Bowen won victory over the White House with his unyielding focus. But on Capitol Hill, he apparently looked less impressive. No doubt reflecting official sober hindsight, HHS spokesman Teske says the final law "is not a catastrophic bill. It is a Medicare Benefits Expansion Act with a catastrophic rider."

"Bowen came across like a nice old man unaware of how to operate on the Washington scene," recalls a former White House official. "But he was dumb like a fox."

It was the responsibility of HHS to lobby to stop the steamroller on Capitol Hill. White House lobbyists lacked expertise in health care matters. But HHS was slow to move. "There is a strong feeling within HHS that the bill was badly managed and handled," says an official at HHS who requested anonymity. "Burke did not seem to understand the necessity of getting in early and hard on the drug issue. He held back, was slow in getting numbers for cost estimates. He didn't let the legislative office take the bill and run with it." Position statements were prepared, cleared by Burke and OMB, and then "the sixth floor just sat on these papers for weeks," the HHS official says. (Burke and Bowen have offices on the sixth floor.)

HHS's legislative people were not unleashed until the matter came up for a vote on the Ways and Means Committee. "By then it was too late," the HHS official says. The drug benefit was particularly problematic, because it came with the hefty new surtax on nearly half of all senior citizens so that premiums could be kept low for the majority. Burke's delaying strategy "blew up in their faces," says the HHS official. The powerful AARP relentlessly pushed the drug benefit and, says the official, "they run the largest mail order drug operation in the business—they're going to make a fortune on it."

Bowen sent a letter to Rostenkowski on June 13, 1987, warning it was a "cruel hoax" to pass the bill as it had developed, since it would lead to a deficit in Medicare and impair the whole system. Bowen said the addition of the drug benefit would lead him to recommend a presidential veto. On July 21, 1987, four senior Reagan officials sent a letter to House Speaker Wright opposing the drug benefit and threatening a veto if the full House included it in the final bill. The letter, signed by Bowen, Baker, Miller, and Brock, also said the tax on the elderly was unacceptable and would bring a Reagan veto. The Democratic House, basking in the summer glow of the Iran-contra hearings, passed the bill on July 24, 1987. All hope of stopping the spending snowball shifted to the Senate.

HHS was better prepared to fight in the Senate, where the key player was the more conservative Lloyd Bentsen. Originally Bentsen supported only a study of the drug benefit. AARP set about to change his mind and quickly managed to do so, according to a Capitol Hill source. The AARP asked Bentsen for his terms, and he set them: the drug benefit had to be phased in, "deficit neutral," and truly catastrophic, not just a routine Medicare benefit. The AARP agreed to those conditions. Bentsen did not announce his decision, however, until he was asked about it at a breakfast for the health press in September 1987. His surprise endorsement of the drug benefit, in effect, guaranteed that it would be in the final bill.

The certainty of a drug benefit also meant the certainty of a surtax on nearly half the elderly. The White House, which had sat back and watched the HHS stumble and fall, finally became alarmed. But there was only one remaining card up its frazzled sleeve, the threat of a veto. On the Senate side the threat was taken more seriously.

Bowen began to work closely with the White House to contain Congress, perhaps also realizing his beloved proposal could be vetoed. This time HHS lobbyists were unleashed, on time, with position papers, according to an HHS source. The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, already in high gear, demanded and got a role in the negotiations. PMA, whose members would reap a windfall of new drug sales, was nevertheless skeptical of the benefit, fearing it would be the beginning of price controls on drugs.

Bentsen became the center of marathon negotiations with the White House, OMB, Senate Republicans and Democrats, the pharmaceutical association, and AARP. There was a lot of back-room horse trading, according to a Capitol Hill source. Finally, only one key dispute remained, between Bentsen and Joe Wright, who represented OMB at the negotiations, over out-year indexing of the spending cap, which is the limit the elderly would have to pay before Medicare would pay for medical bills. Negotiations had set the cap at $1,370 in 1990 for Part B and $564 for Part A, indexed to the Consumer Price Index. OMB objected, saying that in fifteen years, rising medical care costs would make 30 percent of the elderly population eligible, rising from only 7 percent the first year. Bentsen agreed to Joe Wright's demand that the cap be adjusted each year to keep a constant share of beneficiaries to 7 percent of the Medicare population. It was an important White House victory. Also, the Bentsen bill was still voluntary: the elderly did not have to pay the premium or surtax if they did not feel the benefits were worth it.

The White House lost on other points, however. Only three months after threatening a veto over the drug provision and the surtax, a lame duck White House signed off on both in behind-the-scenes negotiations, according to a Capitol Hill staffer.

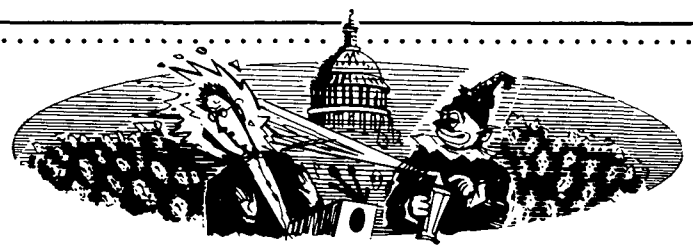
In October the Bentsen bill went to the Senate floor for one of the few full debates on the issue during the bill's sixteen-month journey into law. Some vigorous arguments were raised, but in the end only eleven Senators voted against it. A conference committee was formed to resolve the House and Senate differences. Agreement was finally reached in late May 1988.

Importantly, the Senate gave up the voluntary provision. According to a Capitol Hill staffer, the House, in return, agreed to the Senate's higher deductibles cap and its tighter control of indexing. The Hill staffer says Rostenkowski insisted on making the program mandatory, which would classify the supplemental premium as a surtax instead of a premium. Since the Medicare plan would be financed by a tax, Ways and Means would keep exclusive jurisdiction over the program instead of sharing it with the Energy and Commerce Committee.

One disappointed former White House official, who suffered through the whole catastrophic affair, looks back in dismay: "Now we have the worst of all possible worlds: heavy spending on a program few wanted or needed, and the real needs of the elderly still unmet. This opens the door for even more spending. If Dukakis is elected, there'll be a big tax increase to pay for long-term health care and we'll blow entitlements sky high."

By then the President who gave the stalled agenda of socialized medicine its big push will be back at his California ranch, out of harm's way. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ROOTING FOR QUAYLE

by Kent Owen

Once you get there, you wonder how much of Huntington, Indiana you ought to take at face value. This perplexity is akin to what you may think about the town's foremost citizen, Senator James Danforth Quayle III, the Republican nominee for the vice presidency of the United States. There may be more here than meets the jaundiced eye. Then again, maybe not.

As Indiana's county seats go, Huntington isn't so instantly presentable as Madison, Crawfordsville, Bloomington, or Columbus. The Wabash River, forking nearby like a green-stick fracture, withholds its sentimental charm until it gets downstream past Andrews. Yet it makes possible a quasi-Venetian effect of tottery buildings squatting across the stream on the South Jefferson Street bridge. Vivaldi and the Gabrielis would not have felt inspired.

Huntington's points of interest don't end at the bridge: Neo-Jacobean and Neo-Romanesque houses, fancy if ungainly survivors of the Gilded Age, make a stately progress up the slope of North Jefferson, and the Hotel LaFontaine, years ago worth two and a half stars and a detour in the *Guide Michelin*, is again open, this time as housing for the elderly. While the hostelry's service was somewhat less than Swiss, and its cuisine about on a par with Fort Wayne's, its pre-Franco Castilian decor made it pretty swank. The Shakespeare sunken rock garden, a beautified worked-out quarry, is recommended by the Chamber of Commerce, and *Our Sunday Visitor*, America's pre-eminent multi-diocesan Roman Catholic newspaper, thrives, thanks in part to a spiffy new look designed by a Suabo-Hoosier, Rolf F. Rehe.

To the displeasure of low Protestants, Huntington remains one of Holy Mother Church's strongholds in northern Indiana: two parishes (St. Mary's for the Irish, SS. Peter and Paul's for the Germans) with grade schools attached, for many years a high school, the Victory Noll novitiate, and, formerly, St. Felix's Friary, a Capuchin establishment out on the Flaxmill Road. On a hazy midsummer day the red tile roofs and the sand-colored walls, seen across the tassled cornfields of the old Kriegbaum farm, evoked the drowsy serenity of a medieval hilltown in Tuscany, whenever the friary's bell pealed out the angelus. At such a moment The Thirty Years War, which the citizens of Huntington County revived and waged into the twentieth century, relented as if to observe the Truce of God.

For the most part, there was nothing personal about the animus Protestants and Catholics enjoyed toward one another; it was simply a matter of whose souls were hell-bent for eternal damnation. Hence the clashing of the faiths prepared Huntingtonians for the higher struggles of politics and basketball (until the early fifties the county of about 28,000 supported fifteen high schools and, moreover, fifteen varsity teams, including the Banquo Ghosts).

Also, it was boasted that Huntington possessed one of the world's most prodigious infrastructures, namely a main sewer with a diameter big enough to drive through a team of horses hitched six across, second only to the *cloaca maxima* of Paris, France. Why this drain should have been needed was one of Huntington's beguiling mysteries. But, then, the town fathers tended to dream big, even if they often thought small.

As with so many of Indiana's towns, if you come looking for the grandeur of high culture, you're apt to go away disappointed. The best advice is: don't get your hopes up too high; don't raise your expectations beyond what you can leap in a single bound. Even if the county courthouse resembles a municipal mausoleum for township trustees, the historical society's museum may well contain the death mask of Lambdin P. Milligan, the Grand Knight of the Golden Circle. Or the bones of the last woolly mammoth to roam the moraines. Or the most extensive pickle jar collection this side of eastern Kansas.

In short, if you're not counting on wonders to happen, it's worth taking the chance.

Which is to say that Dan Quayle, like the small town he hails from, has more to offer America than is readily apparent. This does not seem so to the governor of Massachusetts who has let it be known that Senator Quayle doesn't understand America. Or, what Michael Dukakis means, that the young man's background is too restricted to help him grasp the needs of ordinary Americans. Or that he has shown little natural aptitude for national leadership. From the suburban perspective of Brookline, Massachusetts, he must seem woefully deficient in those virtues of statecraft and political economy required to overregulate Pittsfield, Holyoke, Gloucester, and New Bedford.

Of course, the senator's outlook can scarcely be attributed to Huntington alone. Several years of his childhood were spent in Phoenix, Arizona, where his father, Jim Quayle, worked for his own father-in-law's newspapers. Hoosiers excuse this lapse because the junior Quayle had not yet reached the age of consent. Besides that, the ambient mentality fostered by Central Newspapers, Inc. can tide over an impressionable youth, no matter how removed he may be from the true source of Pulliamism. For if there be a main influence on Dan Quayle to take into account, it is that of his maternal grandfather, the late Eugene Collins Pulliam, for thirty years the owner and publisher of the *Indianapolis Star*, the state's predominant paper, as well as of the *Indianapolis News*, the capital's real hometown paper, and others in Muncie, Vincennes, Huntington, and Arizona.

In ECP's heyday, the papers were engines of anti-Communism, anti-liberal quasi-conservatism, right-wing populism, small business capitalism, and reactionary virtuosity. In some ways ECP never got over the Bull Moose vagaries of his young man-

---

Kent Owen, Indiana editor of The American Spectator, *grew up in Huntington during World War II and the innocent years of its aftermath. He is now living in exile, although he returns for reunions and funerals.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hood—he backed Eisenhower against Taft for the GOP nomination in 1952 and, even more astonishing, Johnson against Goldwater for the presidency in 1964, acts of apostasy that many could not forgive.

But what Pulliam the elder was advocating forty years ago is in large measure what Ronald Reagan brought to pass. If you leave out the more abstruse passages of Reagan economics and stick to lowering taxes, you get at the bottom elemental Pulliamism—although ECP himself would surely have lambasted those responsible for the foreign trade deficit, the deficit spending, and the swelling national debt. And would have done so in a series of harsh-voiced editorials placed squarely in the middle of the front page.

Another of ECP's grandsons, Russell Pulliam, an editorial writer on the *News*, produced a balanced account in *Publisher: Gene Pulliam, Last of the Newspaper Titans* (Jameson Books, Ottawa, Illinois, 1984). Scratch Dan Quayle on nearly any issue, and ECP's attitudes come back to life overbold, full of feistiness, but with a sheen of manly glamour. The old man was one hell of a guy, compared with the media moguls intent on corporational profit-maximizing and trimming their way to the top of the masthead. In Indiana he was damned up one side and down the other, and not without reason because his brusque opinions could exasperate even readers who largely agreed with his brand of politics.

Under his son, Eugene Smith Pulliam, the papers are less strident and abrasive in tone—and more scrupulous about keeping the news columns free of gratuitous comment—but still ready to give a licking to whoever or whatever irks the boss and his editors. Just as Russell Pulliam dealt with his grandfather's life and career in an admirably even-handed manner, so have the Pulliam papers covered the campaign troubles of Dan Quayle with appropriate rigor. In point of fact, it was the *News* that broke the story about his enlistment in the Indiana National Guard and the involvement of that paper's retired managing editor, Wendell Phillippi, a former commanding general of the Guard, in securing a place for him. There is no doubt which ticket the Pulliam papers will endorse; at the same time it is clear that Pulliam reporters are not stooging for the senator.

Which brings up the larger question of the media's treatment of Dan Quayle's shortcomings. Ordinarily, the folks of Huntington, Indiana don't intentionally give offense to wayfaring strangers. The fine old custom of Hoosier hospitality is not often breached, except when interloping bullies gang up on a fellow townsman. The day after the Republican Convention in New Orleans, the party's nominees descended upon Huntington, carrying on the agreeable tradition of visiting the vice presidential candidate's hometown at the start of the campaign. There'd been nothing like it since the palmy days of the VFW Street Fairs or late March of 1964 when the Huntington Vikings went to the final game of the state basketball tourney. More than that, nobody had ever seen so many dark-blue pinstripe suits in downtown Huntington on a weekday.

The sight of marksmen atop the Evangelical United Brethren Publishing building and elsewhere around the courthouse square came as a jolt: this wasn't going to be just another festive homecoming for the junior senator from Indiana; this was going to be about as big-time as it gets for an American town of 16,000. It was going to be Huntington's moment in the sun, its one time to shine, its chance to show itself off to the whole world as a good place to grow up and live and work in, a nice, quiet town where one of the neighbors could get himself elected to the U.S. Senate and, wonder of wonders, maybe to the vice presidency.

After the band music, the singing, the entertainment, the introductions (Senator Dick Lugar did the honors), and the speeches—after the enthusiasm, the fervor, and the pride—Dan Quayle marched out on the courthouse lawn to face the press. And it was there, with the public address system turned on and up, that the ladies and gentlemen of the nation's media crowded round like a swarm of midges pestering the daylights out of him. Boom microphones and cameras thrust at him every which way; sharp questions—edged with a trace of malice—flew at his face; push came to shove as reporters jostled and clambered and pressed ever harder. In plain view and clear hearing, this demonstration of the media's incivility got to the bystanding townspeople and they shouted and heckled and jeered, giving the media a strong dose of their own medicine.

As a notable event in the history of journalism, the repulse at Huntington was not singularly heroic, but it did mark the occasion on which a public gathering saw the media at work, disliked what they saw because of how it was being done, and voiced their objections. There was no howling mob, no riot, no physical violence. However, there was indignation aplenty over the fact that a U.S. senator and vice presidential nominee was roughed up in his own hometown by members of a profession whose ranks include three generations of his own family.

Since then, mediacrats have kept it up with sound-bites-sense words that render Dan Quayle an instantly knowable object: light-weight, mediocrity, inconsequential, overrated, provincial, bumptious, and so on down the list of dismissive pejoratives. Even a Hoosier loyalist will admit that the selection of Quayle came as a surprise, and that if the vice presidency were awarded on a meritocratic basis, there would probably be a more deserving nominee. But an absolute standard in politics, especially for a Vice President, is beside the point. What is needed in such a one is whatever the presidential nominee thinks and feels he needs and wants. Nothing more, nothing less. To the Pecksniffian charge that Quayle doesn't have whatever it takes to be President when he is "only a heart-beat away," the proper response is he may well have what he needs to be Vice President, which is, lest one forget, the office he's running for. First things first. Let's also give thanks that George Bush has a strong, steady heart and an excellent constitution.

So what then does Quayle bring to the Republican ticket that can help elect Bush? His apparent qualities are engaging: he's personable, spirited, dutiful, and winning. Despite his wayward academic record, he's conscientious about his legislative responsibilities and, on the report of several observers, a rather quick study on issues that require skillful attention. Although not one of the leading members of the Senate, he has grown into a competent legislator of better than fair-to-middling talents and accomplishments. As a public speaker, he will not erase the memory of Daniel Voorhees, "The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," or Albert Jeremiah Beveridge or James E. Watson, as the greatest orators that DePauw University has prepared for the U.S. Senate. Truth to tell, his delivery involves too much random arm-waving, throaty emphasis, and unsteady trains of thought. All the same, the general effect he induces is one of purposefulness and sincerity at the service of public policy.

Restrained, if not faint, praise, you say. Well then, so be it. There's a wearisome tendency either to overpraise or to overblame. Dan Quayle may not be a heroic statesman, but neither is he a stupendous rascal or a dolt. What he is, is an increasingly able young man of superb political instincts who has made his share of mistakes, suffered a few failures, gained a few successes, and, little by little, worked through the heaping up of experiences toward an understanding of how he can most usefully serve his country. What Dan Quayle can bring to the ticket is a certain humility, an awareness of his own inadequacies, a self-knowledge that he is not naturally among "the best and the brightest," a conviction that he must prove himself more economical and persevering in the use of his resources of character and ability if he is to make the most of them. Self-knowledge of that kind, centered in humility, is what enables other Americans to overcome the limitations imposed by modest gifts. This is how and why democracy at its best works.

When Indiana's last Vice President, Thomas Riley Marshall, took office 75 years ago, it was said, perhaps by William Allen White, that Indiana produces bumper crops of first-class, second-rate men. And, mind you, in a kindly, well-meant way. There's nothing inherently shameful about flourishing at a lesser order of magnitude. Thus Indiana, with its tradition of penultimate leadership, stands ready to add the name of Dan Quayle of Huntington to those of Schuyler Colfax of South Bend, Thomas A. Hendricks of Shelbyville, Charles Warren Fairbanks of Indianapolis, and Marshall of North Manchester and Columbia City. Better yet, it should encourage Huntington North High School (there are no other high schools of any direction in the county) to rechristen itself Huntington Quayle. The closest the school came to being honored was when the name of the town's only Civil War general, a fellow called Slack, was proposed for it. It dawned on somebody that the school's athletic teams were liable to be nicknamed the Slackers, and the matter was dropped. The same problem came up later in the twenties when a courtly local attorney was elected president of Rotary International, meriting local recognition; his name was Arthur Sapp, an infelicity that prompted no end of mirth from H. L. Mencken, Heywood Broun, and Sinclair Lewis.

Finally, no account of Huntington's place in the scheme of fame would be adequate without a mention of a movie that is based on a novel written about a scandalous episode in the town's genteel past. *That Hagen Girl* came out in the late forties, starring Shirley Temple (a California delegate at the New Orleans convention), who got her first romantic, on-screen kiss from a fading leading man, Ronald Reagan. In spite of the cunning depiction of what was meant to be Huntington, the film is now regarded by cineastes as one of the ten worst ever made. Such an indignity can mean but one thing: America owes Huntington a Vice President, and it had better take Dan Quayle because the town may not get another chance. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SEC VS. DREXEL BURNHAM MILKEN

by Irwin M. Stelzer

There is more to the story about Drexel Burnham Lambert's problems with the Securities and Exchange Commission, U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, and various congressional committees than can be gleaned from the daily and financial press. Reporters in those media have concentrated on the legal battles just beginning. This is not surprising, since Drexel is facing the most concentrated legal assault the government has ever leveled against an investment bank.

The SEC has charged Drexel and some of its principals with insider trading, stock manipulation, false filings, fraud, and just about anything else it could fit into an almost 200-page indictment. On top of this civil complaint will come a criminal indictment (not filed at the time of this writing, but expected momentarily), soon to be handed up by a grand jury being guided to that conclusion by Giuliani, until now more famous for making spectacular arrests of Wall Street figures than for subsequently proving his charges against them. The criminal charge will take precedence in the courts over the SEC's case, and is potentially far more dangerous, since it might permit the government to freeze a large portion of Drexel's assets and eventually seize the assets of Michael Milken, the firm's superstar and creator of the junk bond market.

If all this were not bad enough for Drexel Burnham, more charges may be in the offing. John Dingell, the powerful chairman of the House Energy and Commerce Committee, has forwarded to the SEC the results of his committee's own investigation of Drexel's dealings, which suggest that key Drexel employees invested in a firm being underwritten by Drexel, before that stock was offered to the investing public, in violation of SEC Rule 10b-6.

Irwin M. Stelzer is director of the Energy and Environmental Policy Center of the John F. Kennedy School, Harvard University, and an American correspondent for the London Sunday Times.

"We cannot have investment bankers secretly taking the juiciest parts of the best deals themselves," says Dingell. SEC Chairman David Ruder has promised to file an additional complaint if Drexel's defense—that the stock offering in question was a private, rather than a public offering, and therefore not subject to Rule 10b-6—is unconvincing. (The sums involved in the transaction are indicative of the stakes in this game of high finance: the Drexel groups paid $5.7 million in 1986 for the rights to stock now alleged to be worth more than $500 million.)

But Drexel can at least console itself with the fact that it will finally have its day in court. Until now, it has faced a series of headline-making leaks, hinting that it would soon be accused of something, but providing it with no opportunity for a systematic response.

Now that it has that opportunity, Drexel can be expected to use it. For one thing, it has the resources—more than $2 billion in capital—and it remains highly profitable. There is no doubt the fight will prove costly. Drexel reportedly has already paid accountants Arthur Anderson & Company $46 million to copy and organize the 1.5 million pages of documents the government has requested. And its army of top lawyers and public relations consultants will end up costing it well over $100 million.

Drexel has shown the same creativity in mounting its defense as it showed in developing the junk bond market. Fred Joseph, its chief executive officer, regularly announces the latest developments to the firm's 10,000 employees over Drexel's internal communications systems. Clients are kept informed. And the public quickly receives Drexel's position on all developments: when the SEC filed its laundry list of charges, Mr. Joseph immediately videotaped a 30-second response, which was beamed by satellite to all major TV news outlets.

The charges leveled against Drexel are far from trivial. If the firm did indeed use information it gathered from its investment banking clients to enrich Drexel partners, and if it allowed Milken to pierce the Chinese Wall that is supposed to separate its banking and trading functions, it should pay whatever price the law demands. And the SEC is not alone in claiming that Drexel did just that. Connie Bruck, in her highly readable *The Predators' Ball*[1] (the title is taken from the name given to the Beverly Hills bash thrown annually by Milken for his clients), argues that Milken's very brilliance in all aspects of the securities business made a mockery of the Chinese Wall concept. Milken, she argues, was the firm's, if not the industry's, best trader, salesman, deal creator, credit analyst, and underwriter. "While it was indeed marvelous for Drexel to have one man who embodied all those attributes, whose talents ran from trading and sales to corporate finance and M&A [mergers and acquisitions], Milken was a walking contradiction of the Chinese Wall principle," she writes.

But those charges are far from airtight. All but two of the SEC's accusations rest heavily (although, the Commission argues, not solely) on the testimony of Ivan Boesky, a convicted felon now serving a jail sentence for insider trading. His sentence was reduced in return for the information he gave against Drexel, a fact that might lead a judge and jury to wonder whether he wouldn't say anything prosecutors ask him to say, in order to get out of jail sooner.

In any event, it is now up to the courts to decide whether Drexel is guilty, as charged. What the courts can't decide, and the press has largely ignored, is the even more important policy and economic issues raised by the entire affair. Why has the government devoted such massive resources to this prosecution? Is this an intelligent use of those resources? And what will be the consequences of the government's action?

[1]Simon and Schuster, $19.95.

To answer these questions we must understand the peculiar role Drexel has played in the takeover movement of the 1970s and 1980s. As Bruck—no Drexel apologist—concedes, Milken "did more to shape it [the M&A movement] than any other individual. And he did that by trampling on two pillars of the establishment—the commercial banks and America's largest corporations." Milken created a market for bonds of less-than-investment grade, sneeringly referred to as "junk bonds" by old-line financial and industrial firms.

In fact, junk bonds are not typically securities of companies that have fallen on hard times, although there are some such. Rather, they are generally IOUs of companies too small or too new to receive a technical "investment grade rating" by rating agencies.

As Drexel Burnham has pointed out, "Over 95 percent of all U.S. corporations with assets of more than $25 million, if they were to apply for a bond rating, would be rated below investment grade." This "junk" rating would be due to small size or lack of credit history, not to a lack of future prospects. Indeed, these companies are often the most rapidly growing and innovative, and have been responsible for most of the new jobs created in America in the past decade. Long ignored by underwriters, they were forced to borrow from commercial banks, often at high rates. Drexel's junk bonds gave them a competitive alternative to the banks, prompting the latter to join their establishment brethren in the industrial sector in seeking restrictions on the use of such debt instruments.

Milken/Drexel-haters among America's corporocrats at least equalled in number those in the commercial banks. As Bruck points out, "Milken has long professed contempt for the corporate establishment, portraying many of its members as fat, poorly managed behemoths who squandered their excess capital . . ." By raising money for a group of eager but under-financed "predators," Milken made it possible for these outsiders to take over firms

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose managers were not delivering maximum value to their shareholders. Lifetime sinecures evaporated; social standings were threatened. Indeed, the intensity of establishment hostility to Milken cannot be explained in terms of economics alone. After all, managers forced out of companies taken over by raiders hardly left empty-handed; they floated earthward from their corporate perches on opulent golden parachutes.

The social basis of the hatred of Milken and the corporate *arrivistes* he financed is perhaps best illustrated by Michel Bergerac's reaction to Ronald Perelman's successful effort to gain control of Revlon, of which Bergerac was chief executive officer. Bruck describes Bergerac as "a courtly, somewhat imperious, urbane, witty Frenchman." Perelman is none of these; he is young, aggressive, and Jewish. "I chose to fight these characters because I found them to be undesirable," Bergerac acknowledged. Perelman's lawyer captured that attitude: dealing with Perelman "was just beneath" Bergerac.

Bergerac's contempt for Perelman was matched only by his loathing of Milken, who Bergerac said financed "all these people whom the banks would never lend to in a million years," more like "a pawnbroker" (restraint undoubtedly prevented him from using the term "Shylock") than a banker. In short, Bruck concludes that "Revlon was indeed a class war, between the corporate America and Wall Street elite, and the Drexel *arrivistes*. . . . [There was] something . . . visceral: the age-old hatred for the outsider . . ."

This makes understandable the enormous pressure put on Congress and the SEC by establishment groups, such as the Business Roundtable, to clip Drexel's wings. One need not agree with Drexel's claim of complete innocence to wonder whether the SEC's decision to devote a huge portion of its resources to the Drexel investigation represents a sound resolution of the always-difficult question of just where to deploy limited staff and money. The SEC's Ruder has testified that the Drexel affair has sopped up so much of his agency's budget that "we will not be able to handle other activities." Yet Drexel's dealings were primarily with highly sophisticated investors, trading in huge blocks of securities—hardly the sort of people most in need of government protection. A decision to spend so much money protecting the high-rollers that there is nothing left with which to protect the small investor certainly seems subject to question, no matter how much it pleased the corporate elites who wanted Drexel stopped.

Another important policy issue, and one that will be solved in the markets rather than in the courts, is whether the Drexel litigation, if successful, will bring junk bond financing to an end. That would be a pity: recent studies by Glenn Yago at the State University of New York show that the 755 companies that issued high-yield debt (a.k.a. junk bonds) between 1980 and 1986 grew faster than industry in general; increased employment at an average annual rate of 6.7 percent, compared with 1.4 percent for industry as a whole; increased their total invested capital at an average annual rate higher than industry in general; and outperformed industry by at least one measure of productivity, sales per employee.

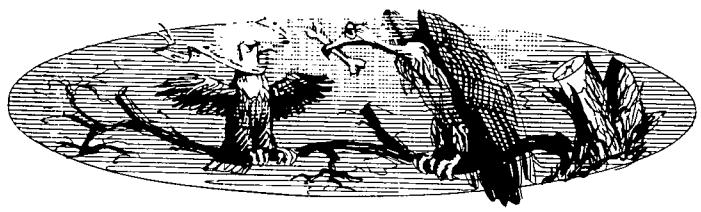
From both a policy and a private view, the need for this type of financing will remain, whatever Drexel's ultimate fate. Asked by this writer to assess the future of the junk bond market in light of the government's charges, leading merger lawyer and Drexel counsellor Joe Flom said that the market is "too deep to be affected by any one player." As proof he offered two facts. First, the filing of the SEC complaint produced a "ho-hum" reaction in the market: interest rates on junk bonds didn't change. Contrast this with the turmoil created in the junk bond market just a few years ago when Drexel's troubles first became public.

Second, Flom points out that deals are clicking along. Drexel itself announced eight transactions worth $1.7 billion during the week following the filing of the SEC complaint. (Some had been inventoried in anticipation of the SEC filing, so that their announcement could be used to show Drexel's continued vitality.)

If Flom is right, it will be business-as-usual in the junk bond market, even if Drexel is found guilty as charged. After all, junk bonds satisfy a real economic need: just as mass production didn't end when Henry Ford died, the use of high-yield debt to finance corporate growth won't stop if Drexel collapses. But many in the investment community doubt Flom's analysis. They point out that Drexel has a unique knowledge base: Milken and his colleagues know "every small savings and loan association that holds junk bonds," according to one banker who asked not to be named. That knowledge of where bonds can be placed won't be easily duplicated if Drexel departs the scene. Nor will the liquidity Drexel adds to the market.

But don't count Drexel out just yet. Many Wall Street observers are guessing that given its day in court, the firm will emerge, if not unscathed, essentially intact as a leading investment bank. That would be good news for the next generation of corporate predator-raider-*arrivistes*, and bad news for non-performing managements. □

ASIAN DOCUMENT



THE BRITS BOOT HONG KONG

by George Szamuely

On the morning of July 1, 1997 some 6 million people will awaken to find themselves under the rule of Communist party secretaries, Communist propagandists, and, last but by no means least, Communist secret policemen. Like the one and a half billion or so of their soon-to-be compatriots around the world, they also never had the chance to decide if this was how they wished to spend the rest of their days. To be sure, textbooks of political science, hitherto short on examples of commissars arriving to take power not seated in the backs of Red Army tanks, or, at a pinch, in the backs of Soviet-made tanks, will at last be able to record the first-ever peaceful Communist takeover. (True, no shot had been fired in Prague in 1948 but Soviet military intervention was darkly and repeatedly hinted at during that awful February.) Instead of a General Giap or a Marshal Rokossovsky, the commissars of 1997 will have as their escorts bland, pinstripe-suited, public-school educated, vowel-pinching English civil servants. For the first time in history, a ruling elite will, without even a show of struggle, relinquish its dominance over society in favor of Communists. And as for the wretched subjects, the 6 million or so residents of Hong Kong, they are simply being picked up lock, stock, and barrel and dispatched out of the safekeeping of their erstwhile protectors, Her Majesty's Government of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and dumped into the laps of their new masters, the Central People's Government of the People's Republic of China.

Actually what makes this all rather poignant is that for the people of Hong Kong these new masters are not new at all. Most of them are either refugees, or the offspring of refugees, from Communist China. Yet curiously enough, neither in Britain nor in the rest of the world has there been much interest in what has happened and what is about to happen. All the more inexcusable is this universal equanimity, as it becomes daily ever more apparent that both the Chinese and the British are already displaying a not inconsiderable amount of bad faith toward the people of Hong Kong.

The British public finds the whole subject excruciatingly tedious. A debate about Hong Kong in the House of Commons last July was carefully scheduled to take place on a Friday, the one day in the week when the Chamber is almost certain to be empty, as indeed it turned out to be. What little does get written about it usually falls into the "twilight of the Empire," "the last colony," "inevitable course of history," and "we've seen it all before" school of

George Szamuely, formerly an editor at the Times Literary Supplement, *writes frequently on politics and the arts for* Commentary, Policy Review, *and other publications.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

journalism. Cozy, comforting, and picturesque as this kind of writing undoubtedly is, it overlooks the most important detail. Never before, throughout its long process of decolonization, has Britain handed over any of its former subjects to governments—democratic or otherwise—not of their own making and, most certainly, never to Communists. Fatuous as the famous "Westminster model" turned out to be when applied in alien environments, it nonetheless represented an ideal, a laudable aspiration on the part of the former colonialists, preferable to the current cynical cravenness. The rest of the world looks on with amused detachment wondering, in a vague sort of way, how this fascinating experiment of capitalists and Communists coexisting is all going to work itself out.

Ironically, it was in the wake of Britain's greatest triumph of recent times—the recapture of the Falkland Islands—that the seeds of the present disaster were sowed. ("Ev'n victors are by victories undone," as Dryden put it.) Alarmed that the British show of post-imperial belligerence might irritate the Spaniards to reopen the Gibraltar question and, more particularly, the Chinese to whine about Hong Kong, Mrs. Thatcher decided to be blunt. On a visit to Peking in September 1982, just a few months after the victory in the South Atlantic, the Prime Minister told her Chinese hosts that the 1898 Convention of Peking, according to which the so-called "New Territories"—part of the Kwantung province and the land upon which the phenomenal growth of the post-1945 Hong Kong industrial economy took place—were leased out to Great Britain by an enfeebled Imperial China for a term of ninety-nine years, was still valid and would continue to be until such time as it expired or was renegotiated.

Now, as grounds on which to defend British sovereignty over Hong Kong, this was hardly the wisest. The Communist Chinese had long ago denied the validity of what they termed the "unequal treaties" that pre-1911 China had been forced to sign with the Western powers. Whether it was the lease of Hong Kong or the Sino-Soviet border or the Sino-Burmese border, the Chinese accepted them, *de facto* not *de jure*, until such time as they, fully within their rights, decided to abrogate them unilaterally. Responding to Mrs. Thatcher, the Chinese announced that Hong Kong would revert back to China in 1997, and that was all there was to it. The British, if they so wished, could try to get the best deal they could. And so negotiations began which were to culminate in the 1984 Sino-British Joint Declaration.

Now there was a considerable amount of fraud in all this. For years the Chinese Communists had huffed and puffed that the "unequal treaties" were invalid, and yet here they were solemnly negotiating the conditions under which the leasehold was being returned to the owner. So, in 1982, eighty-four years after the signature of the Convention, the treaties had suddenly become valid! And the British, adhering pedantically to an agreement made at another time, at another place, with another party, were signing over 6 million of their subjects and one of the foremost industrial and commercial powers of Asia to a future that, to say the least, was highly uncertain.

It is worth asking why so few expressed any worries about the 1984 Agreement. First, there is the old standby that, of course, nothing else could have been done short of going to war with China, a venture on which Britain, unlike in the case of Argentina, would probably not be able to count on U.S. support. Second, in the 1984 Declaration the Chinese gave cast-iron guarantees that they intended to preserve the distinctive Hong Kong way of life ("one country, two systems"). Third, the Chinese are unlikely to want to antagonize the West by breaking their word and imposing Communism on Hong Kong. Fourth, Hong Kong is their biggest source of foreign exchange earnings and they are hardly likely to want to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Fifth, well, let's be blunt, there are 1 billion mainland Chinese and 6 million Hong Kong Chinese.

In the four years that have passed since the Joint Declaration, not all of these reasons have remained compelling. For one thing, there is something of a contradiction between, on the one hand, asserting that the Communist Chinese have given their word and are to be trusted, and, on the other, arguing that the only agreement possible under the circumstances was one made under duress. Trust us, or we march in! And if pride is a matter of such importance to the Chinese, what are they doing about the Sino-Soviet border that they have been bleating on about for years? Obviously, no one can be sure if a better agreement was possible or not. But one cannot help marveling at the bone-headedness of the British. It wouldn't have taken too much ingenuity to have taken the Chinese at their word about the invalidity of the "unequal treaties," abrogated the 1898 Convention themselves, accepted the Chinese claims to sovereignty over Hong Kong, but insisted on Britain's "jurisdictional right" to administer the territory on a day-to-day basis. In this way, Chinese pride—after all, the only thing that's of any real importance in this world—could have been assuaged and Britain would have continued honorably to discharge her responsibilities to her subjects. Since the Chinese have given all those solemn and binding undertakings to respect the capitalism of Hong Kong, it is not immediately clear why the presence of British administrators would have been such a great affront. Moreover, for forty years the Chinese Communists have, for politically expedient reasons, accepted the *de facto* presence of the British. Why would it now be so monstrous? The argument that today they are strong enough to rid themselves of this alien presence, whereas hitherto they were not, is not especially convincing. It would never have taken all that much to have driven the British out of Hong Kong. In any case, whatever might or might not have been possible, there is no question that an agreement according to which as of July 1, 1997 Britain will have no role to play of any kind in the future of Hong Kong cannot but be an extremely bad and shameful agreement.

As for the cast-iron guarantees and the extreme trepidation with which the Chinese would approach any violation of their 1984 undertakings, a reading of William McGurn's collection of essays by distinguished residents of Hong Kong, *Basic Law, Basic Questions: The Debate Continues*,[1] is a refreshing reminder of how little store Communists set by "bourgeois" treaties. For instance, the Joint Declaration promised that Hong Kong's courts would "exercise judicial power independently and free from any interference." The recently published draft of the Basic Law of the Hong Kong Special Administrative Region of the People's Republic of China, as Hong Kong is now to be known—in effect the constitution of the territory—states that China's government will have the final say in interpreting the Basic Law (and hence by implication all other laws of Hong Kong). The Drafting Committee was itself, incidentally, made up of fifty-nine members, of whom twenty-three came from Hong Kong, the rest from mainland China. All twenty-three were moreover selected by the Peking government. The Communists were taking no chances.

In March of this year they made their feelings known bluntly. Peking's top official in charge of Hong Kong affairs, Lu Ping, declared that China would take great objection to there being any official debate in London about the Basic Law, or in Hong Kong for that matter. The Basic Law—remember, the Constitution of Hong Kong!—was only "a matter for China." This should not be taken to mean that Peking is not interested in the opinions of the residents of Hong Kong, merely that it will seek out these views through "private channels."

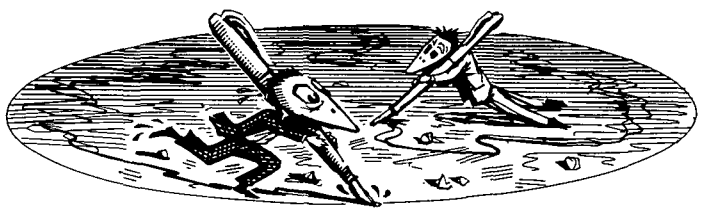
Still, the British did not need too much intimidation. Without protest they have accepted the Chinese argument that since Hong Kong had never been a democracy it is hypocritical to make so much fuss now. Both—the future and the former—masters have been eager to forget the fact that the British deliberately eschewed introducing democracy to Hong Kong, precisely in order to reassure the Communist Chinese throughout the 1950s and 1960s that they had no intention of turning Hong Kong into a state *sui juris*. Had they in fact shown more guts and done this years ago, Hong Kong would not be in the terrible position it is in today.

In the proposed Legislative Council, only ten out of fifty-six members will be up for election; the rest will have been appointed. Many people thought that back in 1984 the British government had promised that Hong Kong would have an elected legislature. That idea has been quietly forgotten. Elections for the ten seats are scheduled for 1991, but the Chinese have already made clear that, as of July 1, 1997, the Legislative Council will have to resign so that they can nominate candidates "who are appropriate" and to hold fresh indirect elections through a Peking-appointed "grand electoral college." Don't call us, we'll call you. Nor are the prospects for press freedom any more encouraging. Emily Lau, Hong Kong correspondent of the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, points out in McGurn's book that recent noises coming out of Peking appear to show scant concern for the "one country, two systems" promised back in 1984. She quotes Madame Deng Yingchao telling Hong Kong reporters in 1986 that they were in the frontline of China's work on reunification with Taiwan. Her meaning could hardly be clearer.

It is not too much to say that the British have behaved with that peculiarly unattractive mixture of callousness and defeatism that has so characterized their posture in the world for the last two generations. One need hardly read McGurn's instructive collection to discover that Communists have no intention of living with political freedom and never will have. And as for economic freedom, who knows what the fate of Hong Kong's booming economy will be after Deng Xiaoping's departure from the scene? □

[1]Available from Review Publishing Company Limited, GPO Box 160, Hong Kong.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TO ASA HEARTHRUG, WITH APPRECIATION

by Victor Gold

Max Shulman is dead. He was the King of College Humor in his undergraduate day (which was my undergraduate day), the most-quoted contemporary writer on the American campus of the late 1940s and fifties. Never mind that he wasn't as deep as Faulkner, Mailer, Toynbee, or Eliot. They weren't as funny.

"Asa, humanity is at the crossroads. You must choose now which direction you will follow. Will you travel the snare-lined path of capitalism that leads to the abyss, or will you march triumphantly up the people's way into the sun?"

"March triumphantly up the people's way into the sun," I said promptly.

"Proud to have you, comrade," said Yetta.

"There is just one question I would like to ask."

"Of course, comrade."

"Who is that woman whose picture is on the photo-mural?"

"That is Popula Shopishnok, winner of the Soviet Union fertility medal. She is the mother of twenty-nine children."

"Twenty-nine children!" I exclaimed. "Where is she now?"

"Siberia. She murdered her husband."

—The Zebra Derby (1944)

On second thought, maybe Shulman wasn't all that shallow. *Zebra Derby*, his second book featuring the wide-eyed *shlemiel*, Asa Hearthrug, was written at a time when Fred Waring's band was flogging the airwaves with "Meadowland" a.k.a. "The Song of the Red Army," while Hollywood was grinding out pro-Soviet pap like *Mission to Moscow*. So what was it young Max, then in his early twenties, perceived in our noble Russian allies that somehow escaped his elders? Dogma, cant, hypocrisy—all grist for bourgeois, counter-revolutionary satire on the American campus of the 1940s. Not that Shulman, whatever his left-wing critics said, played ideological favorites. He was an equal-opportunity cynic who, at the turn of a page, could unload on more traditional undergraduate icons.

"Asa!" Roger interrupted harshly. "Now you listen to me a minute. Come over here by the window." His tone grew softer. "Look at it, Asa. There it is. The University of Minnesota, calm, strong, peaceful. An American institution, Asa, built by Americans to educate American youth in the American way of life.

"And who wants to destroy this American way of life? The people you were with tonight. And why? Oh, I know, they tell you they want to liberate the working class and all the rest of their filthy Red lies, but that isn't the reason. They want to destroy because they are warped, bitter, unhappy. And why are they warped, bitter, unhappy? I'll tell you why."

He paused thirty seconds for emphasis. "Because they can't get into a fraternity!"

— Barefoot Boy with Cheek (1943)

The story on young Shulman—the one that made him the envy of every college humor writer of his era—was that he was hacking away for the University of Minnesota magazine *Ski-U-Mah* when, one lucky day, a senior editor from New York City passed through campus and asked whether he'd like to try his hand at a funny novel. The editor was Doubleday's Ken McCormick, who foresaw a vast, untapped market for humor in the booming college population of the forties. Thurber, Benchley, Perelman—the rapier wits of the thirties—had their audience, but there was room for new talent. Shulman, with his manic, broadsword style, would be the comic voice of a new generation.

"Mama," I said, "where are you getting all this food? Don't they use ration points in Minneapolis?"

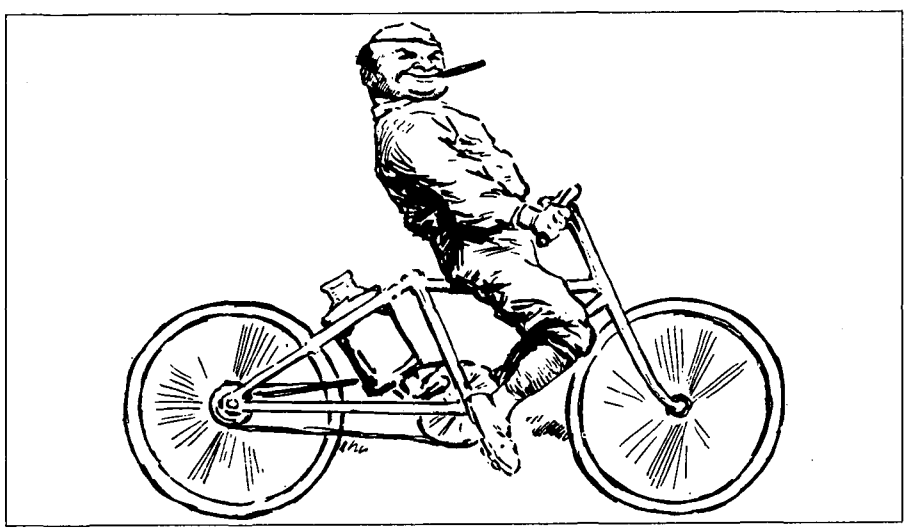
"Points, shmoints," she said lightly. "I go to Felbgung's market and I ask Felbgung to cut me a few steaks or chops. He cuts them for me and then I open my purse and give a look at my ration book and I say, 'Well, well. What do you know? I haven't got enough points.' What's Felbgung going to do, paste the steaks back on the beef?"

"Mama, when you do things like that you're helping the enemy."

"I'm helping the enemy? He should live so long. Didn't I give my only son to the service? Doesn't your father buy a war bond every week and we don't cash them in for three months?"

—The Feather Merchants (1944)

No East Coast editors having passed through either the campus of Tulane or the Student Union building of the University of Alabama, my own hacking days as a humor writer ended on graduation from law school in 1951. The Royal Portable was packed away, the shingle went up, a client came walking through the door, and there was no looking back.



And yet, I wondered . . .

Then, en route to the courthouse one hot summer afternoon in 1955, I passed a bookstore with a window display of Shulman's latest, an anthology titled *Max Shulman's Guided Tour of Campus Humor (The Best Stories, Articles, Jokes, Songs and Nonsense from Fifty Years of College Humor Magazines)*. Thurber, Heywood Broun, H. Allen Smith, Max himself—and there, on page 317, taking up nearly a full page, my bit on Chiang Kai-shek trying out for football at Notre Dame.

I went back to the office. The deed search could wait. A call to the publisher to find out where I could write Shulman: he was living in Westport, Connecticut. The letter went off, thanking him for the compliment, and he wrote back, saying it was a funny piece, all right. And then, an afterthought at the bottom of the page, in his own hand: P.S. WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN LAW?

Which, of course, changed my equation completely. When a small voice inside asks the question, you muffle it. But when Max Shulman picks up the chorus, who shuts his ears to karma calling?

The Royal Portable came down from the attic. One month later I owned my first rejection slip (*New Yorker*, naturally). Three months later I owned my first *personal* rejection slip, hand-written by Ken Russell . . . A PRETTY FUNNY BIT. SORRY WE CAN'T USE IT, BUT LET US SEE MORE (*Playboy*). And that settled that. Or rather, confirmed what I'd suspected all along but hadn't known for sure until Shulman goosed my psyche: I wasn't, by God, put down here for deed searches.

So it was that when the subject came up at the breakfast table

Victor Gold is The American Spectator*'s national correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

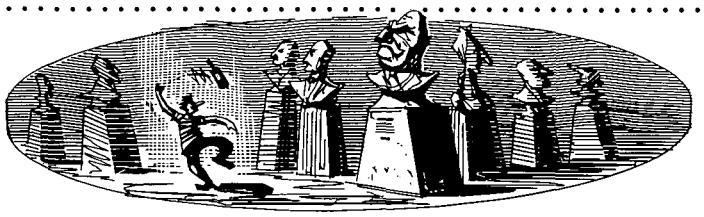
one Sunday morning in the late sixties —which writer, of all writers, had most influenced my life?—I said Max Shulman, and two out of three of my kids said, *who*? Oh, yes, said the third (an English lit student, majoring in television credits), *Max Shulman.* Dobie Gillis, right?

Right, but wrong. Shulman is remembered for *The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis*, which made him Hollywood-rich, and some may remember him for *Rally Round the Flag, Boys*, a suburban comedy that made him Hollywood-richer. But Dobie Gillis is to Max Shulman what Captain Queeg was to Humphrey Bogart. The artist is recognizable, the craft is there, but it's not the *real* thing. Not the Bogie, not the Max we, the generation of the forties, remember most fondly. Bogie is Spade and Rick, not Queeg or that stubbled wretch in *The African Queen*, Oscar or no Oscar. Max is Asa Hearthrug and belly laughs, not the bland Dobie Gillis, re-runs or no re-runs.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!
Four shots ripped into my groin, and I was off on the biggest adventure of my life . . . —Sleep till Noon (1950)

That, children, was Max Shulman. A very funny writer in a very special time. And now he's dead. Bye-bye, American pie. □

EMINENTOES



THE SPRINGSTEEN-BOESKY CONNECTION

by Joe Queenan

One of the oddest bits of information to surface when risk arbitrageur John Mulheren was arrested last February by Rumson, New Jersey police for allegedly planning to kill his ex-pal and business associate Ivan Boesky was that Mulheren's circle of friends included Bruce Springsteen. Apparently, Mulheren, who at one time was investing some $600 million for the likes of Boone Pickens, the Tisch Family, and the Belzbergs of Canada, would sometimes work out with The Boss at a Red Bank, New Jersey health club, and would also jet-ski with Bruce on the Navasink River in Rumson, where both men had huge mansions. After the incident with the guns, Springsteen visited the contrite Mulheren—who blamed all the unpleasantness on his failure to take lithium for manic depression—at a Princeton, New Jersey mental institution; more recently, the now-sprung risk arbitrageur was spotted at Madison Square Garden when The Boss did his summer tour.

At first glance, a friendship between a gun-toting risk arbitrageur under investigation by the SEC and a certified working-class hero such as Springsteen seems a trifle bizarre. At least that's the way it seemed to me the numerous times I called Springsteen's manager, Jon Landau, to find out if Mulheren had any of The Boss's money under management. The first time I called, the receptionist said: "He won't talk to you. But he wouldn't even talk to you if you were from *Rolling Stone.*" The eighth or ninth time I called, one of Landau's assistants snapped: "I've been doing this a long time and I find your questions really offensive."

Joe Queenan is a writer for Barron's *magazine.*

They certainly weren't meant that way. For the more one delves into the Springsteen-Mulheren connection, the more apparent it becomes that The Boss has been locked in an epic death struggle to save Mulheren's soul for years, an effort for which he deserves our respect, compassion, and even admiration. Due to his position as a friend of the downtrodden, a champion of working stiffs, Springsteen could never mention Mulheren by name: in a very real sense, the friendship of a rocker and a risk arbitrageur is the Love That Dare Not Speak Its Name. Yet even the most cursory analysis of Springsteen's impressive body of work makes it abundantly clear that The Boss repeatedly warned his fellow Rumsonite: For God's sake, John, get away from that scoundrel Boesky!!!

For example, in "It's Hard To Be a Saint in the City" Springsteen cautioned young Mulheren that his friendship with the older Boesky would come to no good:

The devil appeared like Jesus through the steam in the street
Showin' me a hand I knew even the cops couldn't beat
I felt his hot breath on my neck as I dove into the heat
It's so hard to be a saint when you're a boy.

Mulheren ignored that warning, so Springsteen issued another in "Badlands":

You hear the voices telling you not to go
They made their choices and they'll never know
What it means to steal, to cheat, to lie . . .

Springsteen clearly perceived the relationship between risk arbitrage, takeovers, stripping down assets, and unemployment, and attempted to explain the pertinent economic subtleties to Mulheren in "The River":

I got a job working construction for the Johnstown Company
But lately there ain't been much work on account of the economy.

When Mulheren paid him no heed, Springsteen restated his case in "My Hometown":

They're closing down the textile mill
Across the railroad tracks;
Foreman says these jobs are going, boys,
And they ain't coming back
To your hometown . . .

As the unlikely pair grew closer, Springsteen began to experience pangs of conscience about his relationship with the arb; yet, as he writes in "Nebraska":

I can't say I'm sorry
For the things that we done
At least for a little while,
We had us some fun.

The fun to which he was referring was almost certainly the joyful days the two would spend jet-skiing on the Navasink River in northern New Jersey:

We'd go down to the river,
and into the river we'd dive.

Mulheren's decision to avenge himself on Boesky, who seemingly had implicated him in the Wall Street insider trading scandal, is encapsulated nicely in "I Came for You," and again in "Badlands," where the Boss sings:

Blow away the dreams that tear you apart
Blow away the dreams that break your heart
Blow away the lies that leave you nothing but lost and brokenhearted.

It is unclear whether Springsteen was counseling his friend to refuse to turn over certain documents to the SEC in "No Surrender," but he clearly anticipated Mulheren's decision to load up his Israeli assault rifle and bump off the yellowbelly, ratfink Boesky when he writes:

Got in a little hometown jam,
So they put a rifle in my hand
Sent me to a foreign land
To go and kill the yellow man.

Boesky's reaction to Mulheren's desperate act is immortalized in the verse:

I'm caught in a crossfire
That I don't understand.

It also seems likely that Springsteen was referring to Boesky, now confined in Lompoc Federal Prison in California, when he wrote:

I wake up every morning to the work bell clang;
Me and the warden go swinging on the Charlotte country road gang.

And in a lyric that eerily foreshadows Mulheren's arrest by Rumson police, The Boss writes:

Out in front of the Club Tip Top
They slapped the cuffs on Johnny 99.

All of which makes this last set of verses, chillingly depicting the perils of risk arbitrage, so eerily prescient:

You can look but you better not touch boy
You can look but you better not touch
Mess around and you'll end up in dutch boy
You can look but you better not,
No, you better not,
No, you better not touch. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATION: THE DUD OF CAMPAIGN '88

by Chester E. Finn, Jr.

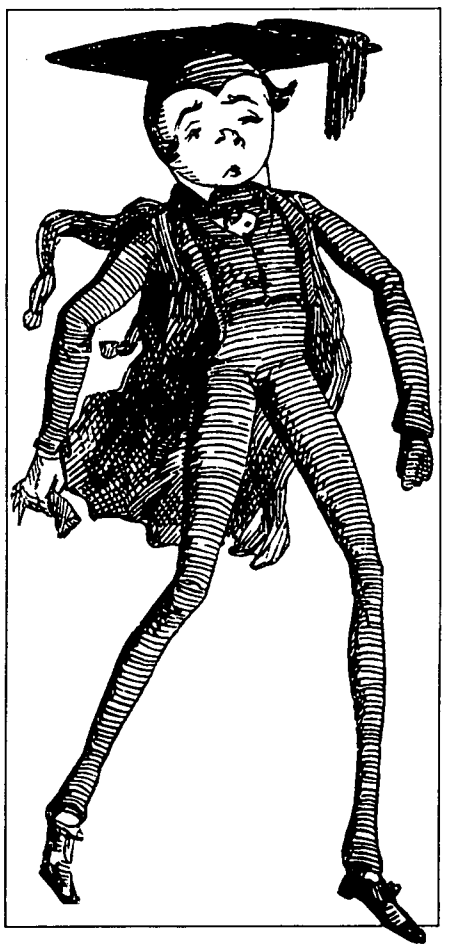
If education never really quickens as an election issue this year, despite the deep concern and boundless enthusiasm voiced by the candidates, it won't be for lack of public interest. In a recent Gallup poll, for example, 78 percent of those surveyed indicated worry over "the quality of U.S. education." Yet which of the candidates has rushed forward with his diagnosis of the problems of American education much less offered his proposals to solve them? Here we have an authentic nationwide issue, an area in which ideas matter and where leadership counts—a topic that for all its portentousness does not have to be boring, as William Bennett has shown. Yet it's turning out to be the biggest dud of Campaign '88.

Some obvious reasons suggest themselves. First, no matter what their party platforms say, Messrs. Bush and Dukakis have not revealed great differences in *their* thinking. Most of what they've had to say has either been pure rhetoric (wanting to be an "education President") or predictable calls for new federal programs. Indeed, the candidates' failure is nowhere more evident than in their tendency to "federalize" education.

Just as importantly, both candidates are handling the education establishment, especially the two major teacher unions, with kid gloves. This might be expected from Governor Dukakis, but why has George Bush opted to placate the educationists? Bush aides make no bones about it. "I think you would find [that] Mr. Bush and a Bush Administration would not blast the education community for failures," one notes, "but rather would look for ways to try to help it to do better."

Yet that self-same education establishment is now moving to regain control of key education decisions, after half a decade in which the impetus for reform has come from elected officials, business leaders, and other laymen against strong professional resistance. In recent months the leaders of the profession have done a turnaround and are now trying to pass themselves off as sophisticated engineers of improvement. That is why the candidates' amiable credulity toward them poses acute risks to the quality of American education.

The major players, of course, are the National Education Association (NEA) and the American Federation of Teachers (AFT), led by Mary Futrell and Albert Shanker, respectively, who are spearheading what they term a "second reform movement" based on a pair of seductive half-truths: First, that effective schools cannot be created by "top down" stratagems such as executive edicts or legislative mandates, but must instead be cajoled into existence from the bottom up, by "empowering" those at the "building level" to make the crucial decisions about what will happen at that level.



Second, that little is known today about how to boost the skills and knowledge of school children, particularly those from disadvantaged backgrounds, and accordingly a hundred different education bulbs should be planted in the hope that someday, somewhere, something will bloom.

For all their allure in stressing diversity and local control, the problem with those propositions is that, for one thing, much is already known about the basic elements of good schools. Instead of refining and making use of proven strategies, we are in effect told to bide our time while the newly empowered teachers conduct their experiments in self-government.

As for the proposition that true school reform comes from the grassroots and that governors and legislators should therefore butt out, this would mean abandoning the bold changes that no one but elected officials can make: abolishing tenure laws; paying principals and teachers according to their effectiveness; allowing families to choose their schools; and bringing moribund school districts to account.

What's more, the "grassroots" prescription will only work if the "building-level" educators to be empowered are able and eager. Of how many public schools can this honestly be said today? A few hundred perhaps, but what about the other seventy-odd thousand, many shackled by union contracts, mediocre faculties, omnipotent janitors, gross indiscipline, and former football coaches in the principal's office?

Though far less visible than the presidential contest, this campaign to return education to the educators is much more consequential for the future quality of education than are any federal programs the candidates may debate. These are the sorts of education issues that national leaders ought to address: who should be making the big decisions, governors and legislators or teachers and principals? Who in the education system is properly held accountable for results—and to whom? Whose interests are at stake, anyway, those of the young people attending American schools and colleges or those of the institutions' employees and managers?

When national candidates shun such fundamental but politically tricky subjects and address themselves instead to banal generalizations and microscopic programs, they waste the potential of the education issue. Thanks to Ronald Reagan and Bennett and their well-publicized tussles with the education establishment, it has begun to dawn on most voters that what is good for the professionals is not necessarily good for the country. The point has been underlined by a dozen crusading governors whose boldest initiatives have not infrequently been done in by their states' teacher unions and other establishment forces.

The profession would naturally like to fuzz up the distinction once more, to depict itself as the guardian of the public's interest in quality education. To judge by this summer's NEA and AFT conventions, however, both of them held during the July 4 weekend, these people should not be allowed to get away with it.

The NEA surprised nobody when at its New Orleans convention it officially endorsed Michael Dukakis, no doubt responding to Futrell's witty line about "a President who will invest more to make every American child a star than he will to fill God's heaven with star wars." After savaging the Reagan Administration, she characterized the Massachusetts governor as the "most electable and desirable candidate," one who "understands and embodies the link between education and the American dream."

The national elections weren't the only matter preoccupying the NEA. Delegates took time to adopt dozens of resolutions on every sort of issue, from international interdependence and nuclear freezes to multilingualism, homelessness, and the death penalty. One resolution urged counseling for students concerning their "sexual orientation." Barely defeated (in a rare roll call vote) was a demand to free Elmer

---

Chester E. Finn, Jr. was assistant secretary of education until October 1, when he rejoined the faculty of Vanderbilt University as professor of education and public policy and director of the Educational Excellence Network.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Geronimo" Pratt, a former Black Panther now serving a sentence in San Quentin for murder. "He is our Nelson Mandela," proponents said.

Also on the agenda was the much-publicized release of a public opinion poll on various education issues, the kind of poll in which careful phrasing of the questions and careless phrasing of the results produce findings that serve the interests of the sponsors. "Alternative certification," for example, was twisted into the hiring of untrained or unqualified teachers.

Recent state-mandated reforms, such as Arkansas's teacher competency test, New Jersey's alternate certification program, and Tennessee's teacher career ladder, were vigorously denounced by NEA executive director Don Cameron. Mrs. Futrell termed her union's success in stopping the move to require teachers to pass competency tests an "organizational slam dunk."

Given all this reform-bashing, how could the NEA still pass itself off as favoring excellence? By emphasizing such concerns as teacher empowerment, school restructuring, and experimentation. In other words, by endorsing the campaign to regain control. Accordingly, delegates agreed to Futrell's plan to create an "experimental district" in every state. These teacher-dominated "learning laboratories" are to be designed and developed by means of a "consensus among stakeholders" that is based on the principle of "bottom up" reform.

Half a continent away, in San Francisco, the AFT was doing practically the same thing. Indeed, the big news coming out of this summer's teacher conventions was the convergence of the two unions in most areas. Shanker calls his experimental plan "schools within schools," but it rests on the same principles: that true reform comes from empowerment of teachers, from a decentralized approach, and from trying a lot of different things.

AFT delegates also endorsed a new $8 billion federal "urban school advancement" program. They voted to seek protection for gay and lesbian teachers. They heard Shanker discourse at considerable length on the failures of the "excellence movement." And while they did not formally endorse Dukakis—the AFT having agreed not to preempt its parent AFL-CIO's August 24 endorsement—they heard from him and Jesse Jackson by satellite hookup. They liked it when Dukakis said he favored an educational venture capital fund to improve teacher pay. But Jackson brought them to their feet when he said that teacher pay should be doubled.

There was an easy symbiosis between these two union conclaves and the Democratic convention a few weeks later. "Education lobbyists swarm in Atlanta," reported one newspaper. Ten percent of all delegates and alternates were NEA or AFT members (with the unions covering their travel up to $1,000 apiece). They were a "pervasive presence," the NEA's Howard Carroll boasted. These teachers weren't there merely as individuals, either. Their unions held daily rallies, briefings, and strategy sessions for delegates, furnished them with information kits, and, at least in the case of the AFT, equipped them with beepers so they could be contacted at their leaders' convenience. Said leaders also hosted posh receptions for delegates, candidates, and party bigshots.

Displaying what today passes for political acumen, the unions cooperated in a tactical decision to keep the Democratic platform short and general. This was done, explained Carroll, "so the party will not be identified with being run by special interest groups." Shanker was as blunt: when the platform ends up with lots of specific pledges, programs, and promises, he explained, "it allows the Republicans to say, 'Look what they promised to their groups.' You add it up and add it to the deficit and you come up with a loser."

But what made the Democratic plank truly remarkable is that it said *nothing* whatsoever about educational quality, standards, or content. It was as if the nation had never been declared "at risk."

At their convention in August, by contrast, the Republicans crafted an endless platform full of specifics. Quality, standards, accountability, choice, and other concepts familiar from the Reagan-Bennett years were reiterated. Rhetorical deference was given to the states, localities, and parents (though the detailed programmatic suggestions in the platform echoed the new federal initiatives that Bush had previously urged, including an experimental school district scheme much like the NEA's).

In his keynote address, New Jersey Governor Tom Kean—who has done noble battle against his state's education establishment—came down squarely on the side of the general public. So did the Vice President in his acceptance speech, in the few sentences he devoted to education. The few teacher unionists present were said to be grieved (the NEA fielded forty-three Republican delegates this year, the AFT eight), not so much by the platform as by the sense that they weren't being courted. Bush "should work with the NEA if he is going to be the education President," said Dukakis-backer Mary Futrell, but "to date he has not responded to any of our invitations."

It was a golden moment for Bush to adopt language he's been using in other contexts and to say, "Damn right I haven't, and here's why." But the kid gloves stayed on. The Vice President dutifully completed the NEA's candidate questionnaire. A teacher-delegate from Utah told the press that Bush had agreed to meet with Futrell this fall. Meanwhile, convention planners did not allow Bennett's hard-hitting speech to be scheduled for prime time. An opportunity was thus missed to take up the big questions, to stress the central differences, and to make plain to the nation that the Republican party does not want the schools turned over to the employees.

Save for some impassioned lines about "values" education during the first debate, Bush has lately said practically nothing about education per se, though his staff has continued to flog the half-dozen new federal initiatives set forth earlier. Dukakis has been about as distant. Except for a weird new college loan scheme for middle-class students, the details of which his staff has been unable to explain, the Massachusetts governor has settled for blaming Bush for earlier (and largely unsuccessful) efforts by the Reagan Administration to reduce federal education spending. Bush, in turn, has shrewdly faulted Dukakis for the latter's now-notorious "pledge of allegiance veto," which is a sort of para-education issue—but which certainly helps document Dukakis's reluctance to act against the political preferences of teachers and their unions even when a larger public interest is at stake.

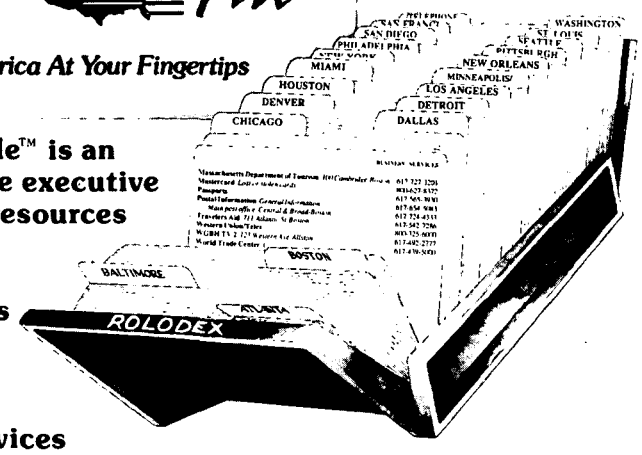
As President, Michael Dukakis would go along with the education establishment's new campaign to regain control of education reform. We cannot yet be sure whether George Bush would resist. This remains, nonetheless, a campaign to beware. The establishment's effort includes the possibility of radical modification or repeal of the boldest reforms that states have undertaken in the past five years. This campaign would wrest authority from lay policy-makers and hand it to educationists, boost education spending without increasing accountability, and thrust many more substantive decisions into the domain of collective bargaining. This is, moreover, a curiously anti-intellectual campaign, one that spurns clear evidence from research and experience in favor of trial-and-error. And it is surprisingly romantic, full of late-sixties talk of power-sharing, autonomy, self-determination, and group decision-making and just as full of that era's contempt for authority, standards, and majoritarian politics.

It is, in short, a campaign that deserves to be quashed. At the very least, it needs to be exposed. One would suppose that any national candidate fancying himself the "education President" would see that. But nothing of the sort has happened. Instead, the nation finds itself this fall with the educationists' stealthy quest for control going unremarked, while the highly visible presidential contest, on those rare occasions when it pays any attention to education, settles for side-issues, federal gimmicks, and hot air. □

AMERICA AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!

Metro File™

America At Your Fingertips



The Metro File™ is an indispensable executive directory of resources in 20 major U.S. cities. 6,000 listings of airlines, nightlife, restaurants, business services and more. Instant access to essential information! $39.95

1-800-426-5564

Dealer Inquiries Invited

Metro File™ is published by Metro Files Inc., a subsidiary of Rolodex Corporation
1963 Palmer Avenue, Larchmont, NY 10538

An Insilco International Specialty Company

®Rolodex is a registered trademark of Rolodex Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TALKIES

ON *THE LAST TEMPTATION*

by Bruce Bawer

Given all the furor, it seemed a sure bet that *The Last Temptation of Christ* would at least be interesting to watch. Wrong. It's sheer torture—one of those deadly boring films, like Barbra Streisand's *A Star is Born*, that drag along so numbingly that you get the feeling they *want* you to walk out. And believe me, I would've cleared out of *The Last Temptation* after twenty minutes or so if I hadn't already decided to write about it.

Fundamentalists who are lucky enough not to have seen this picture decry it as a willful, indeed cynical, act of sacrilege, a crass exploitation of Christianity. Not at all. Sacrilegious this film may be, but not intentionally so: on the contrary, it's the work of people who plainly thought they were doing something devout. After all, when competent movie people set out to make a few bucks off of Christianity, they don't turn out a picture like *The Last Temptation*; they give us crowd-pleasers like *The Robe*, *Quo Vadis*, *Ben Hur*—glossy platitudinous spectacles marked by stilted dialogue, excellent posture, syrupy musical scores, and a thoroughgoing (if thoroughly fake) reverence toward Holy Writ (or, more accurately, toward the crudest popular twentieth-century American conceptions thereof).

No, *The Last Temptation* seeks not to exploit Jesus but to know him, to understand him; if those old Hollywood Biblical movies held Christ at arm's length, this film—based on the novel by Nikos Kazantzakis, and directed by Martin Scorsese from a script by Paul Schrader (his collaborator on *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull*)—tries to climb into Christ's skin, to get inside his head. This is a noble motive, perhaps; but it's also an exceedingly dangerous one, for to break down the barriers that those vulgar old Hollywood epics tacitly observed is to risk a degree of vulgarity—and, yes, a degree of profanity—that even Cecil B. DeMille never approached. So it is that *The Last Temptation*, whose advertising would lead us to believe that it manifests a dignity, intelligence, and even godliness unprecedented in Jesus movies, in fact takes the genre to new depths of bad taste, fatuity, and moral offensiveness.

Willem Dafoe, who will be remembered for his portrayal of the Christ figure Sergeant Elias in *Platoon*, plays the Nazarene as a high-strung hippie—an oversensitive Haight-Ashbury type who spends most of his time whining to his apostles about his inner conflicts, confusions, doubts, and longings, and having impromptu rap sessions with them about such things as the relative importance of the soul and the body. (You keep expecting the boys to pass around a joint.) He's Jesus as seen through the filter of *Godspell* and *Jesus Christ Superstar*, of est and Transcendental Meditation, of Jim Morrison and John Lennon. When he's not whining he alternates between crying jags and shrill pronouncements about sin and death and the hereafter—none of which is in the least inspiring, for the script deliberately robs the Gospel of its poetry. When some men attempt to stone an adulteress to death, Christ doesn't say, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her"; no, he picks up a stone and says: "Who has never sinned? Who? Whoever that is, come here, and throw these." In the Sermon on the Mount, he doesn't say, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." No, he says, "The meek will be blessed. And the righteous will be blessed too." With an act like this, the real Jesus would never have made it to the big time. (This Jesus doesn't even know his grammar: he says "if I was" instead of "if I were," uses *like* for *as*, and announces that "it's me the prophets preached about.")

The idea here is clearly to remove Christ from the pages of Scripture, to make him more human. (The film shows him, for example, dancing at a wedding: Jesus as regular guy.) But what results is one of the most inarticulate protagonists ever to fill a movie screen. Lack of eloquence, you see, equals sincerity. This is a Lite Jesus—a timid, sniveling, banal, seedy-looking, not particularly bright Saviour who's utterly without majesty or depth or what junior high school teachers used to call "leadership qualities." There's no sense of profound love or goodness here, no sense of a huge soul in torment. There's not even any *warmth*. We're supposed to see him struggling with temptation, struggling against the necessity of his final sacrifice ("Do I really have to die?" he whimpers. "Is there any other way?"); yet he's not only tempted but weak, surly, vacillating, and impotent: a hollow vessel who occasionally has delusions, hears "voices," and acts like a guy on acid at the Port Authority in New York. Speaking in public, he usually doesn't even know what he's saying: "When those soldiers were torturing Magdalene I wanted to kill them and then I open my mouth and out comes the word love. . . . I don't understand."

When he's with Mary Magdalene (who is played by the lovely and gifted, but ever-spacey, Barbara Hershey), the two of them look and behave like one of those aging flower-child couples who live in Topanga Canyon, drive around in pick-up trucks, and analyze each other in pop-psych fashion ("You were hanging onto your mother," Mary Magdalene tells Christ, "then you were hanging onto me, now you're hanging onto God").

You get the feeling that Dafoe and Hershey's way of getting into the characters was to decide that Christ and Mary Magdalene must have been pretty much like George Harrison and Mia Farrow after a visit to their Indian guru. Lennon-style homilies abound: preaching his New Order, Jesus says, "All I'm saying is the change will happen with love, not with killing." And sex figures importantly; to Scorsese and company, the interesting thing about Jesus is that he was *human*, and to be human, in their view, is to be preoccupied with sex and self-gratification. Thus, in the course of his fantasy marriage to Mary, sister of Lazarus, Jesus tells her: "Don't ever leave me. I'm happy." And having reached (in that fantasy) a ripe old age, he tells a cantankerous St. Paul: "I enjoy my life—for the first time I'm enjoying it." (Jesus as "Tonight Show" guest!)

The Last Temptation is overacted throughout; Dafoe and Hershey in particular seem incapable of saying hello without putting on an intense Actors Studio expression. The portrayal of Christ's followers is strictly revisionistic: where the old Biblical movies presented them as gentle and soft-spoken, possessed of an inner peace, all the adherents of Christ in this film—John the Baptist, the disciples, St. Paul—are loud and pushy and obnoxious, selling salvation as if it were a cheap suit. The film is freighted with obtrusive dissolves, excessive atmosphere (camels, turbans, sand), and a musical score that relies too heavily on ditsy recorder music and a hard-rock African drumbeat; it contains too much talk and too little narrative drive;

Bruce Bawer, TAS*'s regular movie critic, is the author of* Diminishing Fictions *(Graywolf Press).*

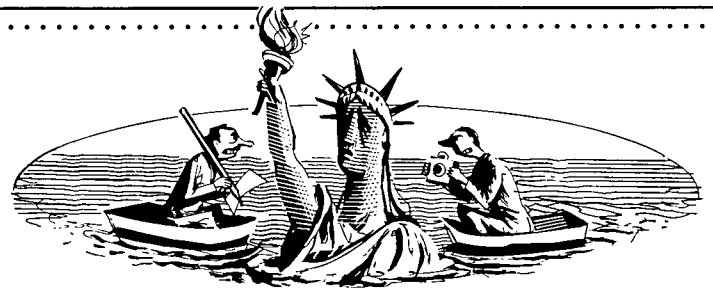
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and, like all of Scorsese's movies, it offers violence and gore aplenty, an abundance of yukky things that force you to look away from the screen.

But the most troubling thing about the film is that its theology is a mess. Yes, Christ was both human and divine; but a Christ horny for Mary Magdalene and tempted by the dream of a wife and some cute kids is simply not consistent with Biblical teachings. Nor is a St. Paul who, when Jesus (in his fantasy) identifies himself and demands that he stop preaching, declares, "I don't care whether you're Jesus or not. . . . If I have to crucify you to save the world, I'll do it." To ascribe such a pragmatic view of Christ to St. Paul is indefensible. But then there isn't much intellectual rigor here to speak of—or, for that matter, any real sense of engagement with the idea of God. When Jesus abandons his fantasy of a married life and accepts his fate on the Cross, you get the impression that he's doing so because it's a good career move.

Silly and offensive though this film is, to be sure, the filmmakers' intentions were patently not frivolous, nor their motives basely pecuniary. Martin Scorsese is a serious artist; he has done extraordinary work (*After Hours* remains one of my favorite films of the eighties); he is a master when it comes to making movies about whacked-out all-American anti-heroes. His mistake in *The Last Temptation of Christ* was to have taken on a subject extremely ill-suited to his grim, grubby, visceral, violence-obsessed, and utterly contemporary intellect. He has robbed Jesus of historicality, of divinity, of all but the most superficial sort of humanity, and—yes—of a heroic dimension. And what remains, I'm afraid, is not very much at all. □

PRESSWATCH



A SHRINKING WORLD

by Michael Ledeen

It's been a great summer for the media, and we must choose among a cornucopia of goodies. The award for the most fascinating story comes from the Ivory Coast, courtesy of Agence France Press (as will become evident, every country's news agencies reflect the motherland's political and cultural predilections).

ABIDJAN—Police had to rescue a traditional medicine man from a mob of angry fishermen who claimed he had used magic powers to reduce the size of their penises by two-thirds, press reports said yesterday. After the police prevented the two dozen fishermen from lynching him, the irate victims showed incredulous law-enforcement officers their appendages and accused the medicine man of being responsible for the shrinkage. The latter admitted to being responsible and confessed he had approached his victims with offers to restore their members to their former size—for a fee.

In the *Jerusalem Post*, where I ran across this tantalizing item, the headline featured the reaction of the crowd: "Penis shrinker attacked." But this is hardly the most interesting aspect of the story, as the French news agency's reporter must have realized. First is the question of evidence. Did the policemen check the claims of shrinkage? Aside from the fishermen themselves, could anyone verify their claims? And then there is the question of the "traditional medicine man." If he really did the awful deed, what were his methods?

Had the AFP reporter done a thorough job, the political implications of this story might well be enormous, particularly in the upcoming American elections. For two candidates who suffer from wimpish images, the capacity to enlarge penises magically might make the difference in a close campaign.

How to Apologize to Your Readers

On September 15, the *New York Times* published what might be termed the correction to end all corrections. Entitled "Editors' Note," it told readers that, way back in February, an article on El Salvador had been misleading. First of all, it had given an impression that the information (claiming that two citizens had been murdered by left-wing guerrillas) was based on firsthand knowledge, when in reality the story relied on a local newspaper report plus verbal confirmation from "a representative of a leading human rights organization." According to the note,

The article fell short of The Times's reporting and editing standards. It should not have left the impression that it was based on firsthand interviewing, and it should have explained why firsthand confirmation was not available.

Moreover, at a later date, the human rights representative changed her mind, and "The Times then erred in not making its own determination of the facts." Still later, other journalists determined that much of the *Times*'s account was false, and "again The Times erred in not looking into the matter."

I have been praising the policy of the *Times* in these matters for several months, and once again I am impressed. The note is a model for the media, for not only does it correct the record, but it clearly states what is being corrected, and why. The reader is told that the *Times* made a mistake, what the mistake was, how the mistake was made, and what the truth seems to be.

There are some at the *Times* who feel that this sort of thing makes the paper look bad, and is somehow demeaning to the *Times*, but I strongly disagree. The role of the media is not to develop an image of infallibility, but rather to help create an informed public. Corrections of this sort are invaluable and, to me at least, add immeasurably to the credibility of the newspaper. I am far more likely to believe the *Times* than newspapers that refuse to issue such statements.

On the other hand, I think that we can do without such masochistic excesses as "the article fell short of The Times's . . . standards." Never mind the agonizing self-reappraisals, please, just give us the facts. But this is a minor quibble. Send another medal to Max Frankel for Honesty in Media.

Jack Anderson and the Ayatollah

I have ignored Jack Anderson for a couple of years, largely because I felt that anyone who wants his articles on the comics page (where the *Washington Post* runs them) should probably be reviewed in the classifieds. Indeed, Anderson has chosen well, for his constant use of allegedly secret information to "prove" commonplaces is one of the more comic aspects of his generally entertaining writing. In mid-September, however, he tried to be Deep and Thoughtful about the attempts by the Reagan Administration to establish contact with Iranian "moderates" in 1985 and 1986. Rather surprisingly, he concluded that the efforts of North and the others to deal with Rafsanjani and his ilk were wise and laudable, and only failed because of the devious activities of the sinister Manucher Ghorbanifar.

One cannot help but suspect that Anderson was fed this line by those persons (largely officials of the CIA) who drove the unfortunate Ghorbanifar out of the operation in the summer of 1986, thereby guaranteeing that the Iran initiative would fail. Anyone who thought about human nature should have realized that taking the one person in the Iran initiative who knew *everything* (and Ghorbanifar was the only person who had been involved from the very beginning—indeed, he was the man who originally claimed that it was possible to improve relations between the United States and Iran) and throwing him to the wolves would cause Ghorbanifar to take his revenge.

It may be churlish of me to complain about Anderson—after all, it's nice that people are finally coming around to realize not only that we had a serious objective in mind from the very beginning of the Iran initiative, but that it might well have been achieved with better management—but the use of Ghorbanifar as the excuse for the initiative's failure is a bit much. If Anderson is so well plugged in to the secrets of that part of the world, he ought to know

(continued on page 53)

Michael Ledeen is author of the new book, Perilous Statecraft: An Insider's Account of the Iran-Contra Affair *(Charles Scribner's Sons).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEWS

THE MAGIC LANTERN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Ingmar Bergman/Viking/$19.95

John Simon

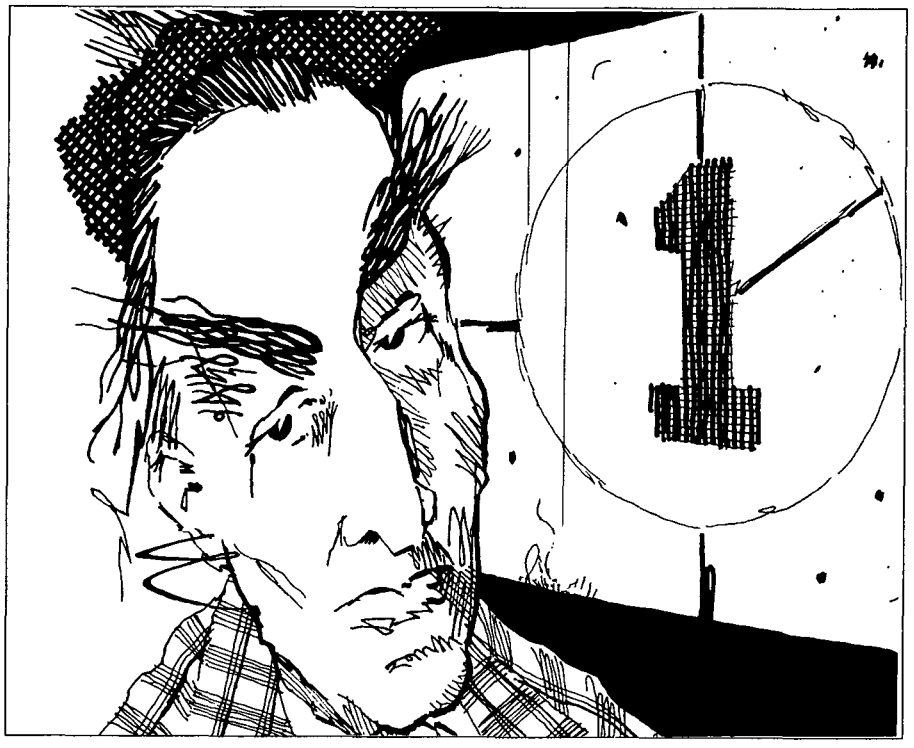
This is the era of show-biz autobiographies as big as the egos of their authors. So Arthur Miller weighs in at 600 tall pages and Elia Kazan at 800 (including, to be sure, the illustrations); modestly, Kirk Douglas contents himself with 500. How wonderful that Ingmar Bergman in *The Magic Lantern* can bring his seven decades of life in at 290 smaller, looser pages. It is not as if he had had a less eventful life or were a lesser artist—on the contrary. But in an autobiographer concision is a double virtue: it bespeaks skill in the writer and unpretentiousness in the man. It also means that he does not feel compelled to tell everything he ever did, saw, thought, but leaves a few empty spaces to be filled in by the reader. It is a charming, old-fashioned *politesse*, like leaving one last mouthful on one's plate: the one is a tribute to the host's generosity; the other, to the reader's imagination.

The two salient features of this autobiography are its unusually skillful construction and the simple beauty of the writing. If you add to this the eventfulness of Bergman's life, the hard-earned wisdom with which he can now contemplate it, and the candor with which he relates both the good and the bad about himself—without false modesty or vain self-justification—you have before you the stuff of great autobiography.

First, the construction. It resembles Bergman's film *Wild Strawberries* in its nonchronological progression, only it is much more daring. It begins with the birth of Ernst Ingmar during the Spanish influenza epidemic of 1918; a sickly infant, he is not expected to live. Soon the boy is four and wildly jealous of his new-born sister. Next, he is a grown man scanning pictures of his childhood for the changing face of his mother, clearly for the documentary he made about her face that he mentions near the end of the book. There follow recollections of childhood scenes involving Mother, then a flashforward to "today," with Mother in the hospital with a tube up her nose and talking to Ingmar about their lives. Then back to childhood, and forward again to 1965, each subchapter about two pages long, as Mother phones Ingmar to come to see Father at the hospital, where he faces a serious operation he may not survive. Ingmar refuses: he and Father have nothing to say to each other, he is indifferent to the old man, and he might scare him to death with an unexpected visit. Mother and son fight: Ingmar will not fall for the blackmail of "for my sake," and Mother cries; he slams the receiver. Next she comes to Dramaten (the Royal Dramatic Theater) to extract from her son a promise that he'll go see Father; son and mother have a nice time drinking tea and chatting. The next time he comes to see her, a few days later, she is dead by the time he gets there. She has a small Band-Aid on her left forefinger. Near the end of the book, her ghost appears to him, and they have a long but unsatisfying conversation. The Band-Aid is still on her finger.

These juxtapositions, though sudden and jolting, have a common theme: Mother. Other collocations of subchapters may not have so obvious a thread, but they do connect, even as they often contrast in rhythm or emotional intensity. The ordering is both musical and cinematic, and thus especially appropriate to Bergman, to whom Herbert von Karajan said, "You direct as if you were a musician. You've a feeling for rhythm, the musicality, pitch." Thus Bergman's life, which provided countless incidents for his scenarios (transmuted, of course), profits from the scenarist's art when that life, in turn, becomes the subject. Things come full circle.

This structure serves a distinct purpose: to make the past and the present coexist, to convey the oneness of life through and beyond individual phases, even as life and work also form a single, coherent whole. The ending of *Wild Strawberries* suggests the hero's reconciliation with his parents, his past, his life. *The Magic Lantern* is similarly shot through with reconciliations, although it is also a facing up to certain errors, certain insufficiencies, that will never cease to ache. A memory of Bergman's third wife (out of four or five, depending on whether you count the quasi-marriage to Liv Ullmann), Gun, who was in some sense raped by her ex-husband, elicits the following comment: "There are moving pictures with sound and light which never leave the projector of the soul but run in loops throughout life with unchanging sharpness, unchanging objective clarity. Only one's own insight inexorably and relentlessly moves inwards toward the truth." So the inner life is cinema, too.



Second, the quality of the writing itself, full of aperçus and ironies, evocations of people or places or situations with utmost economy and understated elegance. Here, for example, is a bit from Ingmar's final reunion with his older brother, Dag. As children, they had fought with fratricidal rage, Dag knocking out Ingmar's two front teeth, Ingmar setting Dag's bed (with Dag in it) on fire. In the very next subchapter, Dag is 69, paralyzed, and barely able to speak. He has been consul to Greece, and he and his Greek wife have come to Fårö (Sheep Island) to visit Ingmar and *his* wife:

> He remembered much more than I did. He spoke of his hatred for Father and his strong ties to Mother. To him, they were still parents, mysterious creatures, capricious, incomprehensible and larger than life. We made our way along overgrown paths and stared at each other in astonishment, two elderly gentlemen, now at an insuperable distance from each other. Our mutual antipathy had gone, but had left space for emptiness; there was no contact, no affinity. My brother wanted to die, but was at the same time afraid of dying; a raging will to live keeping his lungs and heart going. He also pointed out that he had no chance of committing suicide because he could not move his hands.

And the narrative goes on from there, with the same incisive terseness, with the same artful alteration of small, concrete things and big, transcendently awesome ones. The same sense of architectonics for building up a paragraph to a shattering climax or a sobering anticlimax.

But Bergman can be just as effective with a comic episode. In Paris with Gun, after a fancy lunch of kidneys *flambé* and a visit to the theater, comes the ascent of the Eiffel Tower:

> Now as we stood at the very top of the Eiffel Tower, gazing over that famous panorama, countless colon bacilli struck. We were both afflicted with terrible internal spasms and rushed for the lifts, where large notices stated that they were closed for two hours in sympathy with the protracted strike of the workers in the public cleansing department. We made our way down the winding staircase with no possible chance of preventing a catastrophe. An incredibly obliging taxi driver spread his newspapers

---

John Simon, author of Ingmar Bergman Directs, *is movie critic for* National Review *and drama critic for* New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out on the back seat and conveyed this semiconscious stinking couple to their hotel, where for the next twenty-four hours, crawling from the bed across the floor, we alternately and jointly embraced the lavatory bowl. Until then, shyness in our love had prevented us from using the bathroom convenience, and when in need we had pattered off to the considerably less luxurious arrangement in the corridor. At one blow, all discretion was swept away. Our physical misery undoubtedly brought us closer to each other.

Here again Bergman understates consummately. The striking bacilli are clearly but subtly contrasted with the workers' strike, as is the latter's being in the "public cleansing department" with the lovers' private, intensely sullied state. And there are splendid details such as embracing the bowl "alternately and jointly."

Bergman, as mentioned, is terrific also with thumbnail descriptions and characterizations. Thus ". . . Serge Lifar, the aging monster in *L'Après-midi d'un faun* [sic, but blame this on translator and publishers], a fat whore with moist open lips, shamelessly radiating all the vices of the 1920's." In one way, of course, "all the vices of the 1920's" is absurd: what vices are limited to a specific decade? Yet it is also true: the decadence of that period seems somehow gaudier, more purple, than that of any other in recent memory. And what about the following, on the work of the director—in this case a fever-ridden young Bergman: "But I showed nothing. It is a dereliction of duty to let private afflictions obtrude at work. Your mood must be even and forceful, but, on the other hand, indefinable creative desires must not be encouraged. You have to rely on careful preparation and hope for better things." I love that last sentence, pitched exactly midway between matter-of-factness and irony.

Bergman's is an arduous life, the slow divestment of the terrible constraints imposed by a troubled Lutheran minister's household in puritanical Sweden. Escape into art was not easy; there was penury for a long time. Success, in both theater and films, came in sudden spurts; but there were always dread relapses into failure. A few directors and producers, the odd critic, and one dead writer—Strindberg—helped and sustained Ingmar; but there was lurking incomprehension all around, and the series of setbacks that made a young man who could take everything save humiliation suffer horribly. There were also the women, often his actresses or other co-workers, who became lovers or wives and helped or impeded artistic evolution. Here, for instance, is Bergman with Ellen, his second wife, to whom he lied constantly: "For brief moments between battles, we felt a profound fellowship, the sympathy and forgiveness of the body." How nicely that is worded!

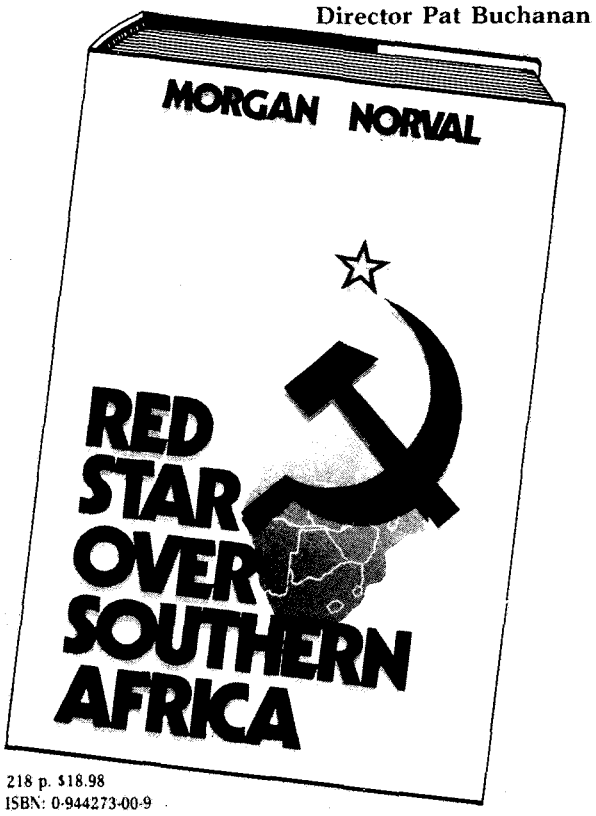
There are detailed accounts of the income tax scandal Bergman was unjustly enmeshed in and of his ensuing nervous breakdown; remarkable vignettes of other people's and his own experiences working in theater and film; evocative sketches of meetings or collaborations with Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, the conductor Issey Dobrowen, the aging actor Lars Hanson (who is not named), Laurence Olivier (they did not hit it off), and great Swedish directors such as Alf Sjöberg and Olof Molander. When Bergman became director of Dramaten, he had to fire Molander though, along with Sjöberg, Molander had been one of his heroes; the incident is told with devastating honesty and is painful even to read, much less to live. There are entrancing episodes of work experiences, ludicrous or inspiring or both at once.

From a tormented and exultant child, Bergman develops into a neurotic and difficult young man whom success doesn't lastingly appease or tame. Loves and marriages come and go, as

New foreign policy perspectives from the Selous Foundation Press

Red Star Over Southern Africa
By Morgan Norval

"It is too bad that Teddy Kennedy, Jesse Jackson, and the rest of the Boer-bashers both in and out of government won't take the time to read this important book. If they did, and were honest in their intentions, they would pursue a different course in regard to the tragic events now unfolding in southern Africa. . . . ."
—former White House Communications Director Pat Buchanan

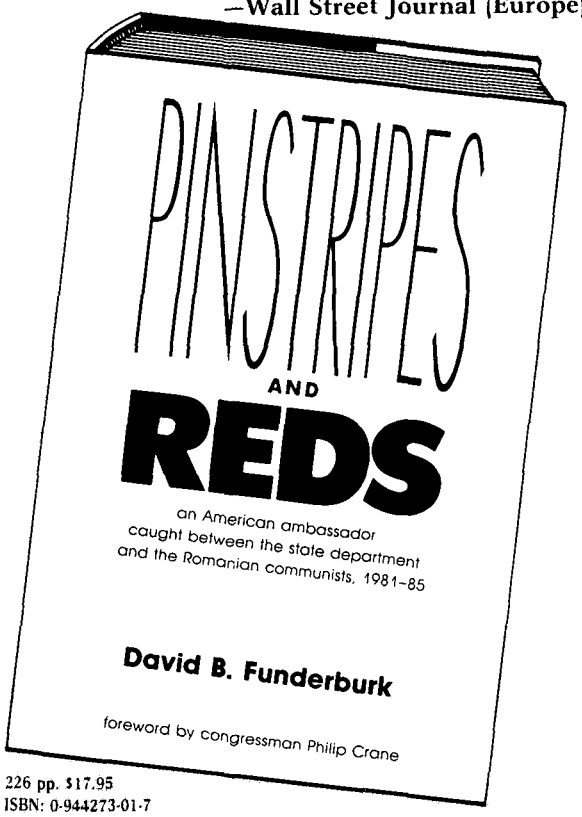


218 p. $18.98
ISBN: 0-944273-00-9

Red Star Over Southern Africa details why the increasing influence of Soviet-sponsored guerilla movements within the region may jeopardize the future economic and political interests of South Africa and threaten strategic relations with the United States.

Pinstripes and Reds:
An American ambassador caught between the U.S. State Department and the Romanian Communists, 1981-1985.
By David B. Funderburk

". . . a lively if diplomatically selective account of [Ambassador Funderburk's] 'Cassandra' years in Bucharest. . . . [His resignation] dramatized the hostility that often arises between political appointees. . . and the State Department career cadre."
—Wall Street Journal (Europe)


PINSTRIPES
AND
REDS
an American ambassador caught between the state department and the Romanian communists, 1981–85
David B. Funderburk
foreword by congressman Philip Crane

226 pp. $17.95
ISBN: 0-944273-01-7

Funderburk demonstrates how Romania, under the leadership of Nicolae Ceausescu has gone from a measure of self-sufficiency to a country now plagued with a devastated economy and an increasing magnitude of human rights violations.

Please send me the following:
_____ copy(ies) of **Pinstripes and Reds** at $17.95 plus $2.00 for postage and handling for each book.

_____ copy(ies) of **Red Star Over Southern Africa** at $18.95 plus $2.00 for postage and handling for each book.

Amount enclosed: _____ (VA residents please add 4.5% sales tax.) Make check payable to:
Selous Foundation Press

Name: _____
Affiliation _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
AS 988●

Place your order by calling (202) 463-0346, or send order with payment to:
Selous Foundation Press
c/o American Comnet, Inc.
1155 21st St. N.W.
Suite 400
Washington, DC 20036

For discounts on bulk orders please contact American Comnet, Inc., at the address or phone number listed above.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do triumphs and failures; the suggestive leaps by which the story proceeds—through reminiscences, echoes, flashforwards—somehow manage to turn discursiveness and disjointedness into the compelling self-portrait of a restlessly stalking mind. Past, present, future are abolished, and there is only a stretch of synchronicity over which the memory roams freely in search of connection and comprehension.

Bergman believes in ghosts, and there are several arresting ghost (or otherwise fantastic) stories. But he is also an atheist, albeit with relapses into some sort of half-belief. The struggle with God leaves him "with a calming message. You were born without purpose, you live without meaning, living is its own meaning. When you die, you are extinguished. . . . A god does not necessarily dwell among our increasingly capricious atoms." But note that "necessarily." And he never denies the life of the spirit. From his pastor father, Bergman learns (in an incident he incorporated at the end of *Winter Light*) that "*irrespective of everything* [specifically: physical illness], *you will hold your communion.* It is important to the churchgoer, but even more important to you. We shall have to see if it is important to God. [Again the uncertainty, disguised as playfulness.] If there is no other god than your hope as such, it is important to that god too." This writing can hold its own against anybody's.

That is Bergman hopeful. But there is also Bergman dejected, fighting the weakness of age and sympathizing more and more with Master-Builder Solness climbing the church tower despite his vertigo in "the urge toward the impossible." And he goes on: "Failure can have a fresh and astringent taste, adversity stirs up aggression and shakes life into creativity which might otherwise remain dormant. It's fun to cling to the northwest wall of Mount Everest. Before I am silenced for biological reasons, I very much want to be contradicted and questioned. Not just by myself. That happens every day. I want to be a pest, a troublemaker, and hard to pigeonhole."

Here again the attitude toward life and, by implication, death is, if not cheerful, at least stoical. But Bergman wouldn't be Bergman if the opposite were not also true. Take this passage, perhaps the most moving in the book, where he tries to talk about his current and doubtless last wife, Ingrid, the only fully mature woman he was ever involved with. He finds he cannot write about her. Then he recalls Ovid's tale of Philemon and Baucis (which he gets slightly wrong) and goes on, infinitely movingly:

> My wife and I live near each other. One of us thinks and the other answers, or the other way round. I have no means of describing our affinity.
>
> One problem is insoluble. One day the blow will fall and separate us. No friendly god will turn us into a tree to shade the farm. I have a talent for imagining most of life's situations. I plug in my intuition and my imagination and appropriate emotions pour in, colouring and deepening.
>
> Nevertheless I lack the means of imagining the moment of separation. As I am neither able nor willing to imagine another life, some kind of life beyond the frontier, the perspective is appalling. From a somebody I will become a nobody. That nobody will not even have the memory of an affinity.

This strikes me as enormously powerful in its understatement. But, then, Bergman is precisely the master of the hint, the suggestion—of what is said without being spoken. When he and Ingrid left Sweden over the income tax mess—just as Strindberg had left under a different sort of cloud—they tried Hollywood for a while. One morning "Barbra Streisand telephoned and asked us whether we would like to bring our bathing gear with us for a little party by the pool. I thanked her, put down the receiver, turned to Ingrid and said: 'Let's go back to Faro at once. . . .'" Nothing is said. Everything is said.

There is a wonderful love of nature and childhood informing this book, which may come as a surprise to those having only a cursory knowledge of Bergman's work. But the twin passions that thread their way through the autobiography are the theater and the cinema. Bergman went to the Royal Dramatic for the first time at age twelve. Subsequently, as its director, he would sometimes go sit in the same seat in the dark, empty house and "give in to nostalgia." For "this great auditorium lying in silence and semi-darkness was—after great hesitation, I think of writing 'the beginning and the end and almost everything in between.' It looks silly and exaggerated in print, but I can't find a better way of putting it—the beginning and the end and almost everything in between."

And what of the movies? When Ingmar was even smaller, nine or ten, a very rich aunt gave a cinematograph—a toy film projector—which he thought *he* was getting from her on Christmas, to his brother instead. It was what he had wanted most, and the injustice of it crushed him. Later that night he woke up Dag and gave him all his hundred tin soldiers for the cinematograph. As he projected his first little film loop, his excitement was indescribable. Near the end of *The Magic Lantern*, he talks about his private screening room on Fårö and the films the Swedish Cinematheque lends him: "Sixty years have gone by but the excitement is still the same."

In sundry interviews, Bergman has said that film was his demanding mistress, but theater his cozy, loyal wife. Well, he managed the amazing feat of keeping both wife and mistress happy—not to mention himself. Neurotic as Bergman was all his life (though less so as he grew older), hounded as he was by chronically upset stomachs, insomnia, and a host of intermittent ailments, he nevertheless always came through for himself, for his art, for the world. Would that Joan Tate, the translator, had done likewise. But not only is this translation full of sometimes arcane Britishisms, it is also devoid of knowledge of film, theater, even grammar. Miss Tate gives us "two-acters" for two-reelers, "Goethe's Margareta" for Gretchen or Marguerite, such barbarisms as "virtuosi Bavarians," "and nor," "when I asked him . . . he had at once accepted," "a mutual existence," "period of time," "intriguing objects," "hellish stimulating," and many more. "Johnny," the key word, is missing from the title of Marlene Dietrich's famous song, Claudel's *The Tidings They Brought to Mary* (as it is known in English) becomes *The Annunciation to Mary*, and so on. Since the American edition does not use the British pages, we must assume that copy editing is equally dead on both sides of the Atlantic.

It would take much more than that, however, to dim the pleasure of this book. In nine lines, Bergman can encapsulate what went wrong with his marriage to the pianist Käbi Laretei (of whom, bizarrely, we get only a rear view among the inadequate selection of illustrations), but the true writer reveals himself even in the briefest of snatches: "I was sitting in my workroom in Fårö and it was raining, that soft quiet summer rain, as if it were going to rain all day, the kind that doesn't exist any more." That three-part build-up from physical description, through psychological impression, to metaphysical nostalgia—there you have the true writer at work. In any medium, Bergman is the kind of artist that hardly exists any more. □

REMEMBERING AMERICA: A VOICE FROM THE SIXTIES

Richard N. Goodwin/Little, Brown/$19.95

Fred Barnes

Richard Goodwin was the boy wonder of the Kennedy White House, a young and very liberal aide with direct access to the President. Later, after meddlesome stints in the State Department and the Peace Corps, he returned to the White House as Lyndon Johnson's chief speechwriter. He quit in late 1965, soon was criticizing LBJ publicly for intervening in Vietnam, signed on with Gene McCarthy's campaign in 1968, and finally jumped ship to join Bobby Kennedy. That's his claim to fame. Goodwin thinks the years when he was a big deal in Washington were better than the years since then, when he wasn't. That's only human nature, I guess. Reporters who covered him in those days tell me he had a big head. After reading his book, I can confirm that he still does.

So many pages (543), so little to say. The basic theme, which is what Goodwin spent his time on in the sixties and how wonderfully important it all was, is the stuff of a fat magazine article. Or maybe he should have given a series of lectures at some East Coast college on "The Swinging Sixties: The Puffed-Up Reminiscences of a Kennedy Liberal." Instead, we get this book.

Out of twenty-seven chapters, I counted two interesting ones. And to be honest, I could make it through the rest of my life without having read those two. Both deal with LBJ. I'd always heard that Lyndon liked to talk with aides as he sat on the toilet. Goodwin recounts such an incident. "I remained standing, of course—Johnson had the only seat in the room," he writes. This was different from Kennedy's approach. "Kennedy's intimacies with me were restricted to receiving communications while taking a bath," says Goodwin.

The other good chapter is devoted to Johnson and civil rights. Goodwin sat in on a meeting between LBJ and then-Governor George Wallace of Alabama. Shrewd and tough as Wallace was, LBJ blew him away. Wallace wound up asking Johnson to send federal troops to Alabama to restore racial peace. Goodwin also wrote Johnson's speech to

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congress proposing the Voting Rights Act. It was one of Johnson's best, and Goodwin had only eight hours to write it. That, I'll admit, is quite a feat.

Trouble is, Goodwin still writes like a speechwriter. He puts passages like this in his book: "For the America of such long and noble lineage, this athletic democracy—now dormant—needs only the touch of faith to awaken a strength and courage of imagination more than adequate to navigate beyond the stormy present toward a destiny, never precisely defined, but which, for centuries, has been not the goal, but the meaning of America." That may be good speechwriting, but it's lousy writing. Worse, he quotes incessantly and at great length from speeches he wrote for JFK and LBJ in the sixties. All but the civil rights speech haven't worn that well.

Goodwin commits the two greatest sins of folks who write about the sixties. One is the notion of some special bond among politically active people in that decade. Goodwin goes beyond the usual Woodstock twaddle about how young liberals had such wild and crazy ambitions for the world in those days. He says that "Che Guevara was also a child of the sixties." So were "both Kennedys, Martin Luther King, Lyndon Johnson of the Great Society, the student organizers of SDS, the early leaders of the peace movement. And in other countries there were de Gaulle of France, Mao of China, Haya de la Torre of Peru." For heaven's sake, who wasn't a child of the sixties? Only Richard Nixon and Gordon Liddy, I suppose.

The other great sin is ignoring, or merely condemning, everything that's happened since the 1960s. Goodwin acts as if the Viet Cong and the National Liberation Front were exactly what he thought they seemed in the sixties. Sorry, Dick, but we know better now. Both were wholly owned subsidiaries of the North Vietnamese, not indigenous forces fighting for change and democracy in South Vietnam. How do we know this? Well, the North Vietnamese have admitted as much. And when the North won the war, they didn't turn the South over to the Viet Cong and NLF. They kept it for themselves, and the Viet Cong and NLF vanished overnight.

Goodwin is no better on the Tet Offensive. After all that's been written about Tet, some people still think it was a Viet Cong victory. There's no accounting for plain ignorance, but Goodwin is a smart guy who should know better. The Tet Offensive was a massive Viet Cong failure that was transformed into a great victory by the misguided American press and by queasy politicians and bureaucrats in Washington. Why pretend otherwise at this late date? Goodwin does, I believe, because he remains blinded by his passionate opposition to American military intervention in Vietnam. Reflective, he's not. He doesn't mention the boat people in Vietnam or the holocaust in Cambodia that resulted from the American withdrawal from Vietnam.

Vietnam is Goodwin's all-purpose scapegoat. He insists that the Great Society, while planned, never really happened because LBJ's attention shifted to the war. I can understand why he makes this argument. At best, Great Society programs failed. At worst, they damaged the very people they were supposed to help by locking in a permanent underclass in America, dependent on Food Stamps, AFDC, federal rent supplements, Medicaid, and so on. Goodwin argues that there weren't enough federal programs implemented and enough money spent. Please, spare me.

Goodwin brims with moral superiority. "For the first time as a nation, America confronts . . . the possibility of irrecoverable decline." This, he says, is the legacy of the collapse of the New Frontier and the Great Society. "The defeats of the sixties might be more than a temporary setback," Goodwin writes. In other words, America is in trouble because it's drifted away from the super-liberal panaceas of the sixties.

That's the bad news from Goodwin. The good news, by his standards, is that the flame of hope flickers still. "Today, for the first time since our defeat in Vietnam, one senses large numbers of Americans emerging from an almost willed sleep to a repudiation of resignation and an awakening resentment of their loss of power over the direction of the nation and the conditions of their daily lives," he writes. ". . . The sixties have passed into history, but the animating spirit of that time is not dead."

Oh, yes it is. For the life of me, I can't figure out what makes him think otherwise. It can't be Michael Dukakis—Jimmy Carter without the humor—who's given him this impression. Even if he wins, Dukakis wants to reinvent the stagnant 1970s, not the 1960s. Maybe Goodwin was persuaded the sixties are coming back because the Beach Boys prevailed over James Watt and starred in a July 4 celebration on the Washington Monument grounds. Or maybe he thinks Gorbo is a sixties type. Or maybe, like millions of others, he's convinced Elvis is still among us, just waiting for the right moment to step into the light and reawaken a long-lost era. □

AND WE ARE NOT SAVED: THE ELUSIVE QUEST FOR RACIAL JUSTICE

Derrick Bell/Basic Books/$19.95

Lino A. Graglia

Like his Marxist Critical Legal Studies colleagues on the faculty of Harvard Law School—which he nonetheless criticizes as too conservative and eager to avoid controversy—Derrick Bell believes that "America's continuing commitment to white domination" makes it an "all-too-real world of racial oppression." America's "white society," he writes, is a society of "moral corruption" where "whites as well as blacks are being exploited, deceived, and betrayed by those in power." The need, therefore, is for a "restructured society" and changed "structure of government."

Bell's concern is "the salvation of racial equality." Why, he asks, has *Brown* v. *Board of Education*'s "promise of racial equality escaped a fulfillment that thirty years ago appeared assured"? The answer, of course, is that *Brown*'s promise has been not only fulfilled but fulfilled beyond any contemplation possible at the time. The "racial equality before the law" promised by *Brown* has been realized by effective constitutional and statutory prohibitions of discrimination against blacks by government, state or federal, or by government-supported institutions. Bell's inquiry as to the cause of the low socio-economic status of many blacks today is, therefore, entirely misdirected.

The mistaken premise of Bell's lament is that a promise of racial equality before the law is a promise of equal outcomes in all endeavors for all racial groups regardless of other factors. The promise of *Brown* was, to the contrary, that racial groupings would thereafter be legally irrelevant, that the law would no longer know any individual's race. Bell is pleading for a regime, different from if not the opposite of the one promised by *Brown*, in which the law *must* know each individual's race and in which almost nothing can be done by government except on the basis of race.

Bell's argument rests on the contention that racial discrimination has not been eliminated or greatly reduced since *Brown*—that there are "patterns of contemporary racial discrimination . . . close in intent to, if different in form from, those practiced in earlier times" and an "increasing viability of concepts of white superiority." Here he is not only obviously mistaken but perversely mistaken. In terms of "racial justice" or "racial equality," there is all the difference in the world between a requirement that, say, police officers be white and a requirement that all applicants for police officer positions pass minimum competency tests, even though one effect of such tests is to disqualify a disproportionate number of blacks. The burden of being white should not be so great, despite Bell's efforts, to require countenancing his argument that the two requirements are "close in intent" and different only "in form."

One could make the different argument, of course, that fulfillment of the promise of *Brown* does not adequately address the problems of blacks—more accurately, of the black underclass, defined largely in terms of single-parent, female-headed homes—as the severe persistence of those problems clearly indicates. Bell's argument enables him to avoid considering any cause of the problems of the black underclass other than past or present racial discrimination. But it does not appear that the problems of the black underclass today are in any direct sense primarily due to past or present racial oppression. The principal problems today of the black underclass are teenage pregnancy and crime, and these have increased in recent years as racial discrimination has decreased. The success of many recent Asian immigrants and West Indian blacks is a further embarrassment to the argument from discrimination.

More important, the case for doing what can be done to improve the present condition of the black underclass should not depend crucially on the extent, if any, to which that condition can be traced to past discrimination. Lawyers, like Bell, naturally think in terms of remedying past wrongs. And insofar as courts are seen as the principal actors, as they are by Bell, a "remedy" rationale is probably necessary: the compulsory school integra-

---

Lino A. Graglia is Rex G. Baker and Edna Heflin Baker Professor of Constitutional Law at the University of Texas School of Law.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion (busing) and "affirmative action" decisions all purport, incredibly, to be "remedying" past wrongs. The deplorable condition of the black underclass is not any less of a serious social problem, however, if it is not primarily due to past discrimination. Looked at simply as a matter of social policy, the only question is: What, if anything, can usefully be done to improve that condition? American society should do what it can to help the black underclass, not because it is the result of past wrongs, but because it is, in any event, a blot on American society and inconsistent with the maintenance of a healthy, prosperous, and secure society.

Each of Bell's ten chapters begins with a "Chronicle" related by "Geneva Crenshaw," a fictional former lawyer-colleague of Bell's in NAACP Legal Defense Fund civil rights litigation and a woman of "impressive intelligence," "stunning looks," and "keen wit." After each Chronicle, Geneva and Bell enter into a discussion. Geneva usually takes a position even more despairing and disparaging of whites, if possible, than Bell's. The sum of her wisdom on racial matters is, as she states at the beginning, that her "worst fears have been realized" and "equal opportunity" (in quotes) has been transformed from a "guarantee of racial equality into one more device that the society can use to perpetuate the racial status quo." Everyone knows oppression is oppression; but it takes a social critic of Bell's perception to see that equality of opportunity is also oppression. Geneva lives in a world where blacks "have always been able to outsmart white folks," but where, unfortunately, you cannot "win an argument with a white man by proving that you were smarter than he was"—views that would be somewhat less acceptable if the racial references were reversed.

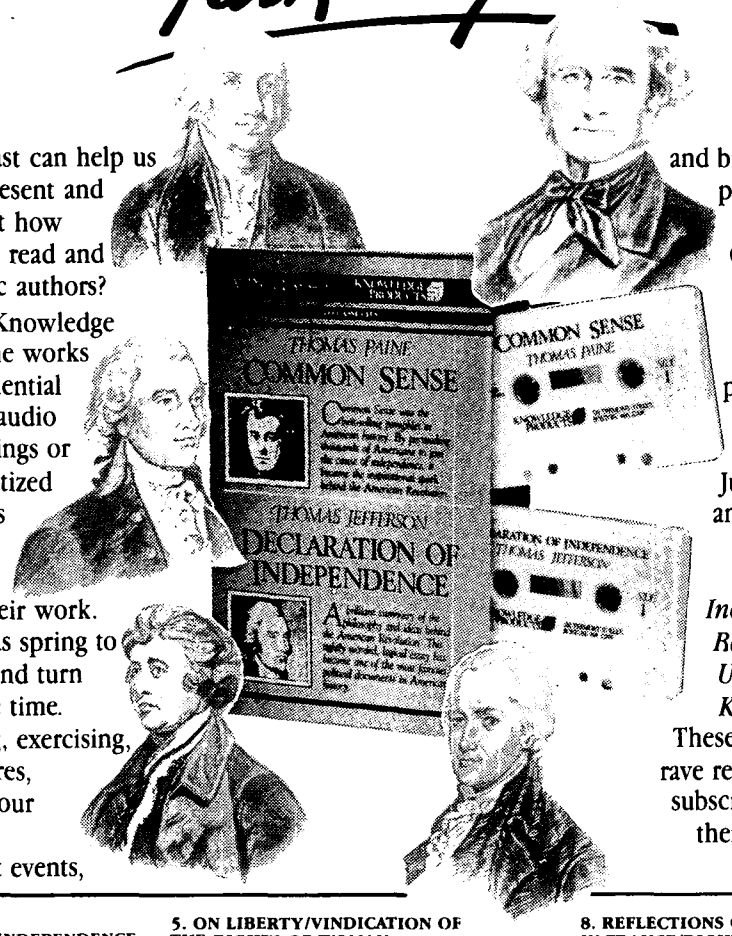
In the first Chronicle, Geneva attempts unsuccessfully to convince the 1787 Philadelphia constitutional convention not to compromise with slavery—ignoring that the choice was not between abolishing or permitting slavery, which would have continued in the South in any event, but between forming or not forming a stronger union. In the ensuing discussion, Bell cites statistics meant to show the poor economic condition of blacks relative to whites. To repeat: there is no doubt that the situation of the black underclass should be a matter of high national priority. But it is no help—it is in fact preposterous—to insist, as Bell does, that the source of the problem is "white policy makers' racial motivations," and that "the country's contemporary leaders, . . . having every reason to know that we are not inferior, seem determined to maintain racial dominance even if that aim destroys us and the country." This is nothing other than the preaching of race hatred.

The second Chronicle is devoted to showing that civil rights victories by blacks have actually been of greater benefit to whites. It puts forth the basic Marxist proposition that there is a "much-needed transformation of an industrial nation's social structure that, as presently organized, espouses liberty for the individual but prospers through the systematic exploitation of the lower classes"—to which Bell adds, characteristically, "particularly those who are not white." "Suffering and injustices [are] being visited by the system on the exploited groups," but "exploited working-class whites—lulled by a surfeit of sports, sex, and patriotic fervor—readily acquiesce in so oppressive a system."

To deal with this situation, Geneva suggests convincing "the upper classes and their representatives that their selfish interests can best be protected by an even greater-than-usual lack of concern for the plight of the working classes and the poor." The resulting elimination of "the present social programs, which even now manage only to stave off starvation while keeping the

"In clear and understandable language, the AUDIO CLASSICS series presents the great ideas that have shaped the political and economic institutions of the modern world. It is an idea whose time has come, and I recommend it highly."
—William E. Simon
former U.S. Secretary of the Treasury and author of A Time for Truth

The World's GREAT THINKERS Talk To You



The wisdom of the past can help us better understand the present and anticipate the future. But how many of us have time to read and study the ideas of classic authors?

For those who don't, Knowledge Products has gathered the works of the world's most influential thinkers into a series of audio tapes — not simply readings or abridgements, but dramatized presentations that discuss the authors, their ideas, and the historical conflicts that inspired their work. The world's greatest ideas spring to life in your tape player, and turn idle time into productive time. Whether you are driving, exercising, or doing household chores, you can now stimulate your thinking, gain a deeper understanding of current events, and broaden your personal and professional horizons.

You'll find our Audio Classics Listening Program to be an efficient, enjoyable way to acquire knowledge. And we provide a 15-day trial offer with each of our 12 monthly selections.

Just clip the coupon below and we'll send you our first two cassettes.

Bravo!. . . Invaluable! . . . Increased my knowledge . . . Reshaped my thinking . . . Use the ideas all the time Keeps me mentally fit! . . .

These are just a few samples of rave reviews from Audio Classics subscribers. Shouldn't you join them?

1. COMMON SENSE/ THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
Thomas Paine/Thomas Jefferson
2. CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE/ THE LIBERATOR
Henry David Thoreau/ William Lloyd Garrison
3. WEALTH OF NATIONS/PART 1
Adam Smith
4. WEALTH OF NATIONS/PART 2
Adam Smith
5. ON LIBERTY/VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN
John Stuart Mill/Mary Wollstonecraft
6. THE PRINCE/DISCOURSE ON VOLUNTARY SERVITUDE
Niccolo Machiavelli/Etienne de la Boetie
7. COMMUNIST MANIFESTO/ SOCIAL CONTRACT
Karl Marx, Frederick Engels/ Jean Jacques Rousseau
8. REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE/RIGHTS OF MAN
Edmund Burke/Thomas Paine
9. THE FEDERALIST PAPERS
Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, John Jay
10. LEVIATHAN
Thomas Hobbes
11. TWO TREATISES OF GOVERNMENT
John Locke
12. DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA
Alexis de Tocqueville

☐ **YES send me**, on a 15-day approval basis, *The Declaration of Independence* and *Common Sense*, and begin my no-risk subscription to The *AUDIO CLASSICS* Listening Program. The remaining 22 tapes will arrive in albums of two every month. You'll charge my credit card $14.95 plus $2 shipping and handling for each album ($4 outside of the U.S.). **If I'm ever displeased,** I have the right to return the current album and owe nothing. I may drop out of the program at any time without penalty.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Daytime Phone (9 a.m. - 5 p.m.) (_____)_____
We will call only if there is a problem with your order!

☐ I'd like to save $24 by paying $179 in advance ($205 outside the U.S.). *All orders subject to approval.*

☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

ACCT. NO. _____

EXPIRATION DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

☐ My check or money order for $179.00 is enclosed. (A savings of $24.00!)

KNOWLEDGE® PRODUCTS

P.O. Box 305151 Nashville, TN 37230

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

masses too weak to recognize their true status," may serve finally "to incite [the] radical reform that is so clearly necessary." Conservatives who "wage a ceaseless campaign against the liberal orientation" of the Supreme Court's decisions are foolish, therefore, not to recognize that "a conservative and uncaring Supreme Court" might actually be best for blacks. Bell has "no doubt" that "reforms resulting from civil rights litigation invariably promote the interests of the white majority," which apparently somehow takes the edge off the accomplishment. Even the *Brown* decision was possible, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois pointed out, only because of "the world pressure of communism." Small wonder, then, that Bell has little enthusiasm for expenditures for national defense.

To "explain just how disillusioned some of us have become," Bell quotes a speech by Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall, "our best-known legal advocate," at Howard University, his alma mater, in which he spoke "frankly and bitterly of what he and his fellow civil rights lawyers had failed to achieve." People often say to Marshall, "We've come a long way" and "You ought to go around the country and show yourself to Negroes, and give them inspiration." Marshall responds, "For what? Negro kids are not fools. They know when you tell them there is a possibility that someday you'll have a chance to be the o-n-l-y Negro on the Supreme Court, those odds aren't too good."

Any notion that the appointment of Marshall to the Court would provide a "role model" for blacks, as a standard argument for "affirmative action" would have it, was, therefore, clearly without basis. At least one more black on the Court, it seems, will be necessary for that purpose. Marshall undoubtedly would still find it useful to point out to young blacks, however, that their chance would then be to be one of "o-n-l-y" two blacks on the Court and that the odds, therefore, still "aren't too good." Perhaps a guarantee of four or five seats for blacks would be sufficient to reduce Marshall's bitterness at the treatment he has received.

The "Chronicle of the Sacrificed Black Schoolchildren" deals with compulsory school racial integration, one of the greatest of "civil rights" victories, one would think—it wasn't whites, after all, who urged the courts to order racial busing. But it turns out to be just another example of white mistreatment of blacks. Foolishly, whites fail to realize just how good for them, at least economically, court-ordered busing for racial balance really is: it typically produces, Bell says, such benefits as increased teacher salaries, the purchasing of schoolbuses, new school construction, increased availability of federal and state funds, additional tax revenues for school boards, and annexations. In short, Bell concludes, "virtually every white person in the city would benefit directly or indirectly" from court-ordered busing. The more costly and wasteful the busing, on this analysis, the more it advances the economic interest of whites. Economics, it seems safe to say, is not Bell's strong suit.

Another Chronicle explains that "affirmative action" in law school faculty hiring is actually a scheme not to expand but to limit opportunities for blacks. A hypothetical black, who with the credentials Bell gives him would have been the best candidate in the country for a faculty position, was rejected by the dean of "one of the oldest and finest law schools in the country" because of the need to avoid a "predominantly minority faculty," even though the faculty would actually have been only 25 percent minority. Bell's hypothetical dean (apparently not a man of great subtlety) explained to Geneva that "a law school of our caliber and tradition simply cannot look like a professional basketball team."

"If those who put a value on the dignity of the individual are up to the task, they have a most challenging opportunity in education before them. . . . And the only reward they can hope for is that by the end of the century, the socialization of the American character will have been undone."
Frank Chodorov in *Fugitive Essays*

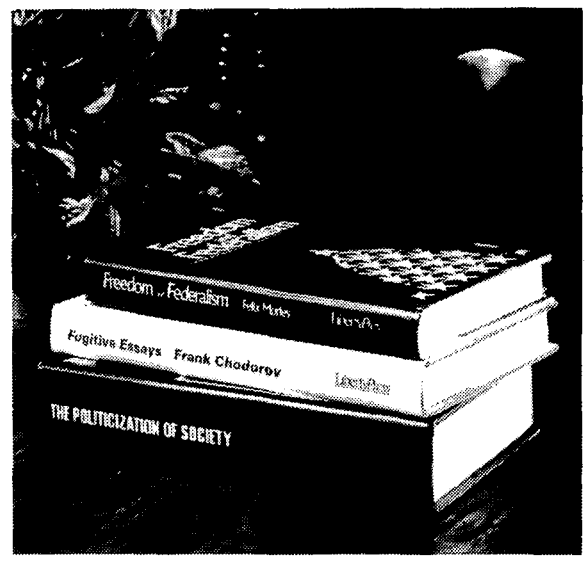
LibertyPress

FREEDOM AND FEDERALISM

By Felix Morley
With a new introduction by the author

A free society and a federal system of government are intimately related. This is a history and analysis of the "distinctively American contribution to political art" which can reconcile freedom and order.

324 + xxviii pages. Introduction, preface, index.
Hardcover $9.00 0-913966-86-x
Paperback $4.50 0-913966-87-8
Liberty Fund edition, 1981



THE POLITICIZATION OF SOCIETY

Edited by Kenneth S. Templeton, Jr.
Introduction by R. M. Hartwell

Fourteen essays explore the central problem of modern society—the decline of free institutions and the growth of the state. Robert Nisbet, Michael Oakeshott, John Lukacs, Murray Rothbard, Jacques Ellul, and F. A. Hayek are among the distinguished authors.

"An extremely useful collection."—John N. Gray

544 pages. Introduction fourteen essays, biographical sketches of the contributors, index.
Hardcover $10.00 0-913966-48-7
Paperback $ 4.50 0-913966-49-5
Liberty Fund edition, 1979

FUGITIVE ESSAYS

SELECTED WRITINGS OF FRANK CHODOROV
Edited and with a Foreword by Charles H. Hamilton

Chodorov's writings deeply influenced the intellectual development of the post war libertarian/conservative movement. These essays sparkle with his individualistic perspective on politics, education, socialism, foreign affairs, and capitalism.

430 pages. Introduction, foreword, select bibliography, index.
Hardcover $9.00 0-913966-72-x
Paperback $4.00 0-913966-73-8
Liberty Fund edition, 1980

Prepayment is required on all orders not for resale. We pay book rate postage on all prepaid orders. Please allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery. All orders from outside the United States must be prepaid in U.S. dollars. To order, or for a copy of our catalogue, write:

LibertyPress/LibertyClassics
7440 North Shadeland Avenue, Dept. BL-101
Indianapolis, IN 46250

Please send me:

Quantity Ordered	Title	Edition	Price	Amount
	Freedom and Federalism	Hardcover	$ 9.00	
		Paperback	4.50	
	The Politicization of Society	Hardcover	$10.00	
		Paperback	4.50	
	Fugitive Essays Selected Writings of Frank Chodorov	Hardcover	$ 9.00	
		Paperback	4.00	
		Subtotal		
		Indiana residents add 5% sales tax		
		TOTAL		

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order made payable to Liberty Fund, Inc.
☐ Please send me a copy of your latest catalogue.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State/Zip _____

Mail to: **Liberty Fund, Inc.**
7440 North Shadeland Avenue, Dept. BL-101
Indianapolis, IN 46250

We pay book rate postage.
Please allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery.
All orders must be prepaid in U.S. dollars.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The chief qualification for such positions, this illustrates, is "a white face, preferably from an upper-class background." The control of faculty hiring by such bigots would seem to make it difficult to explain how leading law schools came to have so many faculty members—and, indeed, deans—who are Jewish and not of upper-class backgrounds, unless it is they who are now acting to keep blacks out.

Of all the fantasies in Bell's book, surely none is more fantastic than the notion that one of the worries of today's law school deans is the danger of "surfeits of superqualified minority job applicants." The fact is that law schools, particularly leading law schools, actively pursue, hire, and grant tenure to black professors who would not be considered if they were white. "White law teachers," Bell concedes, "aren't bigots in the redneck, sheet-wearing sense." It's reassuring to know that his Harvard colleagues, many famous for their burning egalitarianism, are not members of the Ku Klux Klan. But they do hate to see blacks do well, because they want to "ensure their domination and maintain their control." Bell's real complaint seems to be that, although most law schools feel compelled by political and other pressures (which Bell hopes to increase) to hire blacks despite their lack of the usual qualifications, the sense of urgency tends to decline after the first few such hires.

The rest of the book is more of the same. The final two Chronicles tell of blacks who become extraordinarily industrious, studious, and law-abiding—indeed, "out-achieving whites in every area save sports and entertainment"—by studying the history of slavery in certain scrolls and swallowing certain magic stones. Because whites are "threatened by black initiative and comforted by black indolence," however, they quickly acted to reverse these developments by banning the teaching of slave history and destroying the stones. "Black enterprise was no match for the true basis of majoritarian democracy," which, as Professor Bell of the Harvard Law School understands it, is "white economic and military power."

It is only fair to note, however, that my view of Bell's book is not unanimously held among academic leaders. According to the dust jacket, no less a personage than Erwin Griswold, former Dean of the Harvard Law School and Solicitor General of the United States, believes that the book is "a stimulating mine of ideas, well worthy of the careful consideration of all thoughtful Americans." Paul Brest, Dean of the Stanford Law School, believes that *And We Are Not Saved* "makes an illuminating and gripping contribution to legal scholarship." Diane Ravitch of Columbia Teachers College believes that Bell is "one of the most original and brilliant thinkers in America today," whose "reflections on civil rights are astonishingly perceptive."

These appraisals of Bell's book by persons of such eminence and qualification clearly establish either that I am entirely mistaken in considering it a piece of mindless ranting or that Bell's view of America is so common and so entrenched in our institutions of higher education as to raise the question whether the continuation of such institutions is in the national interest. □

REAGAN'S SILENT BOOM !

TAS REPRINT

Right now, across the nation, photocopy machines are humming as **AMERICAN SPECTATOR** *subscribers make copies of Warren T. Brookes' article, "The Silent Boom", the definitive piece on the economic successes of the Reagan years. But rather than run the risk of our faithful readers being thrown in jail for copyright infringement, the* **SPECTATOR** *is offering reprints of this testament to the triumph of the Reagan boom, at special bulk prices, as well as the single copy price of $1.50. The August 1988 article is an ideal pie-in-the-face for nonbelieving friends, professors, and slow witted family members.*

Place your order today . . . simply clip the coupon below and return it with payment (check, money order or credit card #).

The American Spectator
P.O. Box 10448
Arlington, VA 22210

$ 1.50 for one
$ 10.00 for ten
$ 20.00 for twenty-five
$ 75.00 for one hundred
$350.00 for five hundred

Please send_____reprints of Warren Brookes' "The Silent Boom."

Name: _____ (please print)
Address: _____
City: _____
State: _____ Zip: _____

Charge my: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
Card # _____
Exp. date _____
Signature _____

N88H

AT A TENDER AGE: VIOLENT YOUTH AND JUVENILE JUSTICE
Rita Kramer/Henry Holt/$18.95

CASTAWAYS: THE PENIKESE ISLAND EXPERIMENT
George Cadwalader/Chelsea Green Publishing (Chelsea, Vt.)/$17.95

HIGH RISK: CHILDREN WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE
Ken Magid and Carole A. McKelvey/Bantam Books/$18.95

Eugene H. Methvin

In 1986, nine-year-old Jeffery Baily, Jr. pushed three-year-old Nicki Brown into the deep end of the swimming pool at a Florida motel near Disney World. Jeffery knew Nicki could not swim. Tired of standing, he pulled a lawn chair to the edge of the pool so he could watch until Nicki stopped struggling and sank lifeless to the bottom. Then he put on his shoes and shirt and sauntered home. He asked another neighboring child what the "icky white stuff" is that comes out of someone's nose when they're drowning. The state of Florida charged Jeffery with murder. (The case is still pending.)

In July 1984, fourteen-year-old Wayne M., with two other boys, ages 12 and 16, grabbed a 51-year-old "street lady" who slept on the park benches in New York's Central Park. After taking turns raping and sodomizing her, they beat and kicked and clubbed her, and piled twigs around her and tried to set her on fire. Manhattan's tabloids termed it the "thrill-kill rape and slaying."

Jeffery and Wayne are typical of the bumper crop of killer kids America is raising today, many of them children of teen child-mothers supported by public welfare who are incapable of mothering and in need of it themselves. Jeffery, Ken Magid and Carole McKelvey tell us in *High Risk: Children Without a Conscience*, was born to a 17-year-old poor black girl and teenage father living on welfare in a South Florida ghetto. By the time Jeffery was arraigned for murder, his father was on his second prison term.

As Rita Kramer tells the story in her book *At a Tender Age: Violent Youth and Juvenile Justice*, the Central Park rapist-killer was identifiable in the second grade as a likely future serious habitual offender (SHO) and potential killer kid. He couldn't read or sit still and was "a very disruptive force" in the classroom, according to his school psychologist. His mother bore him at age 15, and his father disappeared before his birth. When Wayne was five he saw his mother's head blown off by one of her boyfriends; the killer was never convicted. Then he lived with a great-uncle, who was also murdered. Ultimately he was shuffled off to a 70-year-old great-grandmother, who barely managed to feed him. Nobody got him to pre-kindergarten, for which he was eligible at four, or even to kindergarten at five. In school, he stayed on suspension most of the time and was quickly shunted into the "emotionally handicapped" classes where, under the 1974 federal PL 94-142, harassed principals and teachers throw every budding criminal psychopath they can't cope with for want of effective rehabilitation programs and disciplinary powers (courtesy of the U.S. Supreme Court).

Eugene H. Methvin is a senior editor at Reader's Digest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wayne was grouped with ten other young monsters and a special ed teacher who concluded she had to get rid of him and two others or lose them all. The school psychologist agreed; Wayne had admitted a mugging, among other things. While the psychologist was wrestling with paperwork and bureaucracies trying to get Wayne into a special school, he committed his murder.

These cases and the books that recount them present a crucial question: What do we do with killer kids and other incorrigible youngsters who are identifiable habitual predatory offenders by the time they are thirteen or so?

Before we get too indignant about welfare, black teenage profligacy, and the other putative causes of the SHO phenomenon, we should consider the story of the youth we will call Henry, in order to spare an already grievously abused mother. Henry is white, raised in Arlington, Virginia, that great upper middle class bastion of Washington bureaucrats, lawyers, and lobbyists. Henry sits on Virginia's death row, having burglarized and raped an 82-year-old woman whom he then tortured to death with a poker up the rectum. Henry's mother, looking back at the early signs of his psychopathy, told a consulting psychologist: "Henry committed his first crime when he was two years old." He had gone next door, entered his neighbor's home, and simply helped himself to everything that struck his fancy. Henry's case demonstrates a common refrain by mothers of psychopaths, reported in the pioneering two-volume 1976 work by Samuel Yochelson and Stanton E. Samenow, *The Criminal Personality*. Such mothers invariably complain: "I couldn't seem to teach him *not* to do things," or, "He couldn't learn the meaning of the word *no*."

Nobody knows what to do with the Jefferys and Waynes and Henrys, and nobody seems willing to say there are just some kids we have to lock up and weld the door shut on. George Cadwalader isn't saying it, though he comes close in *Castaways: The Penikese Island Experiment*. He is no mushy-hearted liberal: a former Marine Corps officer whose military career ended with a land mine in Vietnam. But he does admit to having had an overdose of idealism when in 1973 he started a unique school, a kind of gentle but austere Alcatraz for hardcore Massachusetts delinquents on a tiny island near Martha's Vineyard. With a highly qualified and motivated staff and a good counselor-to-delinquent ratio, he gave it his best for a decade before admitting—well, not quite failure, but certainly disappointment. The boys worked out fine on the island, and went back to predatory violence as soon as they went ashore. Only sixteen of the first 106 boys who came to Penikese in its first seven years, at a cost of about $25,000 each, "turned themselves around," and for the other ninety, Cadwalader's camp was but a way-station to Walpole or other incarceration. Cadwalader concludes:

> We shared without question the assumption that bad kids were simply the products of bad environments. We believed changing the environment would change the kid. When I look objectively at the trail of destruction left by our own graduates, I cannot avoid the conclusion that the world would have been a better place if most of the kids I grew to like at Penikese had never been born. . . . I recall many walking time bombs whom we watched leave the island knowing they cannot be stopped until they have exploded at horrible cost in human suffering. I get a letter from Andy—"Hey, George, I got good news and bad news! Good news is I'm gonna be a father. Bad news is I'm in Walpole, 10 to 20"—and I wonder how many other of our alumni have already fathered probably doomed children of their own.

With Marine Corps toughness, Cadwalader sums up his own book well: "not only the story of a school but also of the fall from innocence of those who started it." And he fairly sums up where we are as a nation: "How many chances does an individual deserve before we are justified in giving up on him? What do we do with those we have given up on?"

Dr. Magid, a Colorado psychologist, thinks he understands the cause of and cure for criminal psychopathy. This dubious claim aside, *High Risk* is nevertheless admirable for its from-the-trenches view and its powerful descriptions of psychopathic children, including Jeffery Baily, the Florida swimming-pool killer. Magid's thesis is that the chief cause of psychopathy is a failure of attachment between child and mother and that most of the failure occurs in the first two years of life. He documents the reasons for our growing crop of "unattached" children: rising teenage pregnancies, divorce and disrupted families, child abuse, the sharp rise in working mothers and use of day-care centers for children in the tender years, and so on. He criticizes traditional therapies, and advocates "rage reduction therapy," a technique developed by Dr. Foster Cline, whose mental health clinic is located in Evergreen, Colorado. In "rage reduction" the child lies down between two rows of two to four trained "body holders"; in sessions of up to eight hours, the therapist holds the patient's head in his lap, controls resistant responses, and provokes rage by fingering the patient's rib cage. As irritation builds, the therapist talks and shouts along with the child. The first thing the child learns is that he is not the boss. And they go on from there: the kid has to learn to be lovable, loved, and loving. So goes the theory, and three or four sessions within a couple of weeks are supposed to "cure" the "unattached" child. If nothing else, it's an improvement on the whipping post and the chain gang. But does it work? We get only anecdotal evidence. Fifteen years hence, Magid may be admitting to the same sort of disillusionment Cadwalader of Penikese Island feels today.

Magid mentions growing evidence for a genetic role in the development of killer kids, but assigns it secondary significance. Some of his own illustrative cases and data, however, seem to suggest genetics as a primary cause. Magid does not mention the compelling Danish twin and adoption studies by Sarnoff Mednick and Karl Christiansen, or Hans Eysenck's now classic *Crime and Personality* (third edition). Eysenck, one of the great pioneers of psychometrics, says modern parents heavily influenced by Freud would be greatly relieved to know that they do 80 percent of what they do for or to their children at the moment of conception. And the University of Southern California's Mednick argues that the more violent and pathological a youngster is, the more likely that his behavior is strongly genetically influenced. Just as a deaf youngster cannot learn human speech normally, these children suffer from a neurological deficit that handicaps them in what psychologists call "avoidance learning." They simply do not learn the "thou shalt nots" upon which civilized behavior is based, and which most kids learn from parents and peers as automatically as they learn to talk.

Rita Kramer's book is a description of the New York juvenile criminal justice system—its laws, courts, and "caring" bureaucracies. It is not a probing examination of the problem of youthful criminals, and it does not tap the considerable lode of recent research. Mednick and Eysenck are not mentioned. She does summarize Charles Murray's Chicago study, *Beyond Probation*, which shattered the liberal shibboleth that imprisoning juveniles turns them into worse criminals. Murray showed that Chicago's judges did a fair job of picking out the worst kids and locking them away, and after incarceration their rate of offending was reduced even more sharply than that of less predatory youngsters given "in community" treatments. What's more, "in community" criminals were able to continue their predatory behavior while undergoing "treatment."

Kramer describes New York's juvenile justice nonsystem principally through well-edited tape-recorded interviews with prosecutors, public defenders, probation officers, social workers, and so on. Perhaps the most revealing is the probation officer who reported on a two-year experiment in which he was given an unheard-of caseload of five for intensive supervision. By spending as much as twenty hours a week with each of his five 14- to 16-year-olds, the probation officer was able to keep them from recidivism. (One had ten armed robbery charges before the program began.) And where are they today? Four are in prison, and the fifth died at age 16 of cirrhosis of the liver.

Given present knowledge, incarceration seems the only effective disposition for young psychopaths. Can we afford it? Can we afford *not* to do it? The Justice Department recently pointed out that a RAND Corporation study of 2,190 jail and prison inmates in Michigan, Texas, and California showed they committed an average of 187 crimes a year while on the street, costing an estimated $430,000 each in law enforcement expenditures, victim losses, and private security

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

measures. It costs just $25,000 a year to build a prison cell and keep a prisoner in it—a $405,000 "profit" for society per prisoner per year. "Communities are paying far more by releasing repeat offenders than by expanding prison capacity," concluded the Justice Department's analysis.

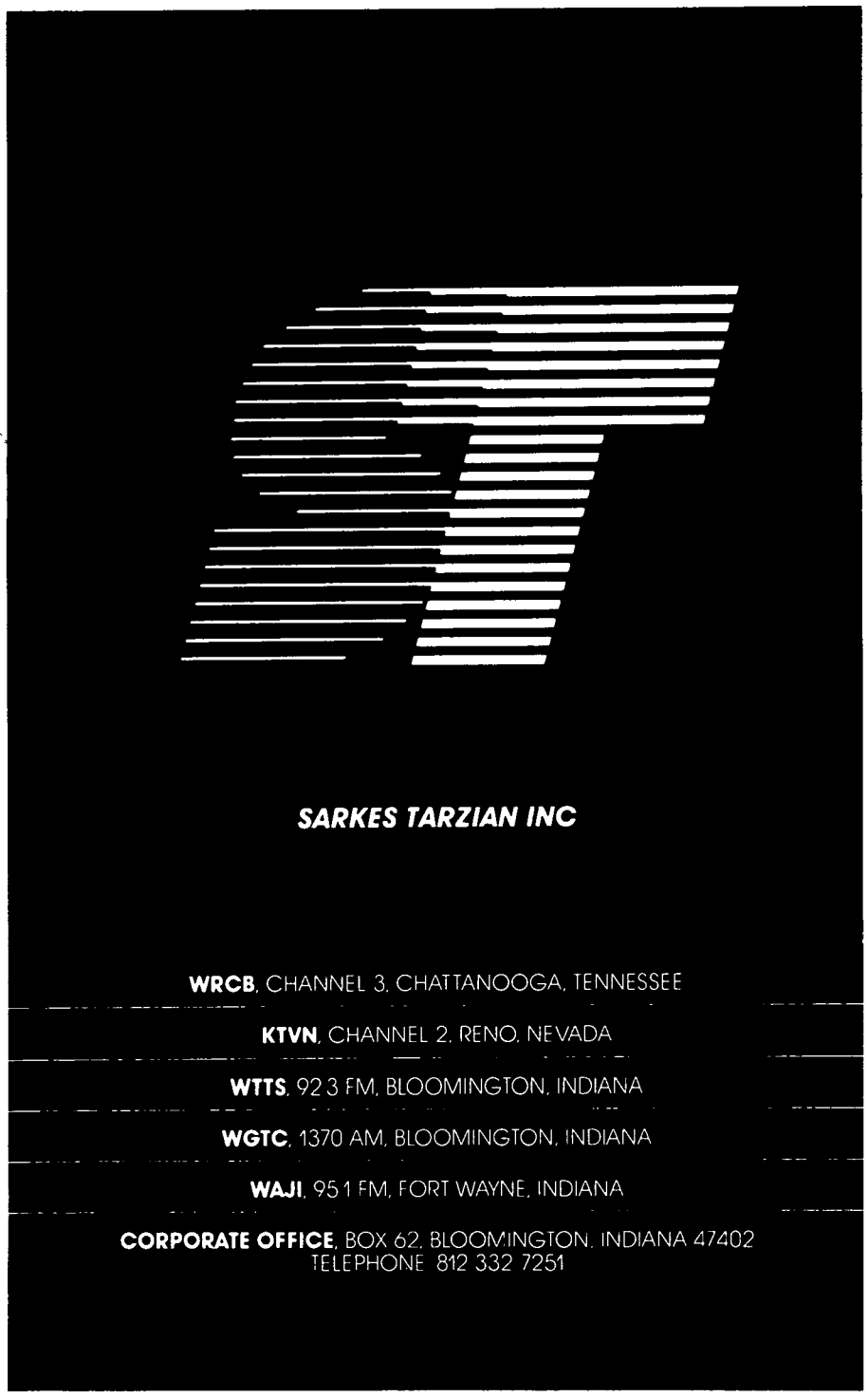
Another Justice Department program begun in 1983 indicates we can identify criminal psychopaths as young as their thirteenth birthday, and suggests the number of these hardcore predators may be surprisingly low. Justice persuaded twenty cities to install a "Serious Habitual Offender Comprehensive Action Program" (SHOCAP) in which police, schools, welfare and probation workers, and prosecutors pool their information and find and focus on "the baddest of the bad" youngsters. While criteria vary, generally three or more arrests before the eighteenth birthday will cause authorities to look hard, and then based on how serious and how early the youngster's offenses are, he may be tagged a SHO. Then he gets priority attention from probation authorities, and if he is arrested anew, police and prosecutors give him special attention. The object is to stop the juvenile-delinquency revolving door and make the system do what it is theoretically supposed to do, but never has—as Rita Kramer's book so infuriatingly demonstrates. The window of opportunity for dealing with the serious delinquent is only five years, from his thirteenth to his eighteenth birthday. Juvenile criminal records alone rarely permit identification until he is well into his crime career, but if his school performance and home situation are included, the age at which chronics are identified can be moved up several years, and possibly to the thirteenth birthday, RAND Corporation research indicates. And after their third offense, the system ought to put them behind bars for a while—a significant while.

Robert Heck, who monitors SHOCAP for the Office of Juvenile Delinquency Prevention and Control, reports the numbers consistently run about 1.6 to 1.9 percent of all juveniles arrested, or eighteen to twenty-five youngsters per 100,000 population. (The largest of the twenty cities is Jacksonville, with 658,000.) At twenty-five per 100,000, out of 245 million Americans we would have 61,250 SHOs between their fourteenth and eighteenth birthdays. Putting them all behind bars permanently after the third offense would be an easily affordable and quite cheap way to cut a huge chunk out of our atrocious crime rates. Oxnard, California, for example, found that after a concentrated effort to get its SHOs off the street, violent crimes dropped 38 percent in 1987, more than double the drop in the next best California city, while most other cities experienced increases.

Are we, then, at a hopeless dead end where we can only "lock 'em up and throw the key away?"

Yes and no. That's about all we can do, given present knowledge. But some leading criminologists and psychologists suggest we may be close to developing methods for identifying potential psychopaths as early as their third year, and for diverting them from lives of predatory violence. A promising research program by Ohio State criminologist Simon Dinitz and others at the Ohio penitentiary was scrubbed as a result of civil libertarian hysterics in the early 1970s. Ditto another research plan in 1984 by USC's Mednick to administer a battery of psychological and neurological tests to Los Angeles delinquents at the time of their first contact with police; bureaucrats in the Reagan Justice Department inspired a couple of vicious Jack Anderson columns that portrayed Mednick's proposal as a lunatic "Cuckoo's Nest" mind control plot.

So the time couldn't be riper for bold leadership in Washington to launch high priority research on the perplexing problem of early identification and treatment of the criminal psychopathic personality. □


SARKES TARZIAN INC
WRCB, CHANNEL 3, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE
KTVN, CHANNEL 2, RENO, NEVADA
WTTS, 92 3 FM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA
WGTC, 1370 AM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA
WAJI, 95 1 FM, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA
CORPORATE OFFICE, BOX 62, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA 47402
TELEPHONE 812 332 7251

THE BODY POLITIC

Victor Gold & Lynne Cheney/St. Martin's Press/$15.95

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Heretofore my favorite satire of the American democratic zoo has been Henry Adams's *Democracy*. However, when the lively mind of Lynne Cheney, the duly appointed head of the National Endowment for the Humanities, combined with the mind of the incomparable Vic Gold, Adams's spot atop my chart was bound to be threatened. In *Democracy* Adams brings us the squalor of the political process. In *The Body Politic* Cheney & Gold bring us the laughter. *The Body Politic* is an absorbing satirical roman à clef whose action takes place somewhere in the immediate future, allowing its authors to comment mordantly on the present and to hoot down all the pomposity and imbecility that they see around them. Thus *The Body Politic* can be read for entertainment and for instruction into the foolishness not only of Washington politics but also of contemporary society.

Our narrator is Frank Lee, press secretary to Stewart Bullock Vandercleve, Vice President of the United States, the richest politician in America, a charming rogue whose death during an adulterous exercise with a media cutie will put many of us in mind of another rich Vice President who also died volupt in the saddle. Lee is a Washington type. Essentially he is a P.R. flack, and in recent times such creatures have made more history than generals, statesmen, or even socialites. As the paradigmatic flack, Lee is immensely clever. He is astoundingly energetic. What is more, however, he is somewhat the milksop.

Now his hour is at hand. This is the tale of how chaotic events have rendezvoused behind mere Frank Lee, summoning him to join with Regis Strong, the President's chief of staff, to delude the press corps, the political establishment, the entire nation, the world! It was the Washington flack's greatest moment. Vice President Bully Vandercleve has suddenly and unexpectedly assumed room temperature and Lee sees his opportunity: "It was simply this: blind flackery. Strong had it right. Dealing with the media—manipulation, smoke and mirrors—that's my specialty, my mission in life. Even an alter ego has an ego of his own. So I couldn't, never in a million election quadrennials, have resisted the supreme

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. is The American Spectator*'s Editor-In-Chief-for-Life.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gambit. To shape Bully Vandercleve's image and cosmetize his foibles while he was alive had been a challenge. But to cover up his nonexistence for two entire weeks . . . *that* would be an exploit."

The vast undertaking was essential to the President's re-election hopes. But it presented problems. "For a Vice President of the United States, the trick to being alive—so far as the public and news media are concerned—is either to make a gaffe or stir a controversy." Lee was equal to the challenges. So harrowing are the gaffes and so inflamed the controversies confected by Lee that eventually Bully becomes a more popular presence on the ticket than the President. By now the President, who has not seen Bully in weeks, is convinced that his running mate is crazy. He has not been informed of Bully's death. But running with an insane Vice President does not daunt him. As he puts it in the Washington can-do style, "We'll just have to live with it."

Cheney & Gold have heaved up a riotous tale peopled with many of Washington's real people. One of the pleasures of the book is deciding who is who. Who in real life, for instance, is the thug Deutsch, special assistant to White House Chief of Staff Regis Strong, and who is Strong? Who is the sententious columnist Jeremiah Sage, and is there a "Houlihan Show" squalling from the idiot box today? Political connoisseurs will have a feast identifying the targets of Cheney & Gold's ridicule.

They will also savor such lines as the P.R. flack's apothegm for felons, "Confession is good for the image," or the attorney general's exculpatory description of the ruse to cover up the Vice President's death as an "exigency of state." And forget not this memorable piece of campaign oratory: "They talk drivel, while values shrivel. They obfuscate, while problems percolate. They dither, while young dreams wither." What pol in real life spills forth that kind of bosh?

Then there are the immensities that Cheney & Gold force us to meditate upon; for instance, who is more important to the governance of this great country today—the statesmen, so-called, or their press hacks? And who presents the civilizing hand of the hack with a more arduous job—the political candidate who is robust and alert or the candidate who is at peace in the clutch of rigor mortis? After reading *The Body Politic*, you will have a firmer sense of the condition of the Republic and you will have had a few hundred laughs.

But some of you are going to protest that I am gilding the lily for the National Correspondent of this very journal. Well, have you ever been dissatisfied with one of Gold's pieces for us? Truly he is one of the most amusing writers under the American sun, and he is possessed of a vast breadth of knowledge, an original wit, and an elegant style. With Cheney along for counsel on the natural instincts of the fairer sex in politics, he and his colleague have written a rollicking and instructive political satire that will satisfy the taste of every *American Spectator* spectator. □

THE FACTS: A NOVELIST'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY
Philip Roth/Farrar Straus Giroux/$17.95

David Gurevich

It is unrealistic to expect Philip Roth to entitle his book The Facts *and then to open it with "I was born . . ." Roth's notion of "Just the facts, ma'am" consists in preambling the book with a letter to the hero of his last four novels, Nathan Zuckerman, in which he asks Zuckerman's opinion on the manuscript of* The Facts. *This reviewer could not resist the temptation to follow Roth's format . . .*

*(*Caveat Emptor*: those who expect this book to be filled with celebrity poop will be disappointed. Although it was excerpted in* Vanity Fair, *it's not* that *kind of book.)*

Dear Roth,

I never shared the skepticism of the "enough already" variety that many felt toward your coming autobiography. I just never saw any reason for you to divulge *the facts*. There's plenty of young Zuckermans around to deconstruct your texts for their theses, and you'll get your own Peter Manso [that's the guy who compiled 600—or was it 6,000?—pages on Norman Mailer] before long, too. As for me, your fictions have always been good enough. Who needs *facts*?

You open with a long-winded ten-page letter to Zuckerman, ostensibly to ask his opinion on whether this should be published (as if you didn't know the answer! Since when does a character want his author to write anything but a sequel?), but mostly to reason this book into being. I can't tell you how sorry I am about the physical ordeal and subsequent "crack-up" you went through last year, as well as about your mother's death, but this pre-prologue [there's a "Prologue," too] is so full of banalities and rhetorical questions and insecurity-generated explications that, had it been written by someone else, I would have stopped reading it then and there, illness or no illness. Therapy may be claimed a (weak) reason for one's first book—not the seventeenth.

The book itself, then, is an even 150 pages long: five chapters covering your life from nice Jewish boyhood in Newark to the bestsellerdom of *Portnoy*. Thematically, it would have been unrealistic to expect anything else. And why should you write about slavery or Vietnam, if you feel you still have important things to say about yourself? Your sorties to the world outside never worked quite as well as your internal excavations: Who is remembered better, Lucy Nelson or David Kepesh? Which is quoted more often, *Our Gang* or *Portnoy's Complaint*?

So there is nothing wrong with reliving your charmed kosher childhood. There is heartfelt love and tenderness in the way you describe your father's striving for success in the gentile-dominated world of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, or your mother's innate sense of decorum—or even the loving care that they never failed to give you. By now you've calmed down enough to describe it without the exclamation marks of *Portnoy's Complaint*.

The glow of Newark *gemütlichkeit*, of baseball and bagels, follows you to Bucknell College, where you get the first inkling of your Big Themes: Jew vs. Gentile in modern America, and, of course, Women—*shiksas*, actually. When it comes to nice Jewish girls, all you do is bemoan having ignored Gayle Milman. Now, there was a true free spirit—yet how do you know it would have turned out differently from the way it did with Polly, your first *shiksa*?

By '56, you're on the fast track, your prayers answered one by one: your stories are acclaimed, you teach at the University of Chicago, and you sport "a Brooks Brothers University Shop suit." You've come a long way from the sealskin coat that your Mom used to wrap you in. To be your own man, just one thing is missing: a woman who would not merely be Aryan to her toes, but who would be a "victim, a dispossessed refugee from a sociobiological background to which my own was deemed . . . subservient." So, parity with *goyim* was not enough; you needed to be superior, too—and you got it in spades. Josie the waitress, the battered divorcee, the mother of two (taken from her by force, she maintains)—were you listening to the heartbeat of America or to the voice of your own liberal guilt?

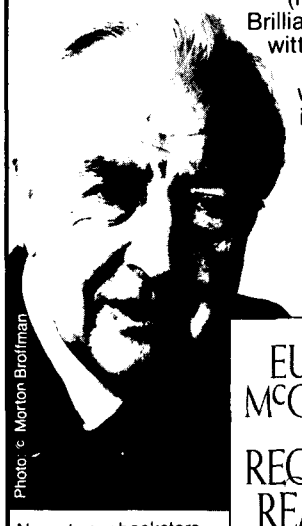
The entanglement—brief happiness, miserable marriage, and a bitter battle for divorce—lasted twelve long years. There is little about it that students of yours have not read before, in *My Life as a Man* and elsewhere. (You seem generous to your exegesists by supplying copious margin notes: the episode of you and Polly discovered in bed by the landlady was used in *When She Was Good*, you say; the one with the faked pregnancy test, in *My Life as a Man*; but it's all a game on your part, as they'll learn at the end.)

Both in volume and in intensity, Josie bullies her way into the limelight, and eventually there comes a dreaded moment when even the most devoted fan of yours will join the skeptics and cry out, "Enough already!" Don't you find poetic justice in the fact that, long before her lawyers bled you to death, you yourself helped her in hounding her first husband? And no matter how evil she was (the combination of redundant evidence and the stridency of your tone does not serve you well, any judge

David Gurevich, a New York writer, is the author of Travels with Dubinsky and Clive *(Viking).*

FOR ALL THE WIT, GRACE, AND WISDOM LACKING IN THIS YEAR'S ELECTION...

Turn to the newly collected writings of Eugene McCarthy, "the poetic Isaiah whose plain literacy puts many other politicians to shame" (N.Y. Times). Brilliant, shrewd, witty, his latest book is just what its title intimates—and just what the campaign needs.



EUGENE McCARTHY
REQUIRED READING
A DECADE OF POLITICAL WIT & WISDOM

Now at your bookstore
HBJ HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can tell you), you seem unable to reconcile yourself with the fact that she was, I repeat, your own answered prayer. Living with Josie did not make you a *man*; it was false relief. The term will apply only when—and not a moment before—you finally put Josie behind you.

Now we get to your other Big Theme: the Jews—a tougher one to put behind, I'm afraid. Milton Apple, the self-righteous Jewish professor who castigated Zuckerman for self-hatred in *The Anatomy Lesson*, didn't bother me. So what if Apple stood for Irving Howe: you felt you'd been slighted, so you grabbed a rock and went after the guy—even thirteen years after the fact (revenge tastes best when cold, they say). It was incisive, sarcastic—it was knock-'em-dead writing at its best. I would also say that it was quite enough. You do not need to stick to Marquis of Queensberry rules to call an end to a fight. But now, you tell us, you still feel stung over some parochial accusations of anti-Semitism at a debate at the Yeshiva University; after twenty-six years, no less. You cheerfully admit you already quoted your debate opponents in *The Ghost Writer*. (Referring to a story by Zuckerman that painted a less-than-adoring picture of his family, Judge Wapter, the Solomon of Newark Jewry, asks him, "If you had been living in Nazi Germany in the thirties, would you have written such a story?") Is flogging a dead horse really that much fun?

However unknowingly, your accusers may have a point. Your statements give the impression that you perceive Jews as a monolithic whole. ("This group whose embrace once had offered me so much security was itself fanatically insecure.") Maybe you need to spend more time in Israel, with its myriad parties and six million opinions; five minutes of Knesset debate will cure you of your constant craving to be loved by *all* Jews. Or save yourself the airfare and call Abbie Hoffman, your fellow "Dadaesque Jewish showman" (as you put it), who thus countered conspiracy charges against the Chicago Seven (more fellow Dadaists): "We couldn't agree on lunch." Your reluctance to accept this variety among Jews bespeaks more your own insecurity than your opponents'. To say nothing of your puns on "Jewry" and "jury"—why pull punches, throw in "jewelry," too. (Well, Gilda Radner used it on "Saturday Night Live.") Even Woody Allen does not make puns on "Jews" and "juice" anymore.

One of the reasons I go on about this is personal. As I was growing up in Russia, it was through your (and Bellow's and Malamud's) books that I discovered the world of American Jewry. You think you know about assimilation? Before I came to the U.S., I thought skullcaps were worn only by old Uzbeks in Central Asia. So there.

You wrap up the narrative with Josie's death *ex machina*, the $250,000 advance for *Portnoy* (a Krantzly sum in 1968), and the decision *not* to marry another wonderful *shiksa*, May Aldridge—in the name of freedom, you claim. A laudable sentiment, no doubt; still, this sort of ending is apt to leave the reader with an uneasy "That's *it*?"

Not a chance. The structural games you started in *The Counterlife* go on; the main text is symmetrically followed by Zuckerman's letter to you, in which he rather savagely, like a spurned suitor, takes the manuscript apart. (Smack your lips, reader; the real stuff begins.)

First, this is a deliciously dirty trick to play on critics. One has at least to *consider* going back and superimposing Zuckerman's comments on the relevant parts of the main text—it is *one* book, after all, even though you prefer to divide it by voices. Are you so paranoid about the audience's response that you have to use Zuckerman as a foil to ward the critics off? (Thanks for keeping Portnoy/Kepesh/Tarnopol out of it—a panel here we don't need.)

Your ambivalence about growing up, about maturity as a worthy goal, comes to the fore. Growing up *is* hard in America, especially if success grabs you early enough, encouraging eternal juvenility. Page after page, you/Zuckerman guiltily bashes you/Roth for being too *nice* in your memoir, for keeping your nastier side out of the picture. "Where's the anger . . . where's the hubris?" You/Zuckerman exhorts you/Roth to be more egotistical, more boastful—are you bemoaning here your puerile obnoxiousness that was once deemed so adorable? Or your lost ability to covet raw liver?

But I kvetch: Zuckerman's letter is as funny, unsparing, and revealing as the best pages of the tetralogy. May many a writer have a conscience like Zuckerman, who enables you to come up with shrewd, playful observations on the essence of autobiography, "the most manipulative of all literary forms," on the relations between fiction and reality and between the author and his characters—phrased in prose that is both elegant and passionate.

It is inevitable, alas, that we should hear more about Josie (the sheer size of your obsession with that woman, may you have never met her). Zuckerman is making her into more of a victim—alcoholic and the daughter of an alcoholic—without as much as a cheap shot (how unlike Zuck!) at your presumed innocence. Enough about her. Your tireless efforts to place her on the same footing with Anna Karenina and Emma Bovary will not work.

Finally, Zuckerman is finished—but you are not. Maria, the well-born Englishwoman Zuckerman married in *The Counterlife*, has a few things to say about *The Facts*, too. Her down-to-earth voice provides an excellent counterpoint to your and Zuck's ranting. And if that were not enough, you round it off with Zuckerman contemplating this letter in terms of the Roth-Zuckerman relationship!

While I admit, on closing the book, that it certainly was fun to follow these Italo-Calvinist games, let me ask, paraphrasing your nemeses' standard question: But is it good for *lit-ra-chur*?

You must be keenly aware that if you keep contemplating your navel you will damage your eyesight (perhaps that's what your mother had in mind). So you try to evolve—not thematically, as I said earlier, but by using more complex forms of narrative—by summoning the voices of Zuckerman and Maria and who knows who else next time around (I'm talking about *The Fiction*, your sequel). If you feel that you and *shiksas* can last you a lifetime (may you live 200 years), all good and well; but your writing is beginning to resemble a spiral that starts from the outside and moves towards the center, shrinking on the way, as you find more and more minute details in the same subject. Your loyal readership has followed you thus far; now it's *our* eyes that are getting tired.

As for this book, to use your once-favorite imagery, it can be compared to an extremely virile man, who, for some reason, gave up on sex partners and turned to onanism. Well, it *is* sex, formally speaking, and you're awfully good at it, but don't you yourself feel that something is missing?

Respectfully,
Gurevich

LOUIS S. GLANZMAN: SIGNING OF THE CONSTITUTION 1987 COLLECTION INDEPENDENCE NATIONAL HISTORICAL PARK PHOTO - 1988 LOUIS S GLANZMAN

THE SPIRIT OF MODERN REPUBLICANISM

The Moral Vision of the American Founders and the Philosophy of Locke

THOMAS L. PANGLE

"In a profound work of intellectual history, Pangle reexamines the moral philosophy of the Founding Fathers and finds the emergence of a modern sense of 'virtue' unprecedented in classical or Christian tradition. This provocative and original analysis strongly challenges the prevailing explanations of the American founding. . . . [Pangle] shows that, in fact, the most important influence on eighteenth-century American thinkers was John Locke."—*Booklist*

"An original and important contribution to political theory and to our understanding of the American Founding. . . . **[Pangle's] narrative sweeps the reader along with a growing sense of intellectual excitement and discovery.**"—Mary Ann Glendon, Harvard Law School

Cloth $22.50 352 pages

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5801 South Ellis Avenue, Chicago, IL 60637

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEDEEN
(continued from page 41)

that Ghorbanifar negotiated the normalization of relations between France and Iran earlier this year, and that when the American government sent a team to Paris to find out the details, a top French official said that "in our opinion, you made a serious mistake about Ghorbanifar."

The *Post*'s Very Own Ombudsman Exposed!

We are all grateful to the *Washington Times* for obtaining and publishing an internal memorandum from the *Washington Post*'s ombudsman, former Marine Richard Harwood, on the Quayle affair. The memo, sent to "Ben Bradlee, Meg Greenfield, Staff, etc." (I wonder how such things are distributed in Postland; does everyone on the "staff, etc." get a copy?), is a pretty solid criticism of the *Post*'s performance, and contributes something that I, at least, hadn't known—the fact that the story about Quayle's National Guard service was being pushed by former aides to Birch Bayh, the former senator whom Quayle defeated in 1980.

Harwood notes that the *Post* put Quayle in the role of someone "who says he is tough on defense, but from your era you didn't fight in the . . . war." As Harwood quietly observed, however, this also "describes Michael Dukakis, a man tough on defense [!] who did not choose to fight in the war of his era—Korea."

Finally, Harwood rightly bemoans the repetition of an old story, that Quayle had some sexual involvement with Paula Parkinson, who just happened to have a "memoir" coming out in *Playboy*. "In our eagerness to not be left behind," Harwood notes, the *Post* "succumbed to the soiled embrace of Paula Parkinson and the promotion department of *Playboy* magazine."

If the *Post* were to adopt the standards of the *New York Times*, we would one day find such things on page 3, instead of having them restricted to in-house memoranda. And *Post* readers are entitled to ask Harwood why he didn't publish this stuff in his regular column.

Glasnost in the Soviet Archives

In September, we learned that Soviet maps have been falsified ever since the Glorious Bolshevik Revolution. Here again, we are entitled to ask our government and our newspapers why we hadn't learned that earlier. After all, given the egregious errors in the maps of major Soviet cities, our journalists must have known this for some time. Why didn't they write it? And our government, which makes its own maps of the Soviet Union, surely knew it. Why didn't they say anything?

But the falsified maps are only one part of the massive falsification of most everything about the Soviet Union, above all its own history. A few months ago, it was announced in Moscow that the archives of the Comintern would be opened to scholars, but an interview in *La Stampa* (Italy) with a Professor Latyshchev threw considerable cold water on the burning desires of many to study this material. Latyshchev announced that nothing would be released that might prove embarrassing to member parties of the Communist International. Since the entire history of the Comintern is an embarrassment, it is hard to imagine what will emerge.

This point was made with unusual passion by the distinguished Italian Communist historian, Paolo Spriano, in the *Corriere della Sera* in early September. Spriano, who is the author of some of the best studies of Communist history (and who was the first Italian Communist to establish secret contact with the United States government back in the 1960s), recalls that about fifteen years ago an Italian Communist by the name of Ernesto Ragionieri went to Moscow and was permitted to read the secret messages between Palmiro Togliatti (the head of the Italian Communist party) and Dimitrov (the head of the Comintern) between 1937 and 1939, a period in which Togliatti represented the Comintern inside Spain during the final stages of the Civil War. Ragionieri was not permitted to publish these documents, which only emerged in the late seventies, after the head of the Italian Communist party, Enrico Berlinguer, obtained permission from Spanish Communist party leader Santiago Carrillo. And this took place, as Spriano puts it with appropriate sarcasm, "during the ephemeral season of Eurocommunism." (Would that some of our own scholars and political scientists recognized it as such.)

Spriano recognizes that it is long since time to permit serious scholars access to these archives. But nothing of the sort has taken place, despite all the talk about openness. Spriano reminds us about Milos Hayek, a Czech Communist who joined with Dubcek during the Prague Spring, and is now a spokesman for Charter 77. Hayek has written extensively about the Comintern, much of it in the form of what Spriano calls "historiographical samizdats." It is inconceivable that Hayek will be permitted access to the Comintern archives.

But even more important, according to Spriano, is the fact that many of the most crucial documents of that period are undoubtedly in the hands of the KGB, especially those that concern the arrest and torture of the hundreds of foreign Communists who fled fascist oppression and took "refuge" in the Soviet Union. Some of these were quite important people within the structure of the Comintern, including, as Spriano observes, the brother-in-law of Togliatti himself.

This sort of discussion tells us more about glasnost than the hundreds of column inches about Gorbachev's public relations campaign on behalf of a failed system. We are indebted to Professor Spriano for his candor. □

CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 9)

didn't come to *Spy* as a serious journalist," Andersen confessed in one. "I wasn't really skilled at hard journalism, but I *was* at parody." Hard journalism was parodied and it turned out not to be so hard after all for a skilled parodist.

Now forget that too. Think of a funny magazine, a magazine with laughs on every page or dozen pages despite the absence of lies.

Now put all three exciting editorial concepts together. If you see anything contradictory here, be quiet about it! You have crypto-Fascist tendencies!

In the 1970s it was Larry Flynt and *Hustler*; in the 1980s it would be Kurt Andersen and *Spy* who seemed headed for a colossal success through their willingness to lower journalistic standards far below where anyone thought they could or should ever go. But the jealousy! How they would envy and hate Kurt for his success in journalism!

Turning from journalism's glamorous side back to the sordid complaints of Mr. Andersen's letter, he sees in my article a welter of suggestions and assertions which are not there; he then "rebuts" them, taking the trouble to add some new false material. In press interviews and private boasting much is made of *Spy*'s newsmagazine editing style, with the strong impression given that masses of raw reporting pass through the hands of the skilled parodist himself. In this way articles written in turgid Traubstyle (see letter above) would come out in shimmering, malicious Spystyle. I did not say that Mr. Andersen wrote the mean and untruthful article about his Harvard contemporary, the *New York Post* editorial page editor Handy-Victim (*name changed so as not to further Spysmear*). I did not say that "Spy *editors*" were quoted in the piece; noting the mass of nasty, anonymous quotes, I suggested that Spy*people* might have been interviewed for it. Mr. Andersen states that no *Spy* editors were quoted in it. In fact, *Spy* Contributing Editor Philip Weiss is quoted by name. Which of the many Spy*people* who know Handy-Victim were quoted anonymously is impossible to know given *Spy*'s serious journalistic practice of relying on unverifiable anonymous sources; Spypeople who frequented some of the same circles as Handy-Victim include (besides Philip Weiss and Kurt Andersen): Paul Rudnick, Maura Moynihan, David Michaelis, John Seabrook, E. Graydon Carter,

An almost unbelievable offer—but there is a reason!

Why would Haverhills "sell" this ML-1893 Halogen PowerLite for only $12.95?*

But read the ad for an even more astonishing deal!

• *The ML-1893 Halogen Mini PowerLite is a precision-machined product. It will give you outstanding service for many years. The halogen bulb and the computer-designed parabolic reflector give you a brilliant white beam, 50x to 70x brighter than that of ordinary flashlights.*

We are one of the largest national mail-order houses. In order to make our operation ever more efficient, we need to increase our customer file by at least 25,000 names per month. The best way to do this is to make an irresistible offer of quality merchandise—as the Godfather put it, "an offer you can't refuse." The *ML-1893 Halogen PowerLite* is one of those.

The *ML-1893* is the most powerful flashlight of its size. Its principal secret is the tiny "grain-of-wheat" halogen bulb, which delivers a brilliant white light. It casts a dagger-like beam of light that is visible for at least one mile. The beam is 50x to 70x as bright as that of ordinary flashlights. The *ML-1893* is of heavy-duty aircraft aluminum construction, triple lacquered to withstand corrosion, even in saltwater environments. The construction is water-tight, warranted to a depth of 50 ft. You can change focus from needle-sharp to soft diffusion. A spare halogen bulb is permanently nested in the cap.

We offer the *ML-1893* as a list builder and at the hard-to-believe price of $12.95. But we have an even more astonishing deal: ***Buy two for $25.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** With this offer, only mail orders acccompanied by check or money order can be accepted (no phone, no charge!). Please write your name and address on a sheet of paper; also write "**Code** E732 " Tell us how many *ML-1893*'s you want and include $2.95 for one (1) and $5.90 for three (3) *ML-1893*'s for postage and insurance (plus sales tax for CA delivery). Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available. Mail to →

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas L. Phillips, Jr., and apparently a number of others.

Regarding *Spy*'s pseudonymous column on the *New York Times* credited to "J. J. Hunsecker," Mr. Andersen says he is not the author but then falsely states that this could have been "rather easily confirmed with a few phone calls"—no numbers are provided; elsewhere the Spyeditors boast of Hunsecker's identity as one of the most closely guarded secrets in New York; and a *Spy* spokeswoman claims that Hunsecker is a real person—"a terribly nice chap," she insists falsely. Hunsecker could be more than one person; no *Spy* denials will be credible until authorship is openly acknowledged, and maybe not even then. In any case, *Spy*'s mean attacks on occasionally anti-Communist *Times* columnist Abe Rosenthal are not limited to this column.

Attacking Abe Rosenthal and the *New York Post*'s editorial pages are commonplaces of the New York left, along with constant allusions to the McCarthy era, Watergate, the Iran-contra affair, as well as calling anyone who might vote Republican "crypto-Fascist." Mr. Andersen falsely says I suggest that Democrats and liberals escape *Spy*'s attention. No, in fact, I quote *Spy* calling Senate Democratic Majority Leader Robert Byrd "especially dumb" and a "former Klan member" for urging caution in making treaties with the Soviets. Among the more than 100 people *Spy* might slander in a single issue, sure there might be a few token liberals and Democrats "unflatteringly mentioned." And why not? Most of them are to the right of *Spy*, too.

Constantly cited by *Spy* as an example of its impartiality and serious journalism is its "long, liberal-discomfiting" report on Teddy Kennedy at Chappaquiddick (though shorter and far less discomfiting than what Handy-Victim got for criticizing the Hollywood Ten). The Chappaquiddick piece turns out to be an author interview with Leo Damore filled with gentle publishing chit-chat about his problems placing his book *Senatorial Privilege* with a major publisher. The article has scarcely begun when there is a long digression—*yes, Watergate again*. Then the writer explains why Chappaquiddick should be of interest to *Spy* readers:

> The political ripples tantalize: one line of reasoning is that if you erase Chappaquiddick, then Nixon isn't reelected in 1972. Without Nixon you don't have Watergate. Without Watergate you don't have Carter. And without Carter you don't have Reagan.

Oh the might-have-not-beens! And without Reagan and Carter and Watergate and Nixon and Chappaquiddick, maybe there would have been no *Spy* magazine.

Takeover Talk

Benjamin J. Stein—the writer, producer, and economist from Hollywood—displayed a confused understanding of this country's financial markets in his commentary "Takeovers and Acquisitions: Who's Responsible?" [*TAS*, September 1988]. Mr. Stein laboriously searched the peripherals of the takeover issue for the movement's primary cause before coming to an erroneous conclusion.

Takeovers, LBOs, mergers, spinoffs, restructurings, and the like are all part of a corporate restructuring movement that began in the early 1980s and has, in large part, been responsible for this country's record economic growth. Yet people who don't seem to have a firm understanding of the restructuring movement generally bunch these activities under the headings of "Takeover Craze," "Merger Mania," or "M&A Fever," giving the impression that there is something uniformly sick and mindless about it all.

The fact of the matter is—and there is a preponderance of evidence available—that the majority of such activity has been highly productive. Takeovers generally occur when the value of a company's assorted assets greatly exceeds the price the market puts on the company as a whole. Mr. Stein and some others argue that the price discrepancy proves the market is not efficient, that investors don't properly evaluate a company's worth. What has been proved time and again, however, is that the market properly evaluates the worth of the assets . . . *in the hands of current management*. A bulldozer may be worth $50,000, but if the owner can't operate it and won't let someone else do it, yet refuses to sell or trade the equipment, it's not worth much to anyone.

In a nutshell, that's what is behind the restructuring movement. Companies are getting out of businesses where they have no expertise and are acquiring assets that fit their core businesses. The idea is to maximize the value of a company's holdings, thereby maximizing returns to the shareholders who own the companies.

That's not to say that every deal's a good deal. Managements that lock out other bids when taking companies private in LBOs are harming their shareholders, as are managements that use cash hoards to acquire businesses in which they have no expertise or competitive advantage. But in the current restructuring movement, cases such as these have so far proven to be the exception rather than the rule.

When the business history of the 1980s is finally written, the success of the restructuring movement will be clear. But then, the people who make history will have realized restructurings' potential and will be busy writing the next chapter on shareholder rights.

—T. Boone Pickens, Jr.
Washington, D.C.

Ben Stein's "Takeovers and Acquisitions: Who's Responsible?" is a disappointing departure from his usually rigorously fair and highly entertaining analyses. Our news media offer many superficial explanations for takeovers and Ben Stein spends most of his article slaying these straw men: the cheap dollar argument; the cheaper-than-building-it-from-scratch argument; the Brand Name argument; and the Reagan anti-trust policy argument. The phenomenon that concerns him is that "takeovers seem to fly in the face of efficient markets. . . . Why was the market unable to see what the 'real' price of the stock should have been?" Unfortunately, the explanation he offers is as weak as those he disposed of.

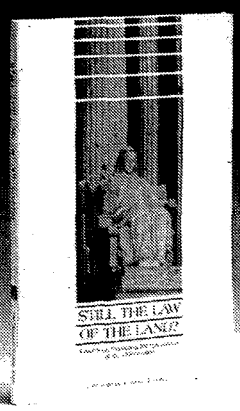
He claims the takeover wave is controlled by investment bankers who find it more profitable to trade entire companies than round lots of bonds. Why this is so is not explained. How it is that such apparently cunning and tenacious investment bankers can juggle entire corporations among Fortune 500 management but cannot extract corresponding profits from the sale of bonds remains a mystery.

It isn't anomalous that acquirors are willing to pay more than prior market prices for companies they want to take over. What matters is whether the owners will control the company or whether they will simply be passive shareholders and have to rely on the goodwill of management to pay dividends. Closed-end mutual funds often sell for discounts to the value of their assets even though these assets are easily marketable at prices that anyone can see. Such mutual funds only reach asset value when "raiders" force management to buy back shares or when management decides to liquidate. The same relationship exists between management and shareholders of any widget maker. Companies are more valuable when owned by the people who run them.

Mr. Stein's indisputable observation that the financial markets are made up of self-interested people should be extended to corporate managements as well. It shouldn't surprise us that passive shareholders of large corporations benefit little when their company takes over another. It is very possible that the acquiror's management will improve only marginally on prior management's performance. Corporate acquirors may be motivated by expansion for its own sake rather than a desire to increase shareholder wealth.

Privately managed takeovers are another matter entirely, however. The recent history of management buy-outs shows that managers often became rich after taking their companies private despite paying significant premiums for the companies' stock. This does reflect

STILL THE LAW OF THE LAND?
ESSAYS ON CHANGING INTERPRETATIONS OF THE CONSTITUTION



A damning indictment of how the Supreme Court has bypassed the U.S. Constitution and the amendment process in its zeal for social engineering. Contributors are: J. Clifford Wallace, Edward J. Erler, Lino A. Graglia, Edwin Meese III, Stephen J. Markman, Charles E. Rice, Glen E. Thurow, and Avi Nelson.

"An exceptional analysis of the Constitution, and its importance to our existence as a people, this book presents a forthright challenge to liberal assaults on our national charter."
—Don Feder
The Boston Herald

$5.00 PAPERBOUND (Michigan residents add 4% sales tax)
VISA AND MASTERCARD ORDERS 800-253-3200, EXT. 801

HILLSDALE COLLEGE PRESS
Hillsdale, Michigan 49242

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poorly on management's prior fiduciary responsibilities to shareholders. Unfortunately, there is no way to compel management to act in shareholder interest without the threat of takeovers. When "raiders" have sufficient capital to buy entire companies, "waves" of takeovers occur even if it is other corporations or management that actually buy the company. It is this activity that allows ordinary shareholders to realize more of the "value" of their shares.

—John L. McCormack
President, Mineral Market Research
Chicago, Illinois

Benjamin J. Stein replies:
There are few people whose audacity, intelligence, and tenacity I respect as much as Mr. Pickens's. But I must frankly say that I am puzzled by his letter. In his own career, Mr. Pickens has not once succeeded in a large takeover. Rather, he has made huge profits—especially for himself—by putting a company into play without any real intention of actually buying it, at least as far as results show. The companies put into play are forced to "restructure," which usually means making the shareholders borrow from themselves to pay off a raider and themselves, or else they are bought by another large company, presumably with the same calcified management Mr. Pickens regrets.

I am a small unit holder of Mesa, and I wish Mr. Pickens well, but if he seriously thinks there is empirical evidence that the thrashing around on Wall Street has led to an increase in productivity in American industry, he is seriously mistaken. Industrial productivity has been distinctly lower in the 1980s than in the entire postwar period on average. The nation's greatest expert on productivity and inputs to its increase, Edward F. Denison, has told me that if the merger excitement has had any effect, it is to lower productivity because it distracts management from managing.

As for shareholders' rights, I agree that the small holder of today is simply a piggy bank for managers and investment bankers to loot as they wish.

"All for ourselves, and nothing for other people, seems, in every age of the world, to have been the vile maxim of the masters of mankind," said Adam Smith in *The Wealth of Nations.* The great fortunes of the investment bankers, recently gone-private managers, and their lawyers—who mainly serve to make sure that no laws need be obeyed—is today's evidence of that universal truth. Good luck to Mr. Pickens in defeating it.

Mr. McCormack basically challenges my article on three grounds. First, he says that he finds it incredible that investment bankers would be able to make more money buying or selling whole companies than buying or selling bonds. The answer to that is simple. Even if the commission on bonds and on companies were identical, the basis sum on which the commission would be computed would be far larger for a whole company than for a supplemental offering of bonds or stock. Obviously, the value of an entire company is vastly larger than the value of a periodic financing of part of the company. But in fact, the commission *rate* on selling a whole company is far higher as well. Bonds are often sold for half a percent or less in commission. Companies sometimes fetch a four percent commission. The difference is not only large, it is staggering.

Second, Mr. McCormack wonders why I doubt that control of a company is worth more than passive investment. Frankly, I do not doubt that it is. But the scale of the differential is what surprises me. Can one management really be counted on to use the company's assets so much more effectively than another that a 50 or 75 percent differential is warranted? Perhaps so, but I have the feeling that a feeding frenzy and the exhortations of investment bankers who do not want to be left out of the commission paid on a successful acquisition have much more to do with it.

Mr. McCormack's third point is that management must sometimes make "going private" bids to compete with outside raiders (if I understand him right). I do not buy this at all. There is a clear duty of managers to maximize shareholder value when a bidding situation erupts. That is a legal compulsion under Delaware law (although far more honored in the breach than in the observance). But this duty should not include selling the company to themselves and appropriating its real value beyond stock prices for themselves rather than the people who have employed them.

I very much appreciate Mr. McCormack's attention.

All That Jazz
The letter from Lawrence Skutch concerning John Podhoretz's article on the demise of the American musical raised some highly questionable points [Correspondence, *TAS*, July 1988]. In discussing Irving Berlin and George Gershwin he indulges in foolish condescension by referring to them as "Tin Pan Alley boys" who "spoon fed" the American public on what he calls the jazz idiom. The unmistakable pejorative implication is that whatever these two hacks in particular were able to achieve was owed chiefly, if not solely, to that special source. Before he is done with "these songwriters," Mr. Skutch pulls off a nifty piece of praise with faint damn by conceding that they "were certainly talented musicians." A distinction cries out to be made. It is Billy Taylor, Oscar Peterson, Benny Goodman, Ben Webster, Wynton Marsalis, Lionel Hampton, among many others, who were, and in some cases still are, talented, or even brilliant, musicians. Mr. Berlin and Mr. Gershwin were creative geniuses—two in an outstanding pantheon of others during what must be called a renaissance in American popular culture.

In answer to Mr. Skutch's assertion that the AABA form has lost its vitality to support real creative effort, I think it is safe to insist that talent is all, not merely an arbitrarily chosen form or structure. And if Harold Arlen were to come back today and be at the peak of his powers I am sure that those of us whose tastes are, I would hope and trust, as sophisticated as Mr. Skutch's, would thrill to anything he would write within those musical terms. I would have the same confidence in the use of AABA by Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, Rube Bloom, Harry Warren, George Gershwin, Irving Berlin, and any number of others, assuming they would still be in possession of their halcyon talents and energy. Beyond which the obvious misuse of argument by Mr. Skutch is underscored by the fact that AABA is only one among many of the forms employed down through the years with astonishing brilliance and variety by all the top composers in American popular song. The notion that the Kerns, Porters, Berlins, Arlens, et al. could not have existed without the "evolving jazz form" just doesn't stand up. They took what was in the air as they perceived it and were individually moved by whatever it happened to be, and out came songs that enriched America, and the world, in fact, beyond measure. . . .

—Elliot West
Fairlee, Vermont

(*The American Spectator* welcomes letters to the editor, even those that do not threaten libel action. Please include a daytime phone number with all correspondence for purposes of verification by our small army of fact checkers.)

"Enlightening and provocative"
Forestry Manager — Thunder Bay, Canada

"I am hopelessly addicted to it"
Reader — Indianapolis, IN

"More intellectuals gathered than anywhere else"
Pastor — Colorado Springs, CO

And here's what other readers of the Conservative Chronicle have to say:

"Superb! I can keep up with all my favorite columnists without have to wade through a dozen national newspapers which in any event get to our library a few days late."
Dartmouth student - Hanover, NH

"Delightful, informative, and timely. A broad range of thought in one weekly package. Your topic index is especially helpful."
High school librarian - Des Moines, IA

"An invaluable reference for speech students, debaters and faculty. Our staff vies for it weekly."
Speech professor - Crawfordsville, IN

"A much welcome contribution in finding out what is going on in the world."
Dentist - Coral Gables, FL

"I'm already completely dependent on my weekly 'fix' of Buckley, Harvey, et al. The cartoons are superlative adjuncts to the ascerbic wit of your columnists."
Attorney - Cambridge, MD

"I am 16 years old and am president of a Young Republicans Club. Your paper helps me win debates!"
Student - New Providence, NJ

"A brilliant conception — something I've wanted for years. No more frustration combing through inch-thick newspapers."
Business executive - Boston, MA

"It is worth the price of your magazine just to be able to read Joe Sobran's column here in Connecticut."
Connecticut reader

The Conservative Chronicle, a weekly tabloid, is devoted entirely to the opinions of 30 acclaimed columnists and 20 cartoonists with conservative appeal.

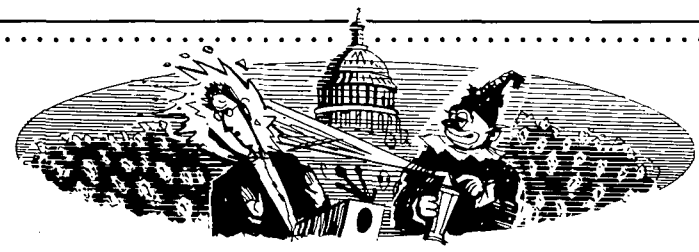
Patrick Buchanan • George F. Will • William F. Buckley, Jr. • Jeane Kirkpatrick • James Kilpatrick • Donald Lambro • Joseph Sobran • R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. Warren Brookes • Norman Podhoretz • Gen. Henry Mohr • Don Feder • Anthony Lejeune • Herb Schmertz • Walter Williams • Jeffrey Hart • Andy Seamans Paul Harvey • John Chamberlain • William Murchison • Evans & Novak • William Rusher • Dorothy Rabinowitz • Charlie Reese

CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE Box 29BS Hampton, Iowa 50441
CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-558-1244 ex. 1a
Phone hours: M-F 8 to 5 CTZ

YES *I accept your subscription offer of 1 year (52 issues) for $36.00 (add $20.00 for foreign postage.) I understand I can obtain a full refund on unmailed copies at any time.*

Payment Method
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ M.C. ☐ AX ☐ Bill Me
Card # _____ Exp. Date _____
Name _____
Address _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE WASHBALT SYNDROME

by Carroll Doherty

During the (ahem) slower moments of the Democratic National Convention last July, my desperate search for counter-programming led me to a small, independent station in Baltimore. Appropriately enough, the station was running the movie *Diner*, director Barry Levinson's charming portrait of Baltimore, circa 1960. Not a film classic, to be sure, but it has a wonderful *ambiance*, as the critics say.

What a native of the city noticed most, besides the neighborhood locations, was that the young, fairly typical, middle-class men depicted in the film worked and entertained themselves solely in Baltimore. No mention at all was made of Washington, the federal government, even the Redskins. There was no talk of making a foray into Georgetown, or of getting a job with a government agency. The universe of these men ended at the city's southern border; if you asked them about Washington, they might think you were talking about the state.

Such a scenario would be incredible today. The notion of Baltimore as a city apart, independent from Washington, exists only in memory or fiction. More Baltimoreans than ever make the daily commute south to fill the ranks of the ever-growing federal, and quasi-governmental, work force. More Washingtonians, seeking relief from the District's absurd housing market, have moved to the Baltimore area. The sprawl along I-95 has made the suburbs surrounding the cities contiguous. According to city planners, the Census Bureau will, by the middle of the next decade, declare that Baltimore and Washington make up one metropolitan area.

Planners are excited over that prospect, because the entire region would then be eligible for, what else, expanded federal subsidies. (*USA Today* is excited too, as it usually is, naming "WashBalt" one of its emerging "supercities," urban areas linked by expressways.) But for those of us who remember the fiercely provincial Baltimore of *Diner*, the designation will be a confirmation of a sad new reality. And while Ft. Worth and San Jose (like Baltimore, subsections of "supercities") also might be in the shadow of glitzier neighbors, at least they don't have the federal government to contend with.

Washington has already had quite an impact, mostly negative, on Baltimore. There is the mammoth Social Security Administration, which moved its headquarters to Woodlawn, in Baltimore County just over the city line, in the early 1960s. Unquestionably, it provided an economic shot in the arm to west Baltimore. At the same time, it transformed the area into a one-company town, a miniature version of the federal enclave. The sense of bureaucratic vertigo one feels passing through Washington's Federal Triangle at four p.m. is equivalent to a ride down the aptly named Security Boulevard.

The completion of I-95, which cut travel time between the two cities, brought the entire federal government closer. And with the decline of so many traditional Baltimore industries during the past twenty years (shipbuilding, steel, and so on), new entrants to the job market naturally began to look south, either to the government or to the consulting firms that line the Washington Beltway. As Baltimore's economy has become more service-oriented, so it has become more dependent on Washington. The boys of *Diner*—a mix of entrepreneurs, salesmen, heirs to family businesses—probably would be GSers, or gray-collar computer programmers, in an updated version of the movie.

Perhaps worse than the long arm of the bureaucracy, however, has been the onset of Baltimore chic, the discovery of "quaint" sections of the city by the upwardly mobile set from D.C. Fells Point, Federal Hill, and older, close-in suburbs like Catonsville are seeing an influx of lawyers, journalists, and lobbyists who just want to find a "place to fix up." With wages lower in Baltimore, Washingtonians find that steals abound. If the trend continues, clerks from Social Security and other middle-class Baltimoreans could eventually find themselves priced out of parts of their own market.

Baltimore became an acceptable place for Washingtonians to visit after their baseball team left town, and it emerged into something more stylish after the Rouse Company built the Inner Harbor complex. Indistinguishable from other waterfront malls Rouse has constructed in Boston, New York, and Norfolk, the Inner Harbor gives visitors the illusion they are in a seaside market, without subjecting them to any unpleasant smells. Naturally, tourists find it preferable to ancient Lexington Market, a rough-and-tumble place where you can still find most of the parts of a pig on display, a mart that has changed very little in 150 years.

Still, the main attraction for Washingtonians is major league baseball. An estimated one-quarter of the Orioles' attendance comes from the Washington metropolitan area. They are not just everyday ball fans from Laurel either, but certified inside-the-beltway celebrities like *Post* book critic Jonathan Yardley, Oliver North and Brendan Sullivan, and the ubiquitous George Will. And until he died in August, the owner of the Orioles was a member of the pantheon of permanent Washington—lawyer, lobbyist, and perennial bipartisan board appointee Edward Bennett Williams.

Williams was a decent, honorable man (rare qualities in a longtime political insider), but Baltimore baseball fans will probably remember him as the man who presided over the dismantling of one of the proudest franchises in the game. In 1983, the team that he largely inherited won the World Series; in 1988, the team that bore his imprint set records for futility. The former part-owner of the Redskins at least was candid enough to admit that he was no baseball man, once commenting, "I never dreamed I'd be in a business where, if you lose sixty-two times a year, you'd be considered a howling success." Nevertheless, when the team began to sag in the mid-eighties he intervened in classic Washington fashion, spending money hand-over-fist for quick fixes, while giving little consideration to the team's long-term prospects.

But despite the losing records, Baltimoreans likely would have embraced Williams more warmly had he not dropped broad hints, soon after he purchased the team in 1979, that he wanted to move it to Washington. Although he pledged, after much public outcry, that he would never move the franchise, the city had difficulties trusting the absentee owner. There was always an awareness that, for Williams as for most Washingtonians, having the home team forty miles away leaves a great deal to be desired. And after losing two major league sports franchises in the past fifteen years (one to Washington), Baltimoreans have developed a healthy skepticism—an Orioles spokesman described it as "paranoia"—concerning the intentions of team owners.

The boosterish, jaycee types from Baltimore will tell you that regionalization has been for the good, that Washingtonians who visit and move to the city spend lots of money, and that the feds and consulting firms provide lots of needed jobs to Baltimore residents. And after all, Edward Bennett Williams did make good on his promise to keep the Orioles in town (although he rather shabbily removed the name "Baltimore" from the team's marketing campaigns). So why do I feel a sense of loss? Maybe it's because when I turn on the local news I rarely hear any native "Bawlamer" accents. Maybe it's the crowd of summer associates from D.C. law firms that I see at Memorial Stadium: collars turned up, sunglasses with strings, arriving in $40,000 cars. Most of all, it's probably that chipper description of "WashBalt" from the trend-spotting department of *USA Today*: "Call it a megalopolis, call it an urban region—call it a peek into the 21st century." □

Carroll Doherty is a free-lance journalist living in Washington.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIEDS

HELP WANTED

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD PEOPLE to fight the entrenched Establishment. Free placement service. Contact Leadership Institute 8001 Braddock Road, Springfield, VA 22151, 703-321-8580.

GET NECESSARY EXPERIENCE. Excellent public policy internships NOW in Washington, D.C. Leadership Institute, 8001 Braddock Road, Springfield, VA 22151, 703-321-8580.

YOUR CAPITOL HILL CAREER BEGINS HERE. Top experienced staffers give you nuts and bolts training you need to land Hill job. Leadership Institute, 8001 Braddock Road, Springfield, VA 22151, 703-321-8580.

AMERICAN SPECTATOR
PART-TIME SECRETARY

The American Spectator is looking for a part-time secretary to assist our advertising department with clerical work. 20 hours a week. Good typing, phone skills and sense of humor a must! Excellent opportunity to learn about magazine publishing. Send inquiries to: David Shanahan, The American Spectator, PO Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210.

POSITION WANTED

ACADEMIC CHAIRMAN at local business college wishes to relocate. Conservative, stable, with sound references. Desires employment with organization that identifies with conservative, Christian values. Marc Templer, 4470 Vegas Valley Drive #45, Las Vegas, Nevada 89121.

SERVICES

WANT TO LIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO? Still some conservatives and libertarians underground. METRO-RENT can find the right rental for you. Short term/long term. Neighborhood counseling. We guarantee satisfaction. (415) 392-6003.

BOOKS

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out of print books. Write Greenmantle, POB 1178 AS, Culpeper, VA 22701.

PRESIDENTIAL BIOGRAPHIES. Send 25¢ stamp for monthly listing of available titles. New & out-of-print books. American Political Biography, B-39 Boggs Hill Road, Newtown, CT 06470.

OUT OF PRINT books located. Free search. No obligation. Whitted Books, Box 603-SP, Fairmont, NC 28340.

BOOKMINE

OLD & RARE BOOKS

Bought • Sold • Searched

Daily 11-5
1015 2nd Street
Old Sacramento, California 95814

Steve Mauer
(916) 441-4609

THE CAMELOT CONTRACT. Hilarious antibureaucratic satire by FRED D. BALDWIN ("Beadle Bumble, Meet the Feds" and other *TAS* articles). Reviewers: "Wild yet uncannily accurate." $6.95 postpaid, guaranteed. Gift copies signed to you or friends, $1 extra. Pennon Press, Box 87-A, Carlisle, PA 17013-0087.

FREE LEGAL RIGHTS BOOK CATALOG. W.I.N., 462 S. Gilbert Rd. #784AS Mesa, Arizona 85204.

CHINA THE LION & THE DRAGON a personal interpretation

Experience life in China: People, customs. By lone American woman teacher. FREE details: Maston, 622AS Baker Street, Petaluma, CA 94952

PUBLICATIONS

1987 TAS INDEX SALE. *The American Spectator* now makes available the index to Volume 20 (1987). This handy guide lists TAS articles by author, along with a separate listing of books reviewed. "A real page turner . . . as far as it goes." —Michael Kingsley. Priced to move at $2.00 each plus 70¢ postage & handling. Contact: David Shanahan, *The American Spectator,* PO Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210.

CONSENSUS REALITY EXPOSED: "All the stuff the media won't touch with a 10-foot pole." Send for FREE literature or $4 for a sample 96 pg. magazine. *Critique*: PO Box 11368-AS, Santa Rosa, CA 95406.

EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

HOME STUDY COLLEGE DEGREE PROGRAMS
Complete BS, MA, PhD, Calif-Bar, JD year-round. No classroom attendance. Free Information.
CITY UNIVERSITY LOS ANGELES
3960 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90010-3306
1-800-262-8388

Speak French like a diplomat!
Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning; 47 languages in all. Call or write for free catalog. 1-800-243-1234
AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 409, 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437

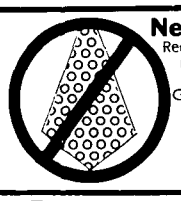
Want to brush up on a foreign language?
With AUDIO-FORUM's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills. We offer foreign language mystery dramas, music, games, dialogues recorded in Paris and more. Call 1-800-243-1234 for FREE 32-p. catalog, or write: AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 423, Guilford, CT 06437

COOKING

EXTRAORDINARY hot appetizers: ginger pork bits, curried onion rounds, anchovy puffs. Recipes $3. Box 221783-B, Carmel, CA 93922.

MERCHANDISE

THE ORIGINAL ADAM SMITH NECKTIE—navy blue or burgundy. $22.50 postage paid. VISA/Mastercard. The Decatur Shop, North Adams, MI 49262. 517-287-5888.



Neck Ties Narrowed
Rediscover some old friends. We'll narrow your closet classics to a stylish 3⅛" (or state width). Great birthday or Christmas gift. Send $13.50 for each set of 3 ties to: SLIM TIES CO.
701 Welch Road, Ste. 1119Z
Palo Alto, CA 94304
(415) 656-6262

JOHN FIELDS
BOW TIES
WRITE FOR CATALOG
P.O. BOX 406B, KENWOOD, CA 95452

Suspenders/Braces
More and more well-dressed men wear them! The largest selection anywhere of fine, hard-to-find suspenders/braces. Free brochure.
BERNARDO, 2400 Westheimer, Suite 108W(T), Houston, Texas 77098. (713) 526-2686

MISCELLANEOUS

JOIN THE CONSERVATIVE NETWORK, the fastest growing Conservative Organization in the nation. Includes monthly newsletter, monthly receptions with Conservative leaders and nationwide job-bank. For further info.: 412 First St., SE Suite 301, Washington D.C. 20003 or call at (202) 646-1826.

"THE ONLY THING TO FEAR IS FEAR ITSELF. . ." Franklin Roosevelt. "THE ONLY THING?" I can think of five more things to fear, any one of which could do us in. The first is winnerless war waging—THAT is ordered suicide. We need war-ending, chance-selected out of the conflict winners. The second is inflationary fixed wages. Today's dollar could be a dollar 100 years hence. The third is unemployment and free riding. A world-wide even age work force would end both. The fourth is the adoption of hours worked certificates to buy local products ONLY. THAT would end further trade deficits. The fifth is secularism that denies the prospect of reliving this hell-on-earth. As you may have been doing for a billion years more or less send SASE to HERENOW RERUNS, Box 2243, Youngstown, OH 44504.

BUMPERSTICKERS

"NIXON-BORK '88"
Bumper Sticker
and
MEATBALL-SAUCE-PASTA/PIZZA/HERO RECIPES
all for $5.00!
(Check/M.O. to:)
OPTIMUM TECHNOLOGY
P.O. Box 367
Williston Park, N.Y. 11596

PERSONALS

DO YOU STILL BELIEVE IN OLD-FASHIONED MORALS? Very pretty widow, late 30's (no dependents) sophisticated and classy.

I'd like to meet gentleman w/sense of humor & lots of interests in life. Prefer educated professional or career military type with brains & class, 40-57. Write w/photo to: P.O. Box 681329, Suite 374, San Antonio, TX 78268-1329.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates: $.90 per word
($5 extra for *TAS* box number if desired.)
$25 per column inch for classified display ads.
Pre-payment required for all ads.

Special Discount Offer: Pre-pay for 3 ads—get a 4th ad free.

Enclosed is $_____ for ____ insertions.

Ad classification: _____

Name: _____
(please print)

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip _____

Send ad copy with this form to:
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Classified Department
P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210

PERSONALS

ATTRACTIVE SOUTHERN lady, fortyish, intelligent and independent, unwilling to settle for the mediocre, seeks a special gentleman with brains and class. Perhaps "an officer and gentleman" (Lt. Col. or above) widowed or divorced, over 45. Object: lasting relationship of the traditional variety. Please reply with photo to P.O. Box 1025, Columbia, SC 29201.

ASIAN LADIES DESIRE CORRESPONDENCE! Overseas, sincere, attractive. SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL-Dept. HE, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

SCANDINAVIA-USA-THE WORLD: Network of educated members seeking sincere, lasting friendship. SCANNA INT'L, Box 4-TAS. Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

ASIAN WOMEN SEEK FRIENDSHIP, marriage. Photos, details: GRE, Box 555, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

TAS Subscribers—

Changing Your Address?

Please attach the address label from the *most recent* issue of your *American Spectator* in the space provided. Print your new address and mail this form to *The American Spectator.* When writing to us about your subscription, always attach your address label or print your name and address exactly as they appear on your address label. Be sure to include the line of information above your name.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 10448
Arlington, VA 22210

(Please attach address label here.)
IMPORTANT
Allow six weeks for address change

☐ Please renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$27)
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please bill me

Name _____
(please print)
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Date of change _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT WISDOM

Washington Journalism Review

The New Age Tammanyite's worldview, as averred by Mr. Jann Wenner, chief aviatrix of *Rolling Stone*:

"The only person I know who claims P. J. O'Rourke is conservative is P. J.," says *Rolling Stone*'s Jann Wenner. "He claims to be, I mean, he tries to be, but secretly, down deep, I don't see him as a conservative. I mean, he just wants to be a Republican because no one else is."

[September 1988]

Washington Times

Dr. John Elvin, resident historian of the *Good Times*, chronicles one more high-toned yawp from Liberalism's rightful heir to Demosthenes, The Rev. JJ:

Jesse Jackson mentioned on a recent C-Span talk show that George Bush "has this habit of name calling and cursing, whether he's cursing Mrs. Ferraro after a debate, or calling me a Chicago hustler, [or] cursing about his declaration for Quayle. Usually when people curse like that, it reflects a kind of constipation of the brain and diarrhea of the mouth. And he ought to stop that kind of talk."

[September 5, 1988]

The Campus

(City University of New York)

A classroom pronunciamento from the learned Dr. Leonard Jeffries, Jr. of the Fuliginous Studies Department of the City University of New York:

"If I had my way," said the professor, "I'd wipe them off the face of the earth. . . . I mean, I mean, the white value system. I'd like to see that wiped off the face of the earth. You have to understand when I'm talking about people—just value systems."

[April 15, 1988]

Spy

And the laughs keep coming—fey *Spy* magazine introduces another fey issue of its no-holds-barred literary feast with a fey introduction to the month of September, after which there appears a tasteful advertisement for "contemporary" furniture and dozens more for all the amenities requisite to the Yuppie rigors:

Yikes! September! Anxiety season again! No More Leisurely Friday lunch hours drifting into weekends, no more bobbing up Monday mornings sunburned and an hour late. No more dumb, delightful arguments over the correct proportions of gin and lime juice in a gimlet. No more of the purely ritualistic *Rhode-Island-casts-its-21-votes-for-the-next-president-of-the-United-States* politics that were such a fine, easy-listening irrelevance all summer long. *No.* It is time to buy new pencil cases, to label the subject dividers, to fill out . . . [zzzzz].

[September 1988]

New Republic

The haplessly dour Dr. Robert B. Reich unloads his vision of the Reagan years, moments—one would think—before taking the Hemlock:

But, the paradox. How could such a beautifully designed policy process have generated the remarkable stream of blunders that has marred the Reagan administration during the past seven years? Why the unprecedented budget deficits, culminating in the $500 billion we now owe the rest of the world? Why the foreign policy debacles—the disaster of the Marines in Lebanon, the Bitburg folly, the foolishness of the "disinformation" campaign, the Iran-*contra* fiasco, the humiliation by Noriega? Why the seemingly endless series of scandals, improprieties, forced resignations? Even the administration's claimed successes, like the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan, seem to depend less on any carefully conceived strategy than on events and personalities over which the White House has no control, and on luck.

[July 4, 1988]

New York Times

Cinematic drama as envisaged by a New Age Puritan amuck in Princeton:

To the Editor:

Something fundamental has been left out of the new literate movies such as "Bull Durham." There is plenty of humor, satire, baseball and sex. The beautiful, passionate heroine says that "there's never been a baseball player slept with me who didn't have the best year of his career." How come we see this role model for teen-agers going to the baseball games, taking the pitcher to her bed but never taking her birth-control pills after breakfast or encouraging the use of condoms in the bedroom? She never worries about becoming pregnant or getting a sexually transmitted disease.

Isn't it time that movie producers gave young people sexually responsible heroes and heroines who know how to avoid having unwanted pregnancies or sexually transmitted diseases?

—Evelyn Geddes
Princeton, N.J., Aug. 23, 1988
[September 4, 1988]

Washington Post

The dismaying condition of Beatrice Webb's great grandchildren as reported in the infallible *Post* of Washington:

Nothing serious, mind you—just a somewhat disconcerting sense that your head is exploding.

Ten cases of a "harmless but frightening condition" called "exploding head syndrome" are reported by a British neurologist in last week's edition of the medical journal The Lancet.

Most of the cases occur in healthy middle aged or elderly people, mainly women, with no other neurological problems or symptoms. The problem strikes during sleep.

[August 9, 1988]

Ms.

In the correspondence asylum of the venerated *Ms.*, sweet sixteen sounds off:

What has happened to *Ms.*? I am a 16-year-old woman who is proud to be growing up in a world where women are finally getting part of their deserved share in business, education, politics, and even in the family. I am also proud that I have grown up reading my mother's *Ms.*—but now I am not so sure.

When I eagerly opened the March issue, the first thing I saw was an article profiling a sexist, nuclear family where the husband works and the wife stays home and cleans. (Oh, excuse me, they both make the beds.) To my shock, the article promoted this kind of lifestyle. Yet these people do not vote and the mother admits that she was "initially disappointed to hear 'it's a girl.' " Is this the type of family life a young feminist like myself should be looking forward to?

Please, *Ms.*! Young women such as myself need a true women's magazine, one that will help us to grow up as enlightened people prepared to improve the world for women and everyone else. Let *Ms.* remain that magazine.

—Stacy Mates
Pittsburgh, Pa.
[May 1988]

Esquire

Trying his hand at being an American Gibbon, Philip Roth fights back the tears:

That year with the Mets was very, very crazy. Men got nutty who aren't ordinarily obsessed with this stuff. That's because the excitement wasn't just about the Mets or baseball. I think that for some of us there may have been something else working on the emotions. At the height of his power and fame, Reagan had become the embodiment of Americanness. I'm an optimistic American, and I don't believe things are destroyed for good by any presidency, but Reagan had tried to co-opt everything called American and had pretty well contaminated the country with his kitsch. So many likable and respectable American things had been pickled in his soppiness, so many things had been taken away from us. But he couldn't take this away.

[June 1988]

Washington Post

Author William Styron laments intellectual conditions nowadays, under the Reagan lash:

"In the Reagan era, one of the shocking and lamentable facts is that very few intellectuals or writers actually violently protested our role in Nicaragua," he says. "The whole era has been poisoned by a sense of lassitude that has prevented any kind of moral indignation from taking hold."

[May 5, 1988]

Progressive

Professor Noam Chomsky adduces irrefragable evidence that, as all other extant evidence has suggested for years, he is a true nut case:

It is a primary function of the mass media in the United States to mobilize public support for the special interests that dominate the Government and the private sector.

This is our conclusion after years of studying the media. Perhaps it is an obvious point—but the common assumption seems to be that the media are independent and committed to discovering and reporting the truth.

[June 1988]

Gourmet

Gov. Michael ("Beware of Greeks wearing lifts") Dukakis thanks *Gourmet* for the baklava:

Thank you so much for sending me a copy of *Gourmet*'s "Christmas in Nantucket [December, 1987]." It's wonderful. Kitty and I have spent many happy hours in Nantucket, and I feel qualified to state that Terry Weeks and Lans Christensen have done an admirable job of presenting the spirit of that island. I hope "Christmas in Nantucket" will inspire people from all over the country to participate in the Nantucket Christmas stroll and to experience first-hand a very special place in a very special Commonwealth. Again, thank you.

—Michael S. Dukakis, Governor
State House
Boston, Massachusetts
[April 1988]

Parade

Dr. Carl Sagan speaks his mind and the minds of thousands of other six-year-olds:

Let us learn from one another. Capitalism and socialism have been mutually borrowing methods and doctrine in largely unacknowledged plagiarisms for a century. Neither the U.S. nor the Soviet Union has a monopoly on truth and virtue. I would like to see us compete in cooperativeness. In the 1970s, apart from treaties constraining the nuclear arms race, we had some notable successes in working together—the elimination of smallpox worldwide, efforts to prevent South African nuclear weapons development, the Apollo-Soyuz joint manned spaceflight. We can now do much better. Let us begin with a few joint projects of great scope and vision—in relief of starvation, especially in nations such as Ethiopia, which are victimized by superpower rivalry; in identifying and defusing long-term environmental catastrophes that are products of our technology; in fusion physics to provide a safe energy source for the future; in joint exploration of Mars, culminating in the first landing of human beings—Soviets and Americans—on another planet.

[February 7, 1988]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POWERFUL. PROVOCATIVE. PROFOUND.

"The finest moral and intellectual history of the nuclear weapons debate I have ever seen." — **Angelo Codevilla,** Hoover Institution

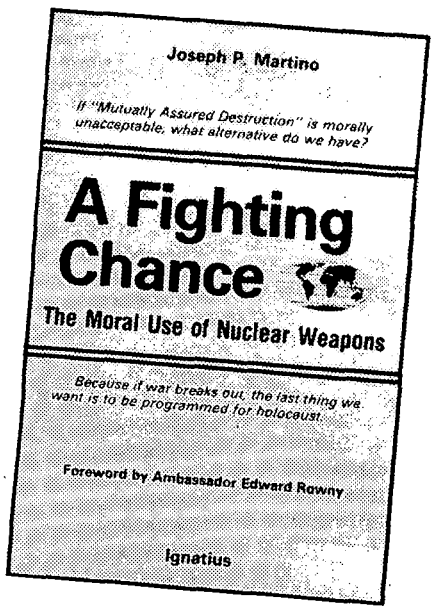
In a detailed analysis of the just war doctrine—as it applies concretely to existing and proposed technology—Martino argues for a policy which would maximize the chances for a lasting peace and minimize the risks of a devastating war: the ability to use certain nuclear weapons in the defense of important values while satisfying the criteria of the just war doctrine. He examines with precision and thoroughness the just war doctrine as it applies to the concrete realities of political organization, existing international relationships and, especially, the weapons and the military organization which we now have and can expect.

"Martino's treatment of the moral imperatives inherent in the SDI issue is, in my view, the most clear and incisive yet published."

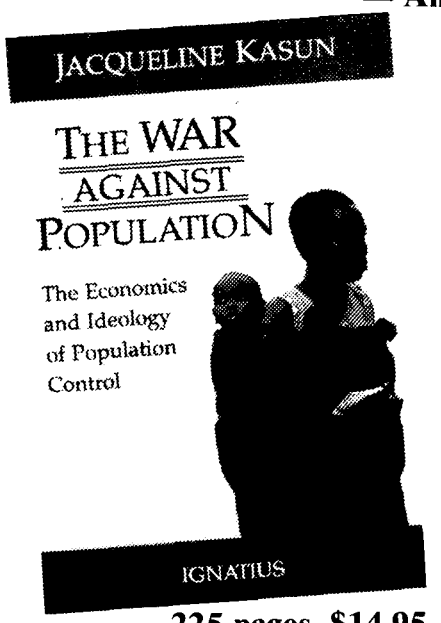
— **General Daniel Graham,** Director, High Frontier

"A comprehensive and closely reasoned study . . . Martino has accepted the challenge of the U.S. Bishops and met it magnificently."

— **Ambassador Edward L. Rowny,** from the Foreword


Joseph P. Martino
If "Mutually Assured Destruction" is morally unacceptable, what alternative do we have?
A Fighting Chance
The Moral Use of Nuclear Weapons
Because if war breaks out, the last thing we want is to be programmed for holocaust.
Foreword by Ambassador Edward Rowny
Ignatius

320 pages, $15.95



225 pages, $14.95

"An urgently needed book showing Jacqueline Kasun's mastery of both economics and moral philosophy."

— **George Gilder,** Author, *Men and Marriage*

The idea that humanity is multiplying at a terrible and accelerating rate is one of the false dogmas of our times. From that notion springs the widely held belief that unless population growth is immediately contained by every governmental and private method imaginable, mankind faces imminent disaster. These ideas form the basis for an enormous international population-control industry that involves billions of dollars of taxes. In her tour de force exposé, Dr. Kasun shatters the dogmas of the controllers—tenets that simply fall apart under close scrutiny and comparison with a mountain of data.

"A shocking account of the multi-billion dollar movement of the population controllers and their efforts to enforce global population control. It deserves to reach the widest possible audience." — **Tom Bethell,** Hoover Institution

"This book urgently needs to be read. It carefully exposes two of the leading frauds of our time—the "overpopulation" hysteria and the false pretense of "sex education".

— **Thomas Sowell,** Author, *A Conflict of Visions*

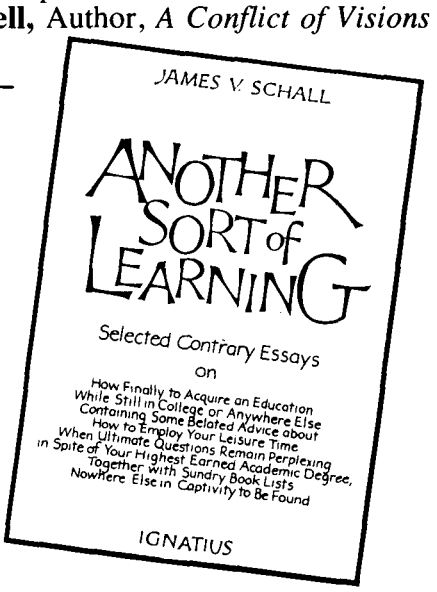
"Few teachers can match Schall at conveying a sense of the life of the mind. He never forgets that 'to learn' is a transitive verb, and that its object is truth." — **Joseph Sobran,** Editor, *National Review*

Noting the current widespread concern about the quality of education in our schools, Schall examines what is taught and read (and *not* read) in these schools. This book questions the fundamental philosophical and theological premises found in our culture which often do not allow truth even to be considered because its very possibility is denied in academic presuppositions.

"For years I have meant to write such a book as *Another Sort of Learning*. It is full of much valuable wisdom." — **Russell Kirk ,** Author, *The Conservative Mind*

"A delightful book ... containing unusually sane reflections on education, unusually reflective reviews of books, and unusually discriminating booklists. Just the book I have wanted to give my students for years."

— **Peter Kreeft,** Boston College


JAMES V. SCHALL
ANOTHER SORT of LEARNING
Selected Contrary Essays
On
How Finally to Acquire an Education While Still in College or Anywhere Else
Containing Some Belated Advice about How to Employ Your Leisure Time When Ultimate Questions Remain Perplexing in Spite of Your Highest Earned Academic Degree,
Together with Sundry Book Lists Nowhere Else in Captivity to Be Found
IGNATIUS

304 pages, $12.95

---

ignatius press
15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, NY 10528

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

___ A Fighting Chance ($15.95) ..... ____
___ The War Against Population ($14.95) ..... ____
___ Another Sort of Learning ($12.95) ..... ____
Shipping and handling ($1.50 per book) ..... ____
Total ..... ____

1 *Please enclose payment with order*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's #1 Draft Choice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED